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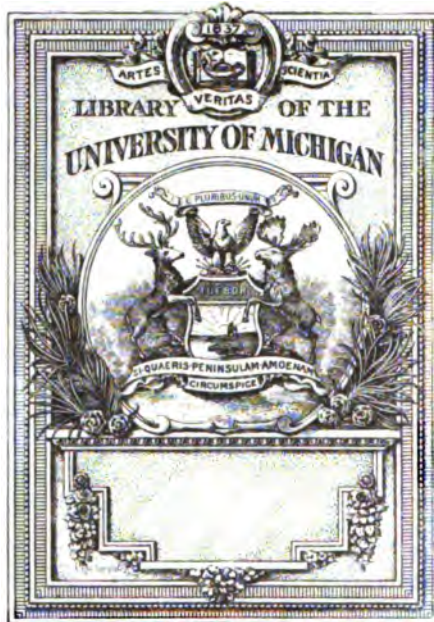
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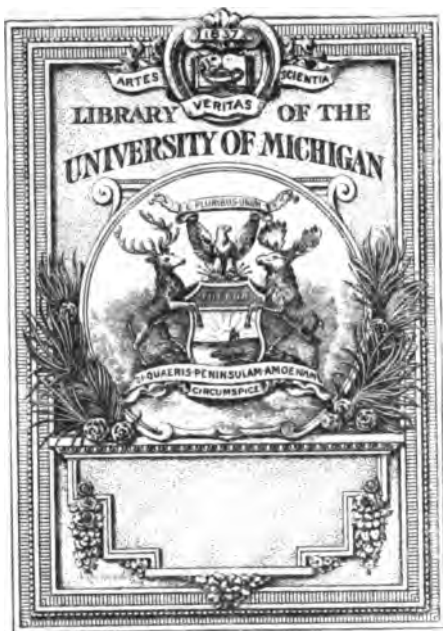
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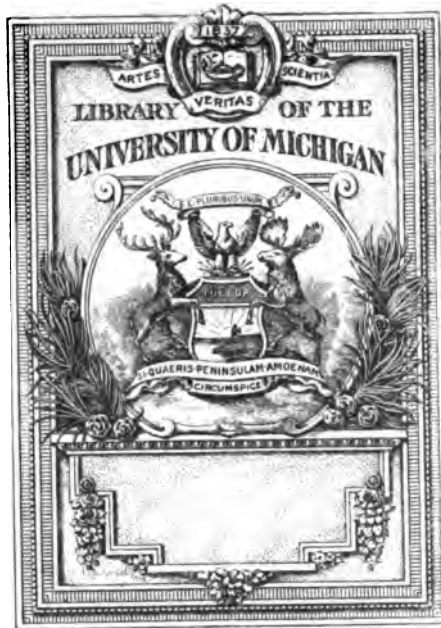
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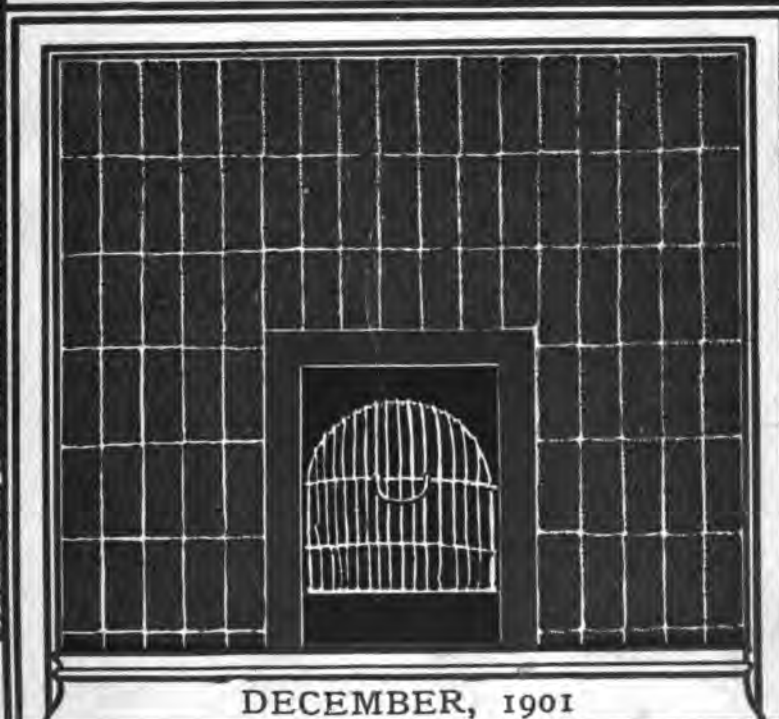
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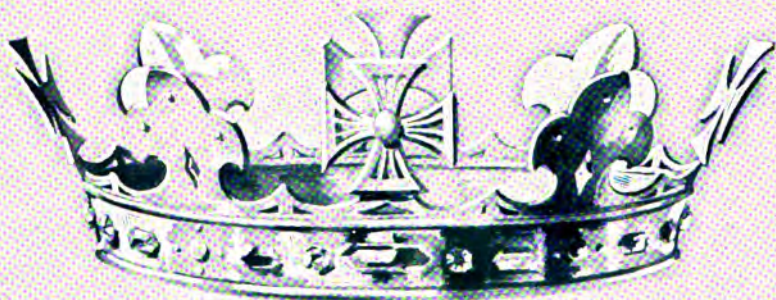
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The House Beautiful



CHRISTMAS—1901

VOL. ELEVEN

NO. ONE

EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST

Modern Madonnas

PAINTINGS BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH

BY PAULINE KING

WHEN the first of these pictures was exhibited, the artist was already very well known for his brilliant and interesting presentations of scenes of Indian life; and the modest canvas showing a family group might have escaped much notice, or been regarded as an unimportant turning aside from the main issue of his career, had it not been of an order that eclipsed his former efforts. Preconceived ideas of the scope of Mr. Brush's talents were quite swept away; it was evident that he had found a higher inspiration, which had brought his abilities to a finer development.

THE impression made then of rare sincerity and directness, of a remarkable mingling of the graces of physical and intellectual beauty, of distinguished character, and of an æsthetic ensemble, managed with a most charming technique—all these qualities meeting to express a purpose wholly sweet and human—has been deepened by the series of paintings which have been the labor of the ensuing years. As each one has appeared, it has been the original and entirely unhampered expression of a highly artistic nature which has realized a certain theme in a most poetic and lovely aspect. The stamp of a strong individuality creates an attraction, and commands admiration, and Mr. Brush is to-day a very distinguished figure in the art of our country. He echoes the teaching of no modern master or school; a skilful draftsman, a clever painter, he uses his facility but as a means, not an end; and works as seems best to carry out his ideas, knowing no criticism save that of his own consciousness, no standards save those which his instincts tell him are the best.

THE feeling by which these pictures are animated links them with an earlier period, when the most celebrated painters and sculptors of our era loved to draw or model the images of the Virgin Mother and her Divine Child.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

Throughout the Italian Renaissance and the revivals of art in Europe, the whole artistic guild paid its tribute to the Madonna, and the world will never see repeated the enthusiasm with which their conceptions were received and the adoration in which they were held. The appreciation extended through all ranks of society: from the peasant who, in his ignorance, thought that the pictures he worshiped were of miraculous origin, to the nobles and popes who, fired by the discoveries of buried remains of antique sculpture, and filled with enthusiasm for the beauty these revealed, felt the most intense interest in their own masters, and valued fine works of art as priceless treasures.

THOUGH both faith and a love of art have grown faint since the time when the Florentines made a public procession to escort an altar-piece to its destination, yet the pictures the world loves best are still of the Mother and Child. For one person who recalls the vast projects to which Leonardo da Vinci's versatile brain gave birth, there are thousands who have admired "The Madonna of the Rocks," and the fame of Raphael's Holy Families is greater than that of his peerless achievement in mural painting.

THAT a number of Madonnas are designed at the present day is due largely to the ideas that obtain in France, where classical and Bible incidents are considered of equal importance for pictorial representation. In the art schools subjects for compositions are taken from one or the other with a truly impartial judgment, and the students carry this training into after life. A fine example of this French point of view is seen in "The Flight into Egypt," by Luc Oliver Merson, which is well known in this country owing to numerous reproductions. But the mass of the religious pictures that are seen in the salons year after year are uninteresting and painfully insincere, often showing only the desire to attract attention by some novel idea, some queer sensational motive.

ONE outcome of the growth of the *plein air* school, and the study of peasant life, has been to portray the Madonna in humble gardens and interiors; again, all symbolism is omitted, the family tie alone is emphasized. Certain of these paintings of maternity, both of the class from which Mary came and in higher ranks where the bond is quite as strong, are very charming in their distinctive way. But whether the subject gains a certain glory from religious belief, or is the type of the purest and most lovely of human relations, it must be regarded as an immortal one, which appeals to the heart, the imagination, and the intellect, ever finding an echo in humanity's deepest feelings, and ever ready for new reproduction by poet or artist.

IT is the beauty of the human tie that Mr. Brush realizes to a remarkable degree. His own wife in her intercourse with her children has been his inspiration. Each group has a supremely natural action which the artist might have observed and noted just as it appeared. While the lines of composition are exqui-



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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

sitely fine, it is a fineness that seems to have been gained without effort, no evidence of pose or labor obtrudes, and this air of repose and ease, covering the steps by which it is achieved, is one of the rarest, most satisfying results of art. The effect as a whole is rich, full, most æsthetic; no so-called idealization dims the vitality of each figure.

THE character, the warmth and vigor, of living beings is shown in the unrestrained attitudes, the sturdy limbs, the touchingly childish faces, the innocent eyes that know but one world, the face of the slender young mother, who can never tire of the weight of their tender bodies and the touch of their clinging hands.

IN being true to himself and his ideals, Mr. Brush has been a true artist; he could not have painted as he has done had not his heart and mind been filled with the theme.

IN the order of completion, the portrait signed 1892, owned by Potter Palmer, Esq., comes first; in its simplicity and character it has the feeling that the early Dutch masters in their earnest striving for truth were wont to gain. The little boy standing to have his likeness drawn leans against his mother, who sits in an old carved chair. She holds him gently by the arm to help him keep the position with steadiness, her younger child nestles against her shoulder; the nurse who has come to watch the proceedings stands behind them. The figure of the artist sitting upon the floor is not too prominent; the ugliness of his modern garb is toned down into such a fine relation with the more æsthetic group that it does not obtrude; his importance maintains a perfect balance in the composition. The color is rich and low in tone, the painting of the faces and hands is fresh, soft, and warm, the various textures of the garments are finely distinctive. The limitations of a portrait have been more strictly observed here than in the later canvases, for as the depth of the theme has unfolded itself to the artist's study, his painting has grown grander, more intense, more lovely in feeling.

THE second picture, owned by J. M. Sears, Esq., in Boston, shows the same boy, who has not yet outgrown the charm of babyhood, sitting in his mother's lap, looking over a book that she holds. The pair are out of doors under a tree; the New England hills, dappled with farms and fences and rows of trees, stretch out beyond. While the other was thought to be most interesting, this was recognized as remarkable. Here was a man who could paint like an old master, inspired by his own family and the fields of his Vermont home. The artistic world, surprised by the development, and captivated by so unusual a work of art, did not yet realize what Mr. Brush would make of the subject, what its full meaning would be to him. This was shown in the third picture, which is also owned by Mr. Sears. Can the memory recall or the imagination suggest a more exalted yet more touching conception of motherhood than this? The woman bends her head to the soft,



THE ARTIST'S FAMILY
The property of Potter Palmer, Esq.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

blond one of her child; her expression is all tenderness, protection, devotion; a certain sadness broods over her—a sadness inseparable from the thought of the future life that must come to the little one. She needs no crown, she is sanctified by her affection. The little girl crouches against the motherly bosom with a winsome, childish movement; her nude figure has the marvelous grace of childhood. The painting is on as large lines artistically as it is intellectually.

SUCH are the standards that Mr. Brush has maintained, by such he is to be judged, and the judgment rings true of his subsequent work. There is no diminution of value in the examples of his style that are considered gems of the collections at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

MR. BRUSH is now at an age when his powers are at their prime. He was born at Shelbyville, Tennessee, in 1855, and went to New York when sixteen years old, where he studied in the school of the National Academy of Design for two seasons. From there he went to Paris, where he was under the tuition of Gérôme until 1880. In this year his first picture, "Miggles," taken from Bret Harte's story, was hung at the Society of American Artists.

UPON his return to this country, Mr. Brush devoted himself to painting Indians, living in the West and in Canada in order to study them under the most favorable conditions, and to get an insight into their primitive ways and customs, that are all too rapidly disappearing. At the time he observed, with much humor, that the half-civilized creatures hanging around the towns were usually so depraved and hideous that they dispelled all illusions concerning the noble red man; but in their wild, free condition, the young braves at their hunts, their games and dances, in the pride and joy of their athletic strength, were like bronze statues come to life, and recalled the fine physical life of the ancient Greeks.

MR. BRUSH worked with careful fidelity. His compositions were strikingly picturesque, and painted with vigor and decision. At the first thought it seems utterly inconsistent that the same hand should have painted these very realistic Indian pictures and those which are the subject of this essay; but on more thorough consideration this opinion is dispelled, and one sees that the same desire for character, and the beauty of reality, and the same noble feeling underlie them both.

THE first were the expression of a young man, fresh from the schools and still a scholar, conscientiously working out his ideas with much of the crudeness if all the vigor of youth; the latter are the perfected achievement of one who has forgotten the lessons he learned from other artists for those he has learned from nature, and who has seen far beneath superficial appearances, into the realm of the spirit and the soul.

HOME-MAKER

Oh! for a home on a windy height,
Close by the sounding sea!
A castle, rising clear and white,
Above a spreading lea!
Where the far sea-view, from the rough rock walls,
The sweep of the low, wide land,
Will give to the soul in the stately halls
An uplift pure and grand.

Oh! for a home in a humble town,
A garden of bloom and green,
With little of wealth and less renown—
As the twilight hour serene!
Where the voices of friends are mingled oft—
In song, in sorrow, in mirth,
And a sweet content pervades it, soft
As the summer-time to earth.

Oh! for a home by the shadowy wood,
Away from the million schemes!
A home where the whispering leaves are good
To the man who works and dreams!
Who digs in the soil for his daily bread,
Strong and patient and free;
Who dreams, while a wild bird overhead
Sings of eternity!

But whether on seagirt, windy height,
Or hard by the forest wild,
Or round the cottage candle light
In converse glad and mild—
Oh! for a home in the heart of love!
The sea and the wood may fade;
Ever the good God reigns above—
And the soul? it is undismayed!

CHARLES W. STEVENSON

HALF-TIMBER AND CASEMENTS

BY ROBERT C. SPENCER, JR.

"In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere."

IF ever we had a characteristic style of architecture in America it was our early interpretation of Italian Renaissance imported in a more or less Anglified form by way of the mother country, translated into brick or wood, and in these days variously styled "Colonial," "Georgian," or "American Renaissance." Had the colonies been founded two hundred years earlier, our most truly historic national architecture would probably remind us of the Goth rather than of the Greek or Roman.

Regardless of these early traditions, the Anglo-Saxon blood within us still retains enough of the old Gothic fire to warm toward the half-timbered architecture of England. Its rugged honesty and robust picturesqueness appeal to many of us more strongly than the cold refinements of a classic tradition, feebly imitating in wood or brick the elegance of stone and marble. Viollet-le-Duc and Victor Hugo, presenting vivid pictures of the architecture of the Middle Ages, have shown how an alien architecture as well as an alien literature overflowed Europe when the ruins of Rome were uncovered.

Against that which Ruskin has named "the foul flood of the Renaissance," England's sturdy insularity and the rugged virility of her people were stoutly opposed. Within her shores the mediæval flame has never been quite extinguished, and burns to-day more brightly than in the time of Wren and Inigo Jones, whose work seems now to have been exotic. To speak of "English domestic architecture" is inevitably to suggest half-timber and casements, gables, and mullioned windows, red tiled roofs, and clustered chimneys. It is to suggest at once the informal rambling plan built upward in picturesque masses,

the gleam of plaster barred with weather-stained oak among hoary trees, or walls of mellowed stone or brick covered with ivy from base to parapet.

With the abominations of "Victorian Gothic," and "Queen Anne," more especially our own interpretation of these aberrations of style, the domestic architecture of the Elizabethan and Tudor periods has little in common. In France and Germany the picturesque half-timber architecture of the Middle Ages, with its wealth of Gothic originality and invention, although more completely destroyed by strife and superseded by other styles, and thus lacking in the numerical force of well-preserved examples, still bears witness to the wonderful vitality of all building in the days when the craftsman carving the porch of a humble *manoir* wrought with the same passion for beauty and truth as the favored sculptor carving a saint in the porch of a great cathedral.

In those days, to the humblest farmhouse might have been applied Longfellow's lines:

"Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."

And the most interesting and characteristic phase of American architecture to-day, in foreign eyes if not in our own, has in it somewhat of the virility of the old work; the English manor suggesting more of comfortable and informal planning, the French *manoir* more of refinement and elegance in mass and structural detail.

The most interesting early works of Richardson, McKim, Peabody, Eyre, Wheelright, and Emerson, all lean toward the picturesque and the romantic. Only within the past decade have our famous architects succumbed, almost without exception, to the formal and coldly intellectual spirit of classicism in the designing of country houses.



HOUSE ON THE LAKE SHORE DRIVE AT EVANSTON
 ROBERT C. SPENCER, JR., ARCHITECT
 R. R. Kendall, Associate

The development of American domestic architecture under the united efforts of a group of Eastern architects, well educated, broadened by European travel and study, and bound together by ties of common training and ideals, was rapid.

To the service of a public ignorant of architecture as a fine art, surrounded on every side by ugly and ill-planned homes, these men and others gave their youthful enthusiasm and their painstaking care.

The best examples of their earlier work have since inspired many of their most talented countrymen, and not a few of their foreign colleagues as well.

Just now the formal house and the formal garden are the fashion; but something of the freedom and honesty of what for lack of a better name may be called the "picturesque" in architecture is bound to assert itself in the works of the men who do their own thinking, who love to invent, and scorn mere fashion-mongering.

Whether we like it or not, we shall have fads and fashions in architecture as long as the great majority of people and those who serve them as tailors, dress-makers, or architects find it easier to follow a fashion than to think for themselves.

Until recent years the fashion in the West has been a frank and rather crude eclecticism, with only enough clean-cut work having or following intelligently a well-defined style to prove the rule of commonplace heterogeneity.

Now that a few people in this part of the country are beginning to know something about architecture, and a few more begin to appreciate the difference between an architect and a builder, we are producing some thoughtfully designed, well-studied buildings along conventional lines, chiefly Colonial or Renaissance.

Western examples of careful, consistent designing in the spirit of the old half-timbered work are so few and



THE LIVING-ROOM



BEDROOM AND BOUDOIR



THE STAIRCASE BAY



FROM THE SOUTHEAST

widely separated as to require long and patient search for their discovery.

On the Lake Shore Drive, in South Evanston, is the home of the Evanston Boat Club, which by the way is itself a rather unsuccessful attempt at half-timbered picturesqueness.

Looking south from this club-house along the drive may be seen the subject of these illustrations—a brick and half-timber house with solid timber

porches, a house so at variance with the common “vernacular” as probably to seem to the average observer more of an affectation than do certain houses in the modern colonial style of which there are several examples not many miles away.

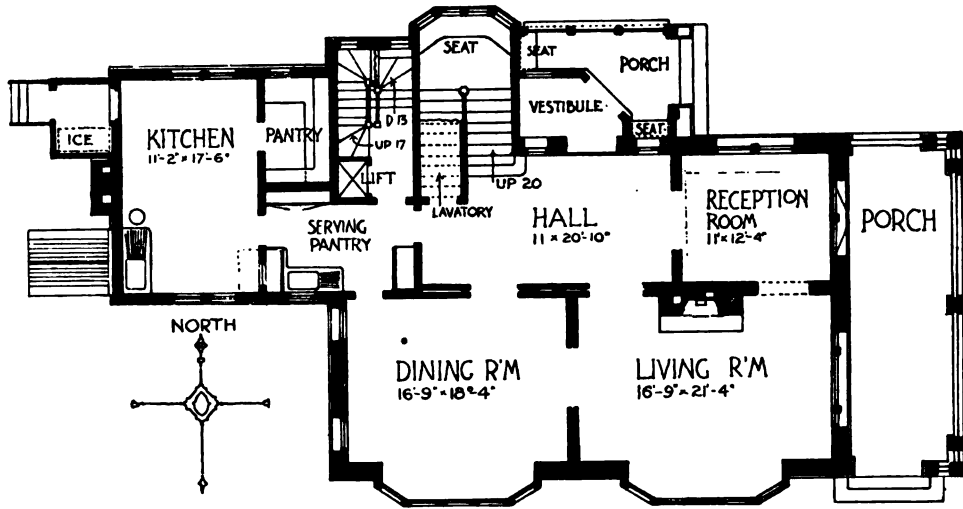
In this instance, however, the style is scarcely an affectation, since the owner is an Englishman by birth and education, who appreciates the charm of the homes of his ancestors.



THE ENTRANCE PORCH



THE PORCH



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN

Neither is it a copy or an adaptation of a foreign example. It is not even consistently and thoroughly English, for the plan is modern, and suited to local conditions and the lake-shore site.

In structure and detail, local methods of construction, local materials, and the limitations of cost were factors affecting the design; while a certain French *chic* and elegance were purposely given to the composition and massing as well as to exterior details, particularly those having a structural significance.

The plan, however, was studied and determined first for comfort and convenience and for individual expression of its organic parts. The front and entrance porches, the staircase, the living-room, the dining-room, and the working department are each individualized as parts of a fairly harmonious whole in plan and in exterior composition. The strong lines of the overhang and timber girt, and the vigorous wall surface treatment, serve to give unity to the whole.

The average house is weak in the second story and attic. The hipped roofs and narrow dormers of "correct colonial" mean loss of attic space and poor ventilation. For a roomy, service-

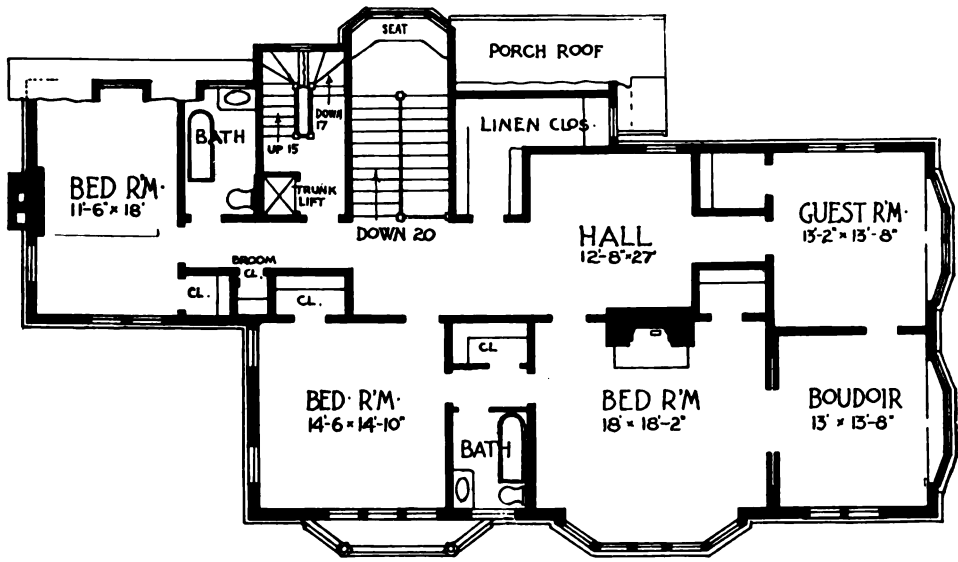
able attic, the gable is more logical than the hip-roof.

Many houses become too small for their original builders. Families increase until there are no longer enough chambers to go around, and the advent of guests means a disturbance of fixed sleeping arrangements.

Many houses remain adequate in the first floor and become too small above.

Why not oftener do as has been done here, and solve the awkward problem of the roomy veranda by jutting over it with the second floor? Here it is an organic part of the house, giving the interest of light and shade, void and solid to the east front.

As seen from the north, the house seems braced by its mass against the gales which winter hurls landward from the lake. Against the long, simple roof as a foil, the picturesque staircase, bay and entrance porch form an interesting group. To the south the mullioned bays open broadly, flooding the floors with sunshine, and giving a panorama of long lines of white surf and the blue expanse of Lake Michigan beyond. In summer the many casement windows open outward to invite the cool lake breezes. Built on a foundation of Lemont lime-



SECOND-FLOOR PLAN



THE FIREPLACE



THE CLOCK



A PICTURESQUE VIEW



THE LIVING-ROOM BAY

stone, the superstructure is of local common brick with red mortar joints, a timber girt above spanning the openings, and carrying the overhanging upper stories of rough surfaced cement mixed with pure white Milford sand on metal lath, ribbed with unplanned boards dipped in dull red shingle-stain and flush with the cement.

The heavy gable rafters, which take the place of verge-boards, are painted white, and so are the ridges.

The foundation of this house above grade is a unique example of the use of Illinois limestone on edge. This was done for the color effect. Here the stones form a sort of seam-face ashlar, selected for rich yellow and orange weather stains, successfully laid only by dint of the most strenuous superintendence on the part of the architects.

Up to the present time they have not only grown richer in color, but have proven quite as durable as though laid in the usual way.

The solid yellow-pine timbers of the

porch are a foot square—the middle one twelve by fourteen inches. The timber girt across the front is a single stick of clear yellow pine twenty-eight feet long and twelve inches square. The construction of gables and overhangs is everywhere solid, honest timber-work, and paint does not cover up sham.

The yellow pine below was oiled and permitted to weather, then protected with a coating of dull spar-varnish. Only those who have seen them can appreciate fully the beauty and honesty of solid timber porches.

To the architect, to whom a suburban or country house is something more than a mere potboiler, the problem of the American "porch" is a serious one. The cheap-looking "lean-to" affairs running half-way round a house, so popular with the average layman, are his *bête noir*.

Right here let me say that I do not wish to abolish the roomy porch or the outdoor room. Let us have them wherever they suit the requirements of our

climate and the purposes of our habitation. But let us have them designed thoughtfully. Let them be always an integral and inseparable part of the house, designed in the same spirit and built of equally good materials.

A porch may be larger than the largest room in a house, and yet be so planned as to deprive no room of abundant sunshine. It should be so placed in relation to the street and adjacent houses as to insure the greatest privacy and the most pleasing outlook, and this is seldom on the street side.

Within, our lake-shore home is so quiet in color that you leave it with no vivid impression as to any particular room. The walls are a dull purplish red in the halls and stairway, a rose satin tapestry paper in the reception-room. In the living-room a rich intermingling of harmonious dull greens, with touches of blue and hints of yellow in a small pattern, harmonizes quietly with the crepe-like effect of the lighter, cooler gray-green of the dining-room. Ceilings, all in dull buff, beginning above the picture-rail, unite the rooms, which are finished below in birch. The broad fireplace, built for service, is of red

brick, with a generous mantel of satiny, curly birch, on which stands a clock, the case specially designed for its place to contain an English chime-clock.

The hall and staircase, with its seat and tall mullioned bay, is in white oak, and leads to an upper hall so large and well lighted as to form a very useful and inviting living-room.

The guest-room beyond, with its broad window-seat bearing an array of potted geraniums, overlooks the lake from southeast to north. Woodwork is in white enamel finish, with a rich light red and white paper on the walls, above which frieze and ceiling are all one, with a good, tiny red-spot pattern on a cream-white ground.

The house, furnished throughout for comfort and use, is eminently homelike and livable.

The informal domestic character of the exterior is a true index of the comfort and hospitality within, which is never more manifest than on a raw and stormy Sunday, when a fire blazes on the hearth, and through the rain-dimmed windows the white crests show far out upon the sea of leaden waters, and the surf pounds and roars along the beach.



THE STAIRCASE



WHAT TO GIVE

SOME CHRISTMAS-TIDE SUGGESTIONS

BY MADELINE YALE WYNNE

THIS tide of the year—this full tide that reaches to all doors—too often bears upon its ample waters nothing better than wreckage, mere things. Would that we could express ourselves adequately in each ribbon-tied mystery, put some wit or wisdom into the humble-serviceable or the æsthetic-trivial memento.

Sunsets are not for sale by the yard; if they were there would still be the agitating question as to what style of sunset best fills the requirements of the modern taste.

"Oh, see that old tree against the red sunset!" exclaimed the enthusiastic maid.

"Nay," responded the youth by her side, wearily and with averted eyes, "nay, do not look at it; it is posing for a Christmas card or a poster."

Thus do we saddle unconscious nature with our latter-day thought.

A mullen stood on the hillside, where the sun lingered longest, loitering through the August days to the hot, shrill music of the locust. The mullen was pale green, and its leaves were downy as breast of rabbit; its yellow bloom was a spike of efflorescence, tall and distinguished.

In the autumn the mullen turned to a

rusty brown, the leaves bent till their crumpled tips lay back against the tall stem, the wind dried them, the frost colored them, and in November the mullen had become a stately candelabrum, perfect in its bronze simulation.

But it was the mullen in its summer dress that all unconsciously posed for the artist, and was translated into a woven rug. The snow now lies on the Hurricane Mountain, it fills the mullen's seed-cups and its wrinkled leaves, but the summer color has been caught and kept by the loom.

The weaver dyed her pale, keen yellows and tender greens, she stripped with her own hands the lengths of new cloth, then she threw her shuttle back and forth, perhaps to the strange words of some incantation, some wind rhythm, till from the loom came the softest, the most delicious rag-stuff ever made, the mullen apotheosized.

Rag rug, indeed! It is the summer, the hillside, and the sweet Adirondack fragrance coming to one in short lengths.

A mullen pillow—would that not be restful! Lengths for a pillow-cover or for bookcase curtains can be bought for two or three dollars, with the summer legend thrown in for langnief.

These rugs are to be found at The Settle in New York City. Here, too, are the Betsey Ross rugs in blue and white, in green and white, and in mixed colors, with a decorative touch in the borders. The warp of these modern rag rugs is toned to match the wool, or to contrast pleasingly with it. One nice piece, a yard or so in length, made by Miss Kirchner, has a peacocky iridescence; a brilliant bit of an experiment; a band

of fuzzy woof in the midst of the plain weaving makes a pleasant variety in the surface quality. These Betsey Ross rugs cost from two dollars and a half upward, according to the size, and are pretty for country houses. Still another experiment in rag-weaving is the use of cloth strips for both warp and woof; this gives a basket or block effect.

The Settle, conformable to its comfortable name, offers one the choice of some good bits of peasant china, the cheerful sort that makes a breakfast-table something to be grateful for. A charming printed India crepe begs for a buyer. Who would not like to have a curtain with a sort of Noah's-ark pattern upon it, where fallow-deer, trees, and swans are perpetuated in good colors? Here, too, are the corn-husk baskets made by Miss Francis, and before Christmas-time the Deerfield baskets may also be here for sale.

Have you ever been to Deerfield? If not, it would be well for you to give yourself a Christmas present, in or out of season, and go there and buy a basket;

for Deerfield is—well, it is just Deerfield, and that is enough. Its baskets are of two kinds, the palm-leaf, woven in the up-two-down-one stitch like the Panama hats. This makes a light, delicate basket; it comes in the flat, square shape, with a cover suitable for a handkerchief-box, also in the flat, round shape, in trays and in other pleasing and useful forms. The prices vary from thirty-five cents to three dollars. The Pocumtuck basket is quite unlike this, and resembles the Navajo; though made of other materials and dissimilar in colors, it is the style of weave that suggests its Indian relative.

All shapes are here—round, square, bowl-shaped, covered, and uncovered. For color there is blue, green, yellow, reds, and browns. Many are made of the self-colored material with other tints woven in. The dyes are worthy—not the aniline quacks so quick to attain but so quick to lose. The Deerfield dyes are almost wholly made from vegetable stuffs.

Names have most naturally and for



THE POCUMTUCK BASKET, MADE IN DEERFIELD

convenience attached themselves to the Pocumtuck basket. The peacock feather speaks for itself, as do the bronze-brown tornado and the marigold; the dryad's basket has the glossy purple-black stem of the maidenhair fern woven in as a part of its structure. Cat-tail and rush from the swampy places, the swale that grows by the brookside, and the sweet meadow-grass combine to give the name to the meadow-basket. The names are elastic, as all names should be; a hint is enough to set one a-dreaming.

Do not hope ever to get two baskets alike; the fancy of a basket-maker must be free, possibly sometimes erratic. It is a pleasure to think that this basket that I possess is just itself, the only one in the world—its faults, its virtues, are its own; it is an individual.

A certain delectable family had seven children; it had also twelve blue china plates; around the border of these plates was an enchanting set of four donkeys that alternated with four trees. Now eleven of these plates were just alike, but the twelfth—oh, that twelfth! On that one, one dear donkey had distinguished himself by mismatchment. His hind quarters did not quite fit on to his fore quarters; there was a jog in his gait, a suggestion of a fling in the back legs that removed him far and away from his humdrum companions; his misfortunes made his fortune, he was the beloved of the children, he was *the donkey*, the one to be won at table by good behavior, the coveted one, the only one. We all want an only one, even if it be only a donkey.

If unluckily you cannot go to Deerfield to buy your basket, then write to the representative of the industry and find out about the sizes, shapes, and the prices; the address is Mrs. Richard Arms, Deerfield, Massachusetts. Of course Deerfield is the objective point for all good people; Paris has lost its prestige; but if one goes to this Mecca, still there is no objection to his stopping at the town of New York on his way to or from.

Some one on beauty bent went to Chicago and ordered a lamp-shade of one who does things of this sort in the art-and-crafty way. After seeing one shade and purchasing it, this one-on-beauty-bent was inclined to order another, but on consideration she thought it best to see what New York had to offer. But the order went back to the Chicago worker, "Make me another shade; New York has nothing so good."

Immediately after Thanksgiving the Arts and Crafts Society of Chicago will have an exhibition in the workshop at the Woman's Temple. Of course no one can speak authoritatively about anything that an artist or an artist workman will or will not do at a given time; there is a sketchiness about the character of an artist, and time limits are seeming lions in his path; but speaking by faith, it seems fair to promise good things to be seen at this exhibition, where everything is born of the spirit and made by the hand. Some new names will appear on the catalogue, especially among the metal-workers. The architects are to have the pleasure of seeing the fine tiles made by Mercer. These Moravian tiles from Doylestown, Pennsylvania, are said to be a link between the New America and the Old Spain, and have a rare quality of glaze so long associated with the Spanish tile. To say that Mrs. Gardiner, of Boston, has in her new house intrusted the tiling to Mercer is to guarantee the artistic quality of the work.

I met a friend in the street yesterday. "We are seven," she announced.

"Really?" I asked. "Seven what? Or are you only Wordsworthing?"

"We are seven basket-makers of Chicago," she said, proudly.

"And will you exhibit at the Arts and Crafts?"

"Yes, as an annex to the Deerfield baskets."

So here is another attraction to the Woman's Temple immediately after Thanksgiving.

Let us not be too grudging about New York; New York is not entirely barren.



A CORNER OF "THE SETTLE"

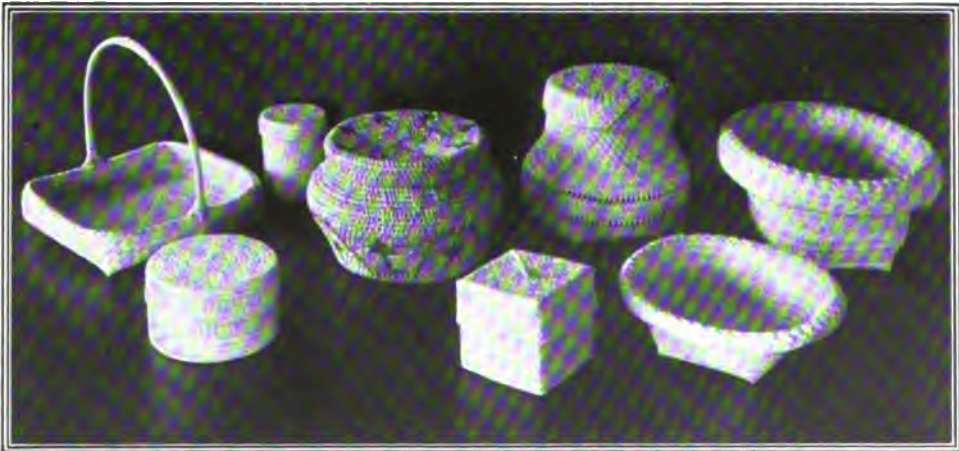
She has, by proxy, at least a pleasant showing at the Woman's Exchange. In a little corner Miss Vera Polakoff exhibits and sells the Russian household industries. Genuine things these are, with some choice bits of handiwork which were done by the serfs in the days of bondage, with also some modern work. Alas! one must acknowledge that the older things are far and away better than the things made to-day. Swift are the shuttles of to-day, rapid is the transportation, instantaneous the communication. We absorb China, Russia, the South Sea Islands, and the Land of the Midnight Sun with a gulp and never a grimace of effort. India, Persia, or Alaska cannot hide their secrets of texture, of form, or of color. We heap high as Fuji-san our cheap imitations of what it took Japan centuries to evolve. We know all, we do all, and we get, we sell—behold, *we are civilized!* What do we get? What do we hold? We get the substance of things. The heart, the soul (even things have a soul), the soul escapes us. Commercialism is the name of the little god that we worship, and chaff is what we offer up to him.

"But now and then truth-speaking things shame the angel's veiling wings," and hope takes us by the hand.

I beg your pardon for having left you

standing so long at the Vera Polakoff corner. See these old pieces of linen drawn-work; so heavy are they with the stitches that they droop in the hand and threaten to slide from the grasp. The work is nearly a yard wide. I say work, not decoration, for the hand-work has become the fabric. The design is grotesque in its detail, made up of human figures, of animals and trees; but so fine is the sense of spacing that the result is immensely satisfactory. These laces, too, are good in effect, in texture, and in color, whether narrow or wide, of silk or of linen. The peasant buckle, for belt or for cloak, is satisfactory; it is not made of pure silver by any means, but it is of a good color and with variety of design. Some of them have color introduced in the bits of glass, generally red. These buckles cost from fifty cents to two dollars, the laces from thirty cents a yard to three dollars. Peasant gorgeousness displays itself in the silk shawls. Twelve to fifteen dollars will purchase a whole garden of roses or posies of some kind lying in stripes on deep plum-color or black. You may send me one of these shawls for my Christmas, thanks, for you may well thank me for telling you of these things.

I have been a-pottering, and I come back to Chicago to find much pleasure in



DEERFIELD BASKETS

BETSEY ROSS RUGS, A PILLOW BY MISS LITTLE, CORN-HUSK BASKETS BY MISS FRANCIS, AND OTHER WORK BY CRAFTSMEN



the Newcomb work. O'Brien has some engaging pieces—mugs of green and blue and pale tan, or cream. The designs are along the line that we have come to look for in this ware—good designs, too, with a hint of originality that suggests a promise of many interesting things to come.

The Rookwood has taken a start, and has happily escaped for a time from the irritating iteration of its glitter and its shallow sparkle. This new dull-surfaced ware is to be credited to Van Briggle, who formerly worked with the Rookwood people, but who has now gone to the Far West, and will there continue his experiments. These experiments! How full they are of the something that we call quality, that which is lacking when a man knows too much; how beautiful is that piece of work produced at the moment that a man is still innocent but not ignorant. Ah! these are the things that are vital. This new pottery is thick, simple as regards form, and is waxy of texture; it has that sort of quality that tempts one to take a vase or a bowl in the hand in order to feel its beauty.

Something might be said in criticism of the figure motif that animates some of the pieces; but after all is said, the fact remains that a man must select his own type of beauty in decoration, and through elimination grow to his best. The work of Van Briggle is to be found in Cleveland, at Selzer's, where, too, is the attractive peasant china on which bright flowers strew themselves unblushingly in tidy knots or sprigs in profusion—china that gives a spur to the jaded taste and reminds one of that far-off time

when one took pleasure without criticism (which as every one now knows is very reprehensible, to say the least); that good time when red was red and Art was uncapitalized. Other good things are to be found at the full counters of Selzer's, for he buys much and he buys well; but there, as everywhere, one must possess the magnet that attracts toward the distinguished bit as against the commonplace though expensive.

In Cleveland, as at O'Brien's, I saw those delightful reproductions in color of Henri Rivière's. One may buy for a few dollars an evening of perfect repose, incarnated in a gray-blue piece of paper, where over a pictured hill a shepherd leads or drives his flocks. To lie at ease and look at this pastoral should rest the tired man, even if it did recall the saying of the humorous Willie, "How much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab and *think* how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab than it is to walk, than it is to *walk* and think how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab than it is to walk."

One, however, need not lie awake nights sorrowing over the lot of this blue-gray peasant amid his flock. It would seem to me to be a very quiet, restful lot to be done in such flat tints on ingrained gray paper, and to be hung on the wall as a symbol of rest. While one watches this shepherd, perchance the thought will be tenderly drawn back through the dim spaces of what we call time, and will somewhere meet with those other shepherds that watched their flocks by night. Thus shall our Christmas of to-day hold fast in spirit with that initial one nineteen hundred years ago.



AN INGLE-NOOK. DESIGNED BY THE CRAFTERS





THE CORCORAN MANSION

BY KATE KERBY

IN Lafayette Square, one of the most famous spots in Washington, at the corner of H Street and Connecticut Avenue, stands the Corcoran mansion, which is exciting much interest at the present time as the Washington home of the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. It was built by Governor Swann, of Maryland, in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and it is much larger than it appears to be from the street, and sufficiently imposing to attract attention from strangers not previously advised of its history. It has famous neighbors, being situated near old St. John's, the church home of many presidents; the residence of the Secretary of State, John Hay; General Jackson's statue; the

White House and Washington monument; and the Lafayette Memorial surrounded by rare old trees. Originally the main entrance was on the H Street side, but this was closed during the occupancy of Senator Brice, and a handsome arched driveway was built. This conducts one through massive iron gates at the farther end to a courtyard, opening upon which is the grand entrance, at the extreme eastern end of the house. The beautiful gardens, inclosed by a high brick wall, are on the Connecticut Avenue side, past which daily for more than fifty years the fashion of Washington has ebbed and flowed.

In 1841 the friends of Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, purchased and



HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

From a Photograph, copyright by G. G. Bain



THE MUSIC-ROOM

presented to him this classic edifice in token of the high esteem in which they held him. It was here in the following year that he concluded the negotiations of the important Ashburton treaty, by which the line defining the British pos-

sessions northeast of us was decided upon. Mr. Webster's well-known improvidence and financial carelessness made it impossible for him to maintain so luxurious an establishment, so the following year it was purchased by the millionaire philanthropist, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the founder of the celebrated Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington. Mr. Corcoran had previously advanced heavy sums

of money to the illustrious statesman.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Mr. Corcoran left for Europe, asking his personal friend, Count de Montholon, the French minister in Washington, to protect his home. The astuteness of the French nobleman was shown in his hasty occupancy of the mansion, which then became the legation of France; and the tricolor was floating over it just two

minutes before the arrival of the provost marshal of Columbia, who, at the instigation of the uncompromising Stanton, had come to seize the property as belonging to an enemy of the United States, for it was well known that Mr. Corcoran's sym-

pathies were with the Confederacy.

The first really famous ball given here was in 1866, by Count de Montholon, and far surpassed in magnificence anything previously known in Washington.

At the close of the war Mr. Corcoran returned to Washington, and continued to occupy the house until his death, in 1888.

Senator Calvin S. Brice, from Ohio, was

the next distinguished occupant, and during the six years he resided here Washington society was entertained with a lavish hospitality hitherto unapproached. Some important changes were made at this time, notably the Brice Court, mentioned above. At his death it remained vacant until two years ago, when perhaps a warmer and equally lavish welcome was extended to society



MISS MAY PALMER
Senator Depew's Fiancée

by the present distinguished and genial Senator, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. Here, in a few short weeks, Mr. Depew will bring his bride. Miss May Palmer, who is as clever as she is diplomatic, is especially fitted to dispense hospitality in this ornate old home. She is all the more a patriotic American because she was educated in France, but she may bring a touch of the Old World into the salon where the wit and beauty of Washington will congregate. Her stately graciousness, aided by Senator Depew's well-known geniality, will make invitations to these illustrious gatherings desirable.

In the interior of this house there is a charming disregard of set forms of decoration and architecture, no particular period having been selected to the dis-

paragement of others. Still, cheerfulness and color do much to compensate for a certain pleasant profusion of ornamentation.

The grand entrance opens on the long corridor, which is decorated in red and white; the same color scheme prevails in the inner hall and alcove. This hall leads to the yellow drawing-room, the walls of which are hung with tapestry, heavy gilt-framed panels breaking the long walls. This room displays a richness which is not lessened by the ornate ceiling in white and gold. From here we pass to the ball-room (or music-room), which is done in white and green, and opens into a long closed-in veranda overlooking the gardens. No changes will be made this winter.

BARTOLOMÉ ESTÉBAN MURILLO

BORN 1618; DIED 1682

BY JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

Class Lecturer on the Collections of the Art Institute of Chicago

IT would scarcely be correct to talk about "Murillo the Great," because so many are greater. Murillo was popular in his lifetime, as he is so in ours; he painted "sweet" pictures. No very great man does sweet things. He is the Carlo Dolci of Spain, and Dolci was also not "great." It is somewhat of an injustice to say this, because he was nobler than Dolci, while still so much like him, and probably not a little shaped by the much-admired Italian, who lived his whole life during the lifetime of the man we are talking about.

To understand our subject we must have a clear idea of the art of Ribera, of Dolci, of Velasquez, and finally of Raphael, because all of these contributed in a marked manner to make that of Murillo. There was also Zurbaran, and he and Ribera were much alike, both robust men, intensely fond of painting nature as they saw her, but in a peculiarly vigorous, direct, positive way, using big brushes, softening nothing,

catching the expression of faces to the life as few others of any nation have been able to do. In speaking of Velasquez, I have already said that he had this same ability to capture the expression of things and people in the Spanish way, that is, with peculiar acuteness. No Dutch literalist could compare with any of them in this peculiar acumen. Velasquez was greater than any one of the group which had this peculiar ability, because he was of finer grain, copying nature with consummate reserve as well as force.

Murillo had this Spanish acuteness, and manifested it boldly in his youth. In later life he followed the school of Raphael—something quite different and very un-Spanish. Carlo Dolci was also a follower of the school of Raphael, and his pictures were numerous in Spain, though he was still living and about the same age as Murillo. It was only after many years of his life were spent that Murillo commenced to follow the style



MADONNA—Murillo

of Dolci; that is, after the latter's pictures had time to arrive in Spain.

By examining any one of the purely religious works of Murillo, it is easy to see that they are all little Raphaels, both in composition and treatment, differing only as each man's personality is unlike another's. It was the fashion to do it in this way, so that we may judge that Murillo's change of style was more from love of popularity than from artistic impulse. He also became religiously inclined and loved to please the ecclesiastics, who always liked best the manner of Raphael in their church decorations. This "school of Raphael" had become a fetish, and it grew to be very weak and pretty in its mannerisms. So when the Spaniard commenced to follow the leader, he also followed the weakness of the leader's little painterettes. But giving even an imitator his due, it must be admitted that Murillo always felt his native blood coursing in his veins, and never quite lost the qualities which made the rude Ribera so fine and kept Velasquez's head and shoulders above the others.

All the names mentioned thus far (except Raphael's) belong to men who lived with Murillo, though they were somewhat older. Add to these Rubens, who visited Spain, and Van Dyck and Rembrandt, who remained in the north, and Claude Lorraine, who was born a Frenchman, but spent his life in Italy, and the connections are completed. With Claude came modern landscape painting, so that all these men could paint a deal of sentiment when making outdoor effects. Murillo was the last of the grand coterie as far as Spain was concerned, as the war of the Spanish Succession came on (the one in which Marlborough won fame), the Spanish king, Charles II., was a washed-out heir of a splendid line, and all things Spanish "went where the woodbine twineth." More than a century stretched out its palsied existence before Spain had the vitality to raise a remarkable artist, and when he came it was the wild Goya who scintillated.

The Netherlands were just as badly off. England bred artists during that bloodless eighteenth century, and the grand art of France grew up to people the world with pictures. Germany was still worse off, as during the lives of all these noted men she had nothing to show. For two whole centuries she produced nothing greater than the vague genius of Raphael Mengs, Angelica Kauffmann not being a German at all, though often mistakenly counted as such.

Murillo was born in Seville, and lived his life there, painting her churches with decorations which the world has admired very sincerely. He was christened on the first day of January, 1618, about eighteen years after the birth of Velasquez. The sometimes expressed opinion that he was born at Pilas in 1613 appears to have no foundation. It sounds very Spanish to tell that he came from a decayed noble family, but there was still the good blood in his veins. At ten years of age his parents were both dead, so that the boy was apprenticed to an artist-uncle of the dry old Italian-imitating school, who taught him to mix colors, and fortunately to draw admirably.

This uncle, Castillo, moved away from Seville and left Murillo, still a mere youth, to his own resources. All the Spanish artists seem to have been put at still-life painting when pupils, making endless studies of green-grocers' stock, with pots and pans; and they painted beggars too, all their tatters and rags put to the best account. This ragged-beggar habit was peculiar to the Spanish apprentices in art. Though all of them used it as a good drill, Murillo made master works of his efforts, leaving us large and valuable examples, possibly his best product. So the boy preserved beggars, pots, pans, and vegetables in oil, as the fishermen packed sardines; sold what he could in the market-place, as the custom was in Spain to dispose of oil-goods of all sorts in the outdoor market; piling up what did not sell. There was much trade with South America, which caused many samples to go to that far country, and created a mis-

taken legend that the young artist visited the New World.

The accumulated store of pictures found a purchaser one day, making the young man so inflated with riches that he started for Italy without bidding adieu to his relatives. Getting as far as Madrid, where Velasquez was in full tide of success, the latter befriended him, opened the doors of palaces and museums, and the glories of the Italian and Flemish masters to his acute sensibilities.

An artist named Pedro de Moya, who was very wide awake and disposed to see the world, had enlisted in a regiment destined to service in Flanders for the sole purpose of getting free transportation to the land of Rubens and Van Dyck. As usual, the officers found the talented swashbuckler interesting, and favored his efforts to see these great artists. He was even allowed to resign and follow Van Dyck to England, where all the strength and freedom of the Flemish painter was revealed to him. He seems to have been one of those who have a limitless capacity for close imitation, and on returning to his native land could show the others all the wonderful new tricks he had learned. This was an important event in the career of Murillo, because he in turn absorbed this manner of bold work and became enamored of it. When the picture collections of Madrid were opened to him by Velasquez's influence, he found in the works of Ribera something akin to this acquired Flemish taste, and became a mild imitator of the fierce technician and relentless literalist. It was while in Madrid that he painted the celebrated beggar-boy series, possibly the best work of his life. These are genuine Spanish art; imbued with the national talent for direct observation, keen perception of facial expression and body movement, as well as powerful technique and light and shade. This element it is which differentiates the national art. I have already said that even the most literal of the Netherlanders could not equal this group of Spaniards in this

particular. It was all done in such a free way, without that offensive, tiresome detail all too common in the north. Murillo's religious pictures, after he commenced to imitate his contemporary, Carlo Dolci (school of Raphael), never quite lost this Spanish element, but never again does it show forth with the same freshness as in the work accomplished in Madrid, when he was still young, and free from the influence of the ecclesiastics and the love of popularity and glory.

His success brought him the means to marry a woman of wealth and rank, Doña Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayor, in 1648. She was from near Seville, and had influence with the clergy of that neighborhood, which caused Murillo to return to his native city and began the decoration of the cathedral, where a great quantity of his best known work attracts visitors even until this day.

As I took notes upon the pictures by Murillo which are in the Louvre, not more than a year ago, it is possible to speak authoritatively regarding them. The beggar crouched in a corner, engaged in the Spanish necessity of flea-hunting, is life-sized. Painted earlier than the religious pictures of his Seville life, the flesh is entirely unlike that in the more pretentious works, being warm, not rosy, approaching that of Velasquez, but less luminous. However, there is no lack of masterful color and technique. The clothing is in two grays but slightly contrasted, though one is cool and the other warm. All flesh shadows are decidedly luminous. Indeed, the very dark shadow surrounding a large part of the figure, though darkened, is still clear and penetrable—no small virtue. I was particularly impressed by the management of the hair in the sunlight, which with the flesh indicated that the whole was either painted in the open air, or that the artist had an extraordinary memory.

The Miracle of San Diego, called the "Cuisine des Anges," does not show as good preservation; shades are dull and heavy. None of the figures reveals that

keen observation of the movements of human beings which the Spanish painters usually did so well, being formal and even very awkward. It is a large picture, and in one corner the artist took delight in painting a mass of pots and pans as true and frank as the figure drawing is unnatural.

When priest or Philistine dictates to an artist the manner of his painting, he does art much wrong. Raphael's compositions followed the general make-up of those done before his time, but he invented a style of draping, pose, and arrangement which became so popular that all the world has cried for it, even until this day—"the school of Raphael," as it is called. It seems very plain to me that Murillo was the victim of the cash orders he received to paint in the style of Raphael, or more correctly speaking, that of Carlo Dolci, a weak imitator of Raphael, but very popular at the moment. Of course it is possible that Murillo himself admired the work of Carlo Dolci, and was seduced by it. What is interesting to us is the fact that this painter of vigorous and closely observed literalism should become the painter of those religious decorations so much in the accepted fashion and so popular. Let it be said to his credit that he never was a slavish imitator; his color and composition always revealing certain elements of the Murillo we have been describing.

In the Holy Family (Louvre) the Virgin holds the infant Saviour in her lap, the Child reaching out for the slender cross which little St. John presents to him. Elizabeth is posed near by, and angel cherubs hover about in the sky. Above all, a pretty and weak old man looks out of the clouds approvingly, his attitude and expression suggestive of the—of what the Almighty could never be as we Anglo-Saxons conceive him.

In color, the canvas is tender, clear, and a silvery gray; the flesh a good deal colored, but rosy. A part of the drapery is in a beautiful rose tint, the other part a full blue. These contrast with a well-found orange in Elizabeth's drapery.

While Raphael's Madonnas were idealities, very dignified and queenly, this one, and all of this Spaniard's, is only the pretty girl, his model reduced to a greater refinement of form. It is in the cherubs and the children that the true genius of the painter found its own. The child Christ is true to the traditions of the Spanish genius, a well-felt observation of nature. So is the expression in St. John's face. They are both shy and unaccustomed to the conditions. All of his pink cherubs, in whatever picture, are real babies, faithful portraits of remarkably handsome little ones. The manner in which they disport themselves is almost exactly the manner of Raphael. A tarnished-silver gray in the clouds and some other objects are the invention of Murillo himself.

A comparison of the engraving of Murillo's St. Thomas of Villanueva, giving alms to beggars, with Raphael's Transfiguration will show how much the one is in the manner of the other; or it may be that the St. Elizabeth washing the leper boy's head is still more strikingly like it. Note the arrangement of the beggars in formal pose and position.

Beggars in his religious pictures were a return to his first love, indulged in very extensively toward the end of his life, but he never got back to the sincere truth of the early works; the poor victims of misfortune religiously inclined are better combed than that boy who searches his shirt for vermin.

The artist's trade was the death of him. He fell from a scaffold one day, and could only creep around the church to advise his pupils as to the completion of his designs, until death took him, April 3, 1682.

One circumstance appears prominently in all the histories of Spanish painters—the strange prejudice of the priests in the matter of any approach to the representation of nude women. In Italy they were so accustomed to the antique statues, that nudes went unchallenged. But the Spanish clergy hated antiques and all such pagan trifles, and hated

nudities. I never could learn that it improved Spanish morals at all, this surplusage of draping. Velasquez was quite a rebel; in fact, he went to Italy in search of the antiques, the first brought to Spain, and the art-loving

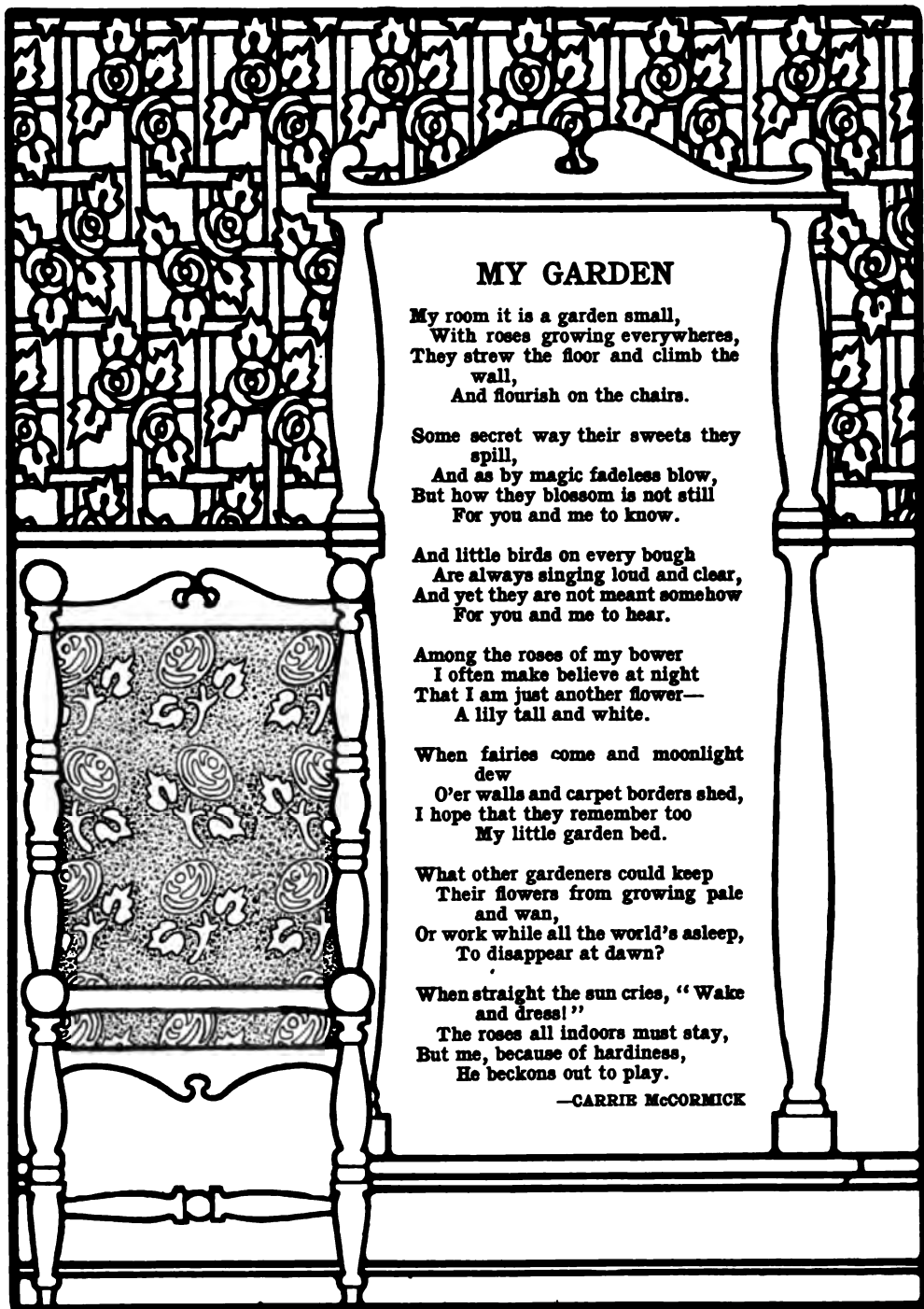
king, Philip IV., countenanced the innovation. But there is not a virginal foot and scarcely an arm to be found in all of Murillo's religious art. Murillo's art is diamond, but not of the first water.

Evolution of Japanese Art

Mr. Walter Behrens recently read a paper concerning evolution in certain forms of Japanese art before the members of the Japan Society. Mr. Behrens did not deal with Japanese art forms in general, but confined himself almost entirely to a brief discussion on various forms of netsuké and their uses. He remarked that his subject was naturally not touched upon in any Japanese writings, as the idea of evolution was comparatively modern, and he believed that the Japanese had only arrived at it through our aid. The matters he had to speak of had not been touched on in any records, and the only documents he had were actual examples he had seen, so that he feared his researches must always remain empirical. He was certain that evolution was to be found in the art of Japan. This art was so closely connected in its origin with the art of Corea, of China, and other countries, that it was difficult to come to decisive conclusions. All who had collections of Japanese art work would note that such dates as were inscribed or added to signatures gave no trustworthy information as to the actual period of production. He feared that Japanese experts, like Roman authors, must laugh in their sleeves when they met; at any rate, their theories were remarkable for their divergence. It might be suggested that in Japanese art, shackled by convention, the germ of development had been sterilized, but signs of alteration and life

were visible. Once the use of the brush had been acquired, any change in the resultant use was not so much evolution as a change of taste, and taste was nearly always an accident, not a growth. By this he implied that taste, like fashion, generally received its impulse from one individual, and its effects were therefore arbitrary. Evolution was change that was unconscious and practically imperceptible. His studies had all been directed to the investigation of objects in personal use among the Japanese, particularly of the netsuké, or the elaborate ornaments by which objects were suspended from the girdle. Mr. Behrens said it seemed to him likely that it was from the seal form that netsuké in their various presentments rose. It was highly probable that before the netsuké *qua* netsuké came into being it was a seal. Seals both in China and Japan dated from long before the Christian era. Most of the early netsuké were figures of men or animals carved in ivory. The seal was a very important adjunct with the Japanese, and was a much greater indication of identity than a signature. Hence father and son had different seals, and copying a seal was a much worse offense than forging a signature. In lacquer and metal work the evidence of evolution was more noticeable than in the case of netsuké, but nevertheless there was a wide field for research in this direction also.





MY GARDEN

My room it is a garden small,
With roses growing everywhere,
They strew the floor and climb the
wall,
And flourish on the chairs.

Some secret way their sweets they
spill,
And as by magic fadeless blow,
But how they blossom is not still
For you and me to know.

And little birds on every bough
Are always singing loud and clear,
And yet they are not meant somehow
For you and me to hear.

Among the roses of my bower
I often make believe at night
That I am just another flower—
A lily tall and white.

When fairies come and moonlight
dew
O'er walls and carpet borders shed,
I hope that they remember too
My little garden bed.

What other gardeners could keep
Their flowers from growing pale
and wan,
Or work while all the world's asleep,
To disappear at dawn?

When straight the sun cries, "Wake
and dress!"
The roses all indoors must stay,
But me, because of hardiness,
He beckons out to play.

—CARRIE McCORMICK

IN QUEST OF AN INSPIRATION by J.W. DOW



A SUCCESSFUL outcome for the American Revolution was never in graver doubt than during the winter of 1779-80. Valley Forge was scarcely "in it," compared to the greater and far-reaching despondency that pervaded Washington's army when encamped about the hills of Morristown. It was bitterly cold; there were then no hot-water heaters with endless radiating loops to be found even at headquarters, and no vestibuled expresses with luxuriously fitted club-cars rolled into the ferry-house at Hoboken in an hour. But if the commander-in-chief shared the proverbial frailty of Americans who want the best of everything, he could not have complained in one way, for he was always accorded the best house obtainable for his headquarters wherever his army tarried. Certainly there was no finer house at Morristown than Colonel Ford's, and as far as this generation

may judge, there were very few others of any description. At least, we do not see them here now, which was the very good evidence "Reuben Pettingill," in Artemus Ward's story, thought he had that the sky-rocket had taken with it three of his fingers. And really, all things considered, the venerable headquarters comprises to-day as fine an estate as exists within the limits of the invincible country in which I believe the enemy was never permitted to gain a foothold. With all the patriotic respect due that sturdy yeomanry, I have sometimes thought, however, that the enemy was happily deterred from making any very serious attempt at invasion by the formidable range of hills with their dangerously narrow passes, which, besides providing protection against an invading foe, makes Morris County extremely picturesque and beautiful.

While all along the county turnpike—it is one fine stretch of macadam from Elizabeth, twenty miles in length—numerous landmarks greet the traveler, every one of which is quite worthy of his special notice, it is at headquarters in Morristown that he should spend the day. The famous manse has but one serious blemish, and I may as well speak of that first, to be over with it quickly, as all the rest is infinitely charming. Indeed, I know of no other instance where so important a feature of a colonial interior as the staircase is boxed in out of sight. Nevertheless, the worn treads and risers (there are no balusters) should be dear enough to us from sentiment, for did not Washington wearily ascend and descend them many a time when he must have been worried almost to death over his commissary department? His was not a problem of spoiled food nor of government-contract scandals, but the grim prospect of no food at all, and the dismemberment of his army. There are two splendid halls,

however, to make us forget about the disappointing stairway—they are central halls, one directly over the other, and running the full width of the house. As I think of them, each is divided in the middle by an elliptic arch with key-block supported by fluted pilasters, and centered upon the wall-spaces thus formed are the doorways to the several chambers. Upon entering these rooms one is grateful to find them all expressive of that sweet simplicity we covet the more it becomes evanescent, and gilded sacrifices of ill-advised millionaires are paraded as good taste in its stead. The rooms of the Washington headquarters are simply furnished, simply curtained, and simply tinted, very restful and inviting to the surfeited and distracted modern vision.

This is one of the few colonial mansions which have a Palladian doorway (Palladian windows are common enough), and the only one I know of where that unusual feature is a decided success. Its proportions are just right, and its detail is exquisite. Nor must I forget to mention the main cornice which bears to other colonial cornices the same relation that the celebrated cornice of the Strozzi palace in Florence bears to others of the Italian Renaissance. Over and over again have I been able to draw inspiration from this curious old partisan of the Revolution. I have seen it in so many different lights, in the morning sunshine, again idealized by those wonderfully romantic shadows which occur during the autumn afternoons, and still again at dusk; yet every time a different theme arises of the chiaroscuro. The setting is beautiful in itself, and so far no vandal has been permitted to inflict upon it the American "piazza."

The characteristic charm of Morris-town lies in its immense demesnes. They are young parks bounded by ivy-covered walls, seemingly endless, by



hedges and magnificent stretches of greensward. The poor people—the working people, the mechanism we shall say—of the borough have a sort of allotted village to themselves, where the packing-box houses are huddled and elbow one another, and where we must go betimes, and confess to ourselves verily there is no mystification about it, there is no lasting enchantment, it is no "poem" after all. And like Julian West's Boston in "Looking Backward," here, too, we find the same deplorable abcess he did, throbbing away. Some minutes ago it did look a little as though the Lord was about to change his mind—about to replace the chairs that were taken from us at the commencement of this great game of "Going to Jericho," we are playing for dear life, and that all the people, everybody, could, for once at least, sit down and rest a while in a beautiful garden.



FORD MANSION, MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
Headquarters of General Washington during the winter of 1779-80

A contributor to the *Architectural Record* of New York has advised the student of architecture to go to his atelier in Paris via Hackensack, New Jersey. I can conscientiously indorse such advice if the young man proposes devoting very much of his career to the art of home-building, for the relics of the Dutch burghers remaining herein about, besides being irresistibly attractive, are instructive as well. No arch maiden of the village school was ever made more bewitching to a romantic boy by her immaculate calico hood than are these Dutch houses to the architect by their tremendous eaves. They are all out of drawing, out of proportion to everything else about them, like Chopin-esque dissonances. But what dissonances they are! and what *eaves* they are! The inevitable law of compensation puts in an appearance once more, however, to tell us that the delightful hood that made our first sweetheart so kissable, when it comes to architecture, limits the proposed dwelling to two stories and a low attic. There is no other way; though, perhaps, the very house we live in has no more height, the Dutch houses certainly look lower and snugger and more homelike generally.

The dear old thing at Passaic, shown in the illustration, is all that is left worth mentioning in this corner of the Hackensack district, and after you have inspected it to your heart's content, there is not a great deal else to do but to return, and think over the possibilities. If you have conceived the right kind of a passion—the true lover's kind—for this style of architecture, the next morning you will wake and see your way very clearly. Here will be the living-room, you explain to yourself, and here the dining-room, to be sure! How beautifully it develops! The rare individuality, too! Oh, it must be managed some way! Then, involuntarily confiding to the next most interested member of your family, you will exclaim, with a touch of pride and some mischievous glee, "Fancy the salutary and purifying influence a severe Dutch autocrat like this one will exert upon the stupid banality of our neighborhood."

While Washington was still at Morristown, though it had come to be June, and to quote from Bret Harte's pretty poem on the subject:

"Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago."

At Springfield, some twelve miles dis-



"THE SIGN OF THE EAGLE," MILL-BURN, NEW JERSEY

tant eastward, there occurred an episode of singular interest. The drunken Hessian soldiers in the pay of King George had been marauding along the highway, burning and killing as well. Behind them, at Connecticut Farms, lay an innocent victim. Bret Harte tells the sequel much better than I can. Perhaps the reader remembers, too, how Parson Caldwell, at the battle of Springfield, desperate over the fate that had befallen his young wife, rushes into the meeting-house, and stripping the pews of their hymn-books (the Americans being short of wadding for their muskets), returns to his brothers in arms with the unique exhortation to "Give 'em Watts!" It was just as well he did do this, for the hymn-books were destined to no other use, as the church itself was shortly afterward burned to the ground.

The fine example of a colonial meeting-house, shown on page 40, is the immediate successor to the one which stood at the battle of Springfield. It was erected in 1799. It is, therefore, a century and two years old, and I think you will agree with me that it has more of the Anglo-Saxon home feeling about it than is to be found in most of the modern dwelling-houses now being fin-

ished. Several carpenters have I taken to Springfield to see it, that they might comprehend some archaic detail I insisted upon in new work. Vandal elders have, of course, denuded the interior of the square pews, high pulpit, and its sounding-board. Gray frescoed panels of the transitional decorators profane its venerable walls. The only uncontradicted testimony left within, of an age that has gone, is the pale apple-green blinds through which the sunlight may still enter as of yore.

Perhaps a mile or so down the turnpike, taking the fork to the left, is Vauxhall bridge. Here, also, hordes of Hessian mercenaries swarmed long ago. The Harvey Smith house near by, one of the few remaining landmarks of its immediate vicinity, still stands at that delightful angle to the street so many old houses affect either by accident or design, I know not which. Its brick oven, domed, and roofed with shingles, seems to trail the antiquary in mute contention that no modern contrivance for baking bread is its superior. I have never yet been able to find a client who would pay for a brick oven in his new house, although I am always hoping to be commissioned to build one in a new



THE OLD-TIME DOORWAYS

house scheme. But the cook-stove and its still more modern successor, the gas-range, have everything their own way; and while everybody thinks the cranes, the trammels, and obsolete utensils that hang in the great, yawning kitchen fireplace of the Ford mansion at Morristown too fascinating for anything—while they like “Mike” excessively, oh, very much indeed! as did “Flipper” in the “Runaway Girl”—they do not want “Mike.”

Wyoming is really a continuation of the old Vauxhall village, and should have been called so, only there happened to be a noted cemetery in Vauxhall, London; and as the patriarchs of the newer village did not wish to inhabit such a reservation any sooner than was absolutely necessary, they refused to adopt the historic derivative. I have always agreed, however, with the local economist who declared that every well-regulated community should have a cemetery conveniently near, and like him, I cannot clearly see any way out of it, unless, indeed, as he said, “there be a *creamery*.” Adjoining the Vauxhall district to the east there was once a Jefferson Village, but in that eerie hour when evil walks abroad, and the inhabitants were possibly wasting their time over jig-saws, spatter-work, and pasting decalcomanie on table-tops, some itinerant fakir suggested “Maplewood.” Maplewood is a very commonplace name without individuality. “Jefferson Village” is altogether delightful. But nomenclature is a very arbitrary thing. In Paris they think nothing of changing the names of streets to suit an incoming régime or to commemorate a national celebration; and as sentiment grows apace both Wyoming and Maplewood may be glad enough, each to recall its hereditary title as the birth-right once exchanged for so much red pottage.

Though sadly dilapidated, the stone



"PRINCESSGATE" LOOKS LIKE AN OLD HOUSE; IT IS REALLY BUT FOUR YEARS OF AGE



NEAR THE VAUXHALL BRIDGE

farm-house at Maplewood is a perfect beauty. Architecturally, it is the most attractive thing there. Very few people living in Maplewood would agree with me, and they would be found among that minority that would prefer living in Jefferson Village. It would be a very rash architect, indeed, who should frankly tell a client that he could give him nothing better. Yet if the client is seeking the live architectural germ—the good single idea to be replete with Anglo-Saxon home feeling, and not a very wooden automaton dressed up à la mode—this would be literally true. Of course, one sees lots of room for restoration, modern development, and modern comforts, but this is the very work we should delight in—our legitimate aim and end. Art, like Nelson's England

hares, and always will be. The drawings and blue-prints were made for us ages ago, the foundations are in, and there is simply left to take up the work upon the superstructure where the last generation of builders stopped.

We have time for one more visit, and let that be at the Eagle Hotel in Mill-Burn. A genuine old-time tavern this is. Only now, I believe, it is run upon the ordinary American plan, with a table-d'hôte dinner at noon. But there is certainly no harm in romancing a little before so comfortable-looking a place to stop at for an à la carte luncheon at two o'clock. After an inspiration gets fairly started and under way in the mind of an imaginative person, it runs on beautifully without the slightest encouragement from reality. And we may picture

it out,—the homelike coffee-room, that should be tucked away somewhere upon the other side overlooking the courtyard, if you please, the capacious fireplace that should be in it, the hickory logs flickering away on the andirons, the



OLD STONE FARM-HOUSE,
MAPLEWOOD

at the battle of Trafalgar, "expects every man to do his duty," and not waste his talents trying to bring back into the line of sanity modern architectural aberrations which are as mad as March



ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY—MORRISTOWN PIKE



A REAL BURGOMASTER'S HOUSE—PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

charming little tête à tête table in the alcove with the leaded glass sun-dial artfully inserted in its window, the high back settles with cushions, the heavy, spotless napery, spread specially for us, and the funny old service. Perhaps it is the discussion of a Southdown chop. It could be they serve Devonshire clotted cream. Of course there is a toast-rack, which we may fill as we need, directly from the glowing ashes upon the hearth. Let me ask you which would you rather have, Ceylon or English breakfast tea? Guests are at liberty to brew the kind they like at the table, only, by rights, the landlord at the "Sign of the Eagle" should not know what "English breakfast" means, so we

must give it its trade-name, which, I believe, is "Congou." I do hope my imaginary companion likes marmalade! I happen to be very fond of it myself. And now we may have a long and merry chat about the fascinating old houses we have seen in the absolute peace and quiet of our corner, with the slanting shadows of an autumn sun slanting farther and farther across the room, as stealthily they creep from hour to hour upon the face of the dial in the window-pane till the last rays reaching to the rims of the pewter tankards hanging just below the oaken timbers of the low ceiling gleam as upon bands of gold. I do not see why any one need journey further in quest of an inspiration.





DESIGN FOR A LACE FAN BY LILY HOWIE

ON LACE COLLECTING

BY EV. B. M.

THE mania which exists at the present day for collecting objects interesting and uninteresting, worthy and worthless, is astonishing. Besides stamps, autographs, and such well-known hobbies, the craze has extended to wine-glasses, china-cottages, and even post-cards. In fact, everything that can be collected finds some enthusiast willing to spend time, money, and brains in the pursuit. And once started, how absorbing it is! It is fortunate for the collector if his hobby be an inexpensive one, as the passion usually increases with the collection, and many people spend more than they know they ought to afford without apparently having the strength of mind to resist what they say is an overpowering temptation.

The craze for collecting lace is largely confined to women, and there are two ways of doing it; namely, collecting lace to wear, and collecting scraps which are kept in albums or cabinets and are simply meant to look at. The former practice can only be indulged in by those who are blessed with plenty of money, for it is a most expensive hobby, good old lace being as valuable and costly as jewels. The finest collection of lace in the world belonged to the late empress of Austria, who took the greatest interest in the beautiful fabric. Queen Victoria had a most magnificent collection, and so has Queen Alexandra,

while many of the royal ladies of Europe possess stores of priceless value. At the exhibition in 1851 a dress made of *point d'Alençon* was exhibited, which was afterward sold for two hundred thousand francs. Napoleon I. and both his empresses, Josephine and Marie Louise, took a great interest in collecting lace and in encouraging the art, while the Empress Eugénie possesses a magnificent store, the result in a great measure of their labors.

Though few among us could indulge in this hobby to any great extent, many beautiful and valuable collections may be made by those who give brains and time, as well as money. It is advisable, of course, to know something about the matter. There are so many excellent books on the subject, as well as beautiful collections open to the public, both here and abroad, that this ought not to be difficult. The curio dealer easily detects the ignorant amateur, however enthusiastic, and does not scruple to foist imitations on her for the price of the genuine article.

It is now the fashion for ladies to keep lace albums, and those who travel much, especially on the Continent, can pick up many treasures to add to the stock at very little cost. There are many ways of fastening lace into an album; some people use small pins, and others cut slits in the leaves, through which they slip the lace. Neither of these plans is very

good, as all specimens should have the date, the kind of lace, and the place where it was procured written beneath in pencil. Very often the collector becomes possessed of a piece which ought to be inserted between others of different dates, and if it happens to be of another size, the pin-marks and the slits make any alteration in the arrangement impossible, but if the edge of the specimen be delicately gummed here and there, it will then be no difficult matter to remove it. The advantage of classifying the lace in pencil is also apparent.

For those who have a larger collection, both in size and number, caskets, drawers, specimen-tables, or cabinets should be used, according to the quantity. Great care should be taken in handling the lace, as if very old it is often quite rotten, and a rough touch will tear some of the delicate workmanship. The receptacle should, of course, be made of glass as far as possible, and should be lined with velvet, the color being carefully chosen; it should be one which "throws up" all the beauty of the fabric which rests upon it. It should be absolutely dust-proof, for dust contains numberless invisible creatures which

settle and breed in the lace, and will eventually ruin it altogether. The receptacle should also be opened occasionally and the contents exposed to the air. If the lace is to hang, as some of it ought, in a cabinet, it should be fastened with small steel pins; but this should never be attempted if it be old or rotten—it should then be placed at the bottom. Much depends upon the taste of the collector. The specimens should not be stiff and straight, but arranged gracefully and loosely, and any defect hidden by a fold. A card with all the particulars should be placed in front of each piece.

Lace can also be mounted in screens or framed like pictures. For those who have small collections and do not wish to add to them this latter method of keeping it is a good one. The lace is fastened on to a material which shows it to advantage, and then placed behind beveled cardboard, over which glass is placed; it is then framed. Many small pieces can be mounted in one frame; the arranging of them requires great judgment, as when once the cardboard is cut and beveled to admit the lace no alteration can be made.

The Holiday Home of Queen Alexandra

BY SARAH A. TOOLEY

SINCE Fredensborg was chosen as the summer residence of the king of Denmark on his accession, it has gradually become the holiday resort of so many crowned heads that it may fittingly be called the palace of Europe. There the members of the Danish royal house have gathered each autumn for thirty-eight years, until the infants who gambled on its lawns, or were drawn down its beautiful *allées*, now return with children of their own. There the late czar wooed the Princess

Dagmar, and this year their son comes with his beautiful empress and four little daughters. Throughout this period, the princess of Wales has rarely missed a season in going to Fredensborg, and this month she returns for the first time as queen of England.

Distant some forty miles from Copenhagen, Fredensborg is quickly reached by rail, but in going I broke the journey at Hilleröd, to see the palace of Fredericksborg—a former royal residence, now a show place and museum—

and drove thence through lanes green and fragrant as those of Surrey, and affording beautiful vistas of the Lake of Esrom, to Fredensborg. The white palace stands embowered in woods, on a gentle rise overlooking the blue lake, which is four miles in extent. It was begun by Frederick IV. in 1720, and called Fredensborg, in honor of the peace which had then united Schleswig to Denmark; but it remained long neglected, save for the painters and poets who sought inspiration in its shady *allées* and woods by the lake, until at length, in 1864, it became the summer residence of King Christian IX.

At the foot of the palace nestles the quaint village of Fredensborg—peaceful and quiet save for the clink, clink at the smithy, or the advent of cycling tourists who promptly dismount at the top of the steep hill at sight of a notice-board with the warning, "*Oyklists stig af.*" On the white road by the white-washed inn, wagoners and their teams rest through the hour of noon. By the wayside cottages repose, embowered in creepers and gay with flower gardens, and some wandering minstrels chant Norse Sagas (for all I know) in the village street, the old man sitting leisurely on a chair while his wife takes the pence. They appear pleased at being photographed—unlike an old woman on the other side of the Sound, at Helsingborg, who tumbled over her apple-stall when she saw me level the camera at her. Over each shop hangs a quaint sign emblematic of what is sold within. The people of Fredensborg are bright, happy, and contented, and many are the stories they tell of the royal visitors, especially of the late czar; how he would go to the blacksmith's shop to get toys mended for his young kinsfolk and return through the village with a crowd of children following his burly figure, while the czarina and the princess of Wales strolled arm in arm, laughing and chatting with the youngsters.

An avenue of tall elms leads from the village to the palace, which is a plain, though spacious building, with a central

cupola. Through the entrance hall, lined with high-backed chairs and carved oak chests, I passed to the king's apartments, consisting of a private sitting-room—next to which is the adjutant's room—an audience chamber, with steps leading into the marble garden (*Mar-morhaven*), a smoking-room, a study hung with family portraits, and last his majesty's dressing-room, hung with pictures of his favorite horses. He has been an enthusiastic equestrian all his life, and now, when the aged king comes to Fredensborg, his first visit is to the stables. The late queen's apartments join those of the king, and consist of her boudoir, paneled with old portraits; a sitting-room (*daglig stuen*), with a lovely view over the flower-gardens, which were her special pride, to the lake, a reception-room, and her majesty's sleeping-apartment and dressing-room. The suite appears to have been undisturbed since the queen's death. The more public rooms consist of the *Have Salon* or garden room; the large handsome drawing-room, where the family party meet together of an evening for music and an occasional dance, and where the two pianos still stand on which the queen and her three daughters played quartettes together; and the breakfast-room, most quaintly fitted with Japanese furniture.

Proceeding upstairs, I passed from one to another of the special suites of rooms set apart for the principal guests and their families and attendants, turning first to those so long known as the princess of Wales's rooms. The boudoir is upholstered in red damask with silver flowers, the bedroom and dressing-room are decorated in gold and amber, and the dining-room for her household has furniture upholstered in red morocco. A large and very handsome suite of rooms are those of the late czar and the czarina. In the czar's room, where stands his huge four-post mahogany bedstead, there is the old, worn writing-table which he used for thirty years. One year, on arriving at Fredensborg, he found his old table missing and

a handsome new one put in its place. "Take this away, and bring me back my old table," said the czar, and there was much ado to extricate it from the lumber-room, where it had been put. The czarina's boudoir has lovely blue-and-white silk furniture, and a striking picture of Catherine II. of Russia, on one of the walls. Here the sisters meet for confidential chat, and on one of the window-panes have been inscribed with a diamond, "Dagmar," "Alexandra," "Thyra," amongst other family names, and the words in Danish, "Denmark, lovely home," "Farewell, Fredensborg." The king and queen of Greece also have their suite of rooms, and other apartments are set apart for the duke and duchess of Cumberland, crown prince and princess, Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and the present emperor and empress of Russia.

The dining-hall under the cupola is the most magnificent room in the palace. It is eighty feet high and surrounded by a gallery where the guests may lounge or promenade. The floor is of marble, the ceiling and cupola are richly decorated in blue and white, and round the walls are brilliantly colored frescoes illustrating scenes from the Trojan war. Here each evening the guests dine *en famille*, but strictly placed in exact order of precedence, while the aged king presides in patriarchal style. It would be difficult to imagine a more brilliant or interesting assembly than gathers in this hall under the cupola at Fredensborg. There is a chapel royal (*Schloss Kirke*) attached to

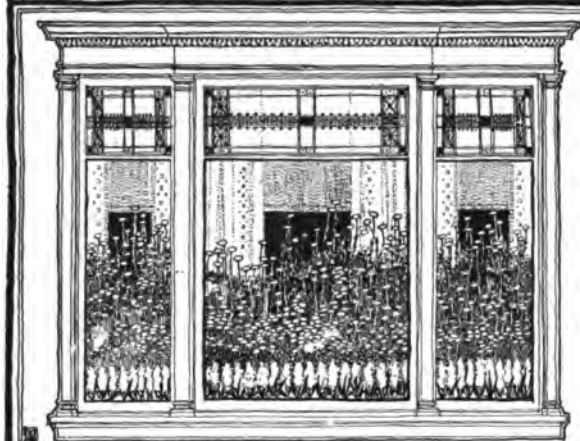
the palace, but open to the public, and here on Sunday morning at ten o'clock the king and his guests worship in company with the village folk.

The park and gardens of Fredensborg are exceptionally lovely. There is the marble garden in the Italian style, with the statuary, lakes, bridges, and shrubberies; the Norwegian garden, with a hundred figures of peasants in national dress placed on grassy slopes; the late queen's garden, under the palace windows, where old-fashioned flower borders are cultivated, and the park laid out in the English style with avenues or *allées* of intertwining trees stretching at various angles down to the margin of the lake. Fredensborg is indeed a summer paradise, and it is small wonder that the guests spend their time chiefly in outdoor recreation. In the morning riding and cycling parties are made up among the younger guests, and in the afternoon driving excursions are taken to choice spots in the surrounding country, the carriages making a long and imposing procession as they come down the avenue, or there is a general embarkation in small boats at the king's bridge or landing stage, and the royal "flotilla" is merrily rowed across the lake to the ruins of Esrom Abbey, where a landing is made, and tea is taken in the royal summer-house, close to the ruins.

Queen Alexandra spends much of her time while at Fredensborg in sketching and photographing, and has a large collection of drawings and views of her loved holiday home.



Beacon Street Flower Windows



BY JANE LAYNG
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
DRAWN FROM THE
AUTHOR'S SKETCHES BY
BIRCH BURDETTE LONG

FAR-FAMED Beacon Street is at intervals one of the quietest, least ornate streets in America.

Even outside window-gardens, so much needed to relieve the stately monotony of its long rows of gray or brown houses, find favor with only a few who reside in this street. To flower windows, which have their blooming plants within doors and afford poetic glimpses to the passer-by, Beacon Street is more partial, and Beacon Street may justly be proud of these. The dullness of color, similarity and plainness of line, characterizing the whole street, make these flower windows, by contrast, doubly beautiful and effective.

Simplicity, which is the keynote of Boston style in general, or rather in the realms in which style prevails at all, is one of the features of these decorative flower windows. No attempt at vast display, no extravagant pretentiousness, mark these plant groups. Instead, delightful good taste is the only thing arrived at by these Beacon Street residents who know that true elegance is a matter quite independent of garishness and mere parade.

Accordingly, the various windows

show only a few kinds of plants in each, only a few colors in each, and all following some chaste design or arrangement especially suited to the form and size of the window itself.

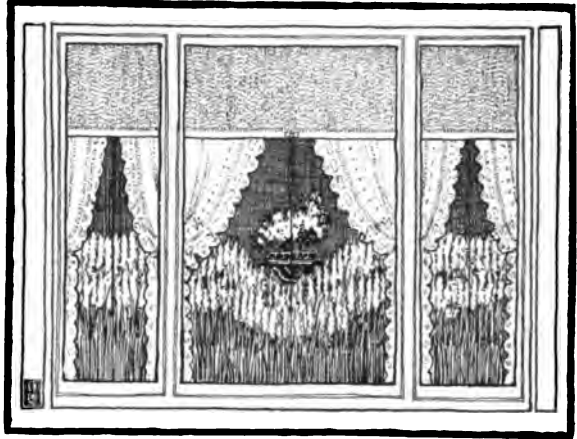
A little oriel window, with band of stained glass at the top (figure 1), is rendered doubly dainty and more than doubly charming by means of the pale yellow marguerites which grow with soft blooming branches in its recesses. Just enough blossoms of other kinds and color (in this case white) are introduced to relieve the sameness of the marguerites, whose pale gold is as lovely as anything could possibly be in its place. The whole choice and arrangement here accentuate the quaintness of the little overhanging window itself.

Over a front doorway, broad plate-glass windows call for a more rigidly parallel treatment, or at least have received it (figure 5). Whereas, in the case of the little oriel window (figure 1) the marguerites were allowed to take their own free, sprangling way of bloom, in the broader window space (figure 5) the white marguerites are made to keep the direction of a white band of blossoms; below their green leaves and

stems, white hyacinths are made to form another white band, whose length is the width of the entire window; while just below these green stalks, blue hyacinths are pressed into service to form a third flower band, parallel with the two above. In their case, the extreme breadth of the whole window, allowing for extreme length in the lines of blossoms, makes the formal, conventional design especially pleasing, and proves it to be very appropriate to the window itself.

A bowed window (figure 3) whose long curves, relieved by lines of an apex at the center, invite a pyramidal arrangement, has been treated in that way, white lilies in full bloom crowning the point of the mass of flowers, which is made up below of primroses and similar flowers in purple and pink shades. The way in which the mass of flowers almost vanishes at the extreme right and extreme left of the central mass is in pleasant harmony with the window lines above and below.

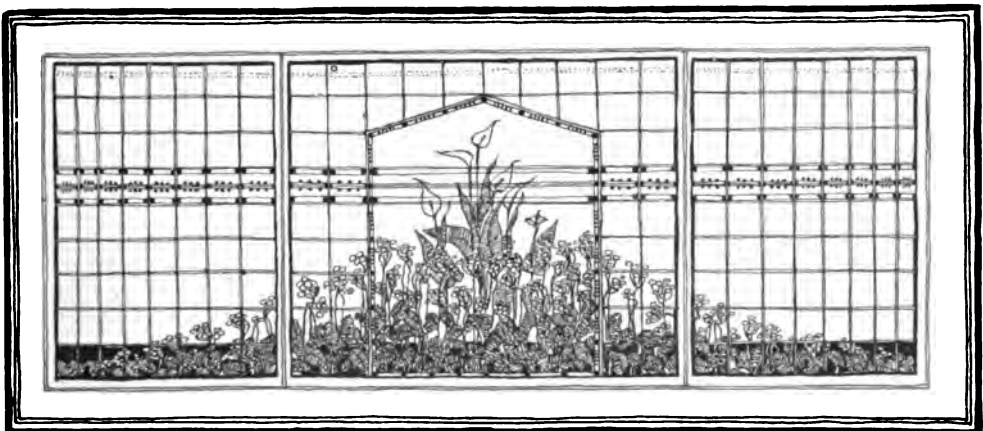
Another attractive oriel window (figure 2) has admirably disposed between its curtains, in a V-shape of white flowers at the central pane, plants bearing plume-like blossoms of white, the open



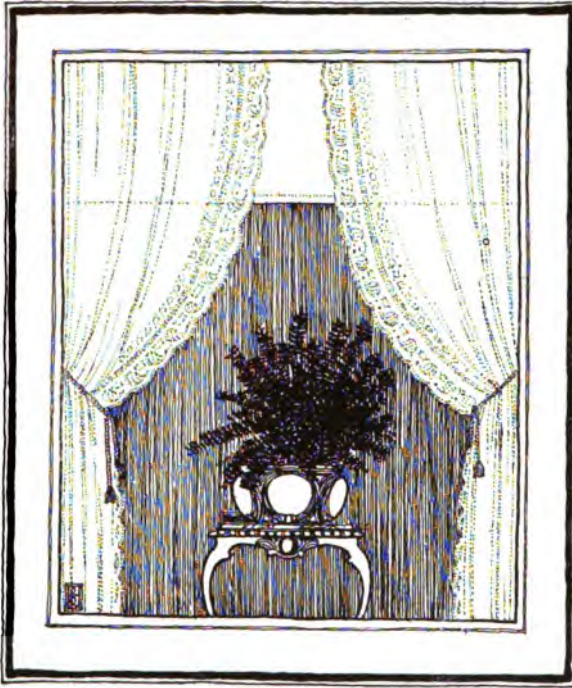
A STUDY IN WHITES

space between the V and the curtains being occupied by a single flowering shrub, bearing white blossoms. This, also, is a satisfactory window, because of the extreme simplicity of line and color.

The most exquisite and lovely note in the whole street of windows is that (figure 4) in which, with handsome and delicate curtains falling back of it, a small gold table, bearing a single fern, occupies the central space between curtains and window panes. An effect so pure, so simple, so tasteful and exclusive, needs no elaborate description, but its presence in the street is in itself a distinction.



LILIES AND PRIMROSES

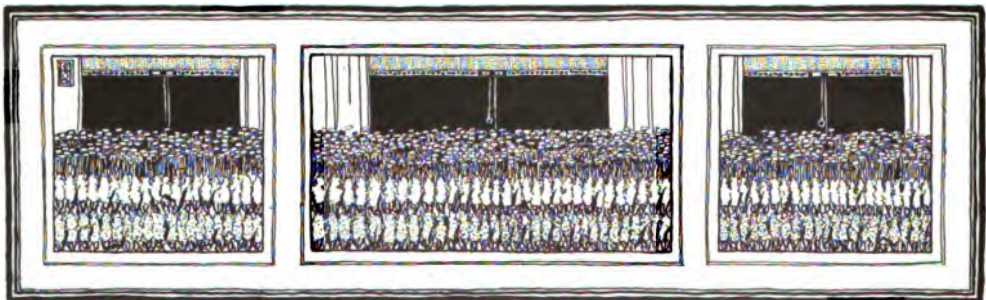


A SINGLE FERN

Such are some of the Beacon Street flower windows to-day, as the best thought of the residents there has expressed itself in them. Apart from the beauty these windows possess in themselves, they are suggestive, in a valuable way, of what a study of window lines and forms can be made to yield, in the æsthetic use of flowers and growing plants, indoors. It is very evident that such effects, when satisfactory within and without, must be achieved by re-

gard for the outline of the design formed by the flowering plants, considered both from the indoor and outdoor view. Thought and care in these two directions can change the ordinary shapeless mass of house plants in a window into an artistic arrangement, conferring pleasure upon every beholder and reflecting credit upon the owner as well. Beauty in flower windows can be achieved only by intelligent study of harmony and proportion. Yet, though plants and flowers, their color and arrangement should be carefully studied in connection with the room in which they are placed; too much cannot be said in favor of giving them place. It is better to have too many blossoms and green things than none at all. A room without flowers is a lifeless thing even at the best. And it is wonderful what warmth and vitality

may be given to bare walls and meager decoration by a discreet distribution of palms and cut flowers. Even a few long-stemmed roses or graceful carnations, even a primrose in a yellow jar or a royal chrysanthemum in a tall vase, bring an air of distinction and a sense of warmth to any apartment. And to the things that are actually alive and growing we are indebted for a companionship that is gentle and confiding without being in the least intrusive.



HYACINTHS AND MARGUERITES

BRUCE PRICE ON COUNTRY HOUSES

BY BARR FERREE

WE were sitting in Mr. Price's library, that chief pride and joy of his heart, where he has gathered the books of his professional career, and which is the pleasantest room of his suite of offices in the St. James Building, on Broadway. The talk naturally turned on country houses, and some of the problems underlying their design; for while Mr. Price has, in very recent years, become known as the designer of some of the more important of our great buildings, he is also ranked among the most successful designers of country houses. Many of these are in themselves large and capacious mansions, but the great charm that distinguishes them shows their designer to be not alone an artist, but a thinker, a man who has studied his problems, and has thoroughly mastered their most intricate conditions.

I asked Mr. Price if it were possible to formulate some of the general factors that practically entered into the design of all country houses.

"To an extent this can be done," he replied, "if you mean country houses that are actually built in the country, with some little land around them. Suburban houses, built on small-sized lots, offer comparatively little freedom for the designer, and nothing at all of the problems that attend the design of a house standing alone on a piece of property large enough to permit individual treatment.

"In the first place, it is most essential that the main entrance be suppressed as the chief feature of the design. A house is built to be lived in and enjoyed. The important thing, then, is to place the house on the land so there will be a garden front on to which the more important rooms can look. The garden front then becomes the chief front of the house. There are to be found the parlors and living-rooms; the porch, where the family will spend as much of

the day as they can; in a word, the life of the house will be centered on and around this front. It is quite immaterial where the entrance may be. The visitor drives up to the door; a servant takes his bag; possibly he is shown to his room before he meets the family of his host. All this can best be done by means of a door placed near the offices or servants' rooms, where the service of the house is conducted. Not that the entrance should be shabby at all, or placed at an inconvenient position; but we want to get rid of the notion that the most important part of the house is the door by which it is entered. Nothing is more embarrassing to a visitor than to approach a house by a porch filled with guests and others, who, at the moment of your arrival, may be interested in other things than your coming or going.

"And so it naturally follows that we need to emphasize the garden front, and treat the entrance as a subordinate feature, and place it in line with the offices and minor rooms of the house."

A rapid sketch plan on a piece of paper showed how, in a house recently built at Tuxedo, Mr. Price had arranged a garden front on the side toward the roadway and placed the entrance at the back. This particular piece of property was on a hillside, with the roadway at some distance below the garden front. A winding driveway, itself necessitated by the steepness of the site, came up, passed the garden front, and brought the visitor to the back, where the entrance had been placed, and where alone there was room for the return circle of the drive.

"There," exclaimed the architect, "is the whole philosophy of country-house building!"

And in fact, he had summed up so much truth, and explained its application under such difficult conditions, that it was evident that with this philosophy many errors in house designing might be avoided.

"I wish you would explain, Mr. Price," I said, "what is your understanding of the picturesque in house designing."

"A house can be made as picturesque as the accessories will permit, and no more," he replied. "To make a house picturesque, it is essential to bring the imagination into play. It is a mistake to show everything and every part all at once, and stretched out so the eye can see it all in a glance. Wherever possible, a house should be partly hidden. Trees, shrubbery, plants, flowers, vines, window-boxes, all should be utilized for this purpose.

"The real reason for the present vogue of the colonial style lies in the truly picturesque quality of many old New England towns. You pass along a road; there may, very likely, be two rows of trees between you and the white picket fence surrounding the grounds around a house. The trees partly hide the house; vines and shrubs partly conceal the fence. Vines are twined up by the porch; a brilliant patch of colored flowers strikes the eye. You exclaim: 'Isn't it charming! Isn't it delightful!' And you carry away memories of it, and yet you have seen only a part of the whole, or only the part of several parts. The effect, as you see it in passing, or even when carefully examined, is thoroughly picturesque; yet there is no striving for that quality, nor was there ever a notion on the part of the old builders that that would be the very thing their houses would be prized for. They sought refinement; their moldings were the best they could make; their detail was fine; and the whole possessed every element of the true picturesque."

"But surely," I edged a word in, "that is hardly the popular notion of the picturesque!"

"Of course not," he returned. "The popular notion of the picturesque house is, that it is full of surprises; that you are constantly running across the strangest little things in the strangest sort of way; that there are bay-windows, and dormers, and turrets, and towers; that

the more varied the parts, the more picturesque the house.

"Nothing could be farther from the truth. A picturesque house takes its substance from its accessories. Not only must it conform to its surroundings, but its surroundings must themselves be beautiful. No house can stand rough surroundings."

"You regard the garden," I asked, "as a necessary part of the house design?"

"Unquestionably. The garden and surroundings are everything to a house. A handsome house standing in grounds not designed to conform to it can best be compared to a man dressed partly in the height of fashion and without his collar. The gates, entrance, roadways, the whole grounds, must be subordinate to the house in so far as being designed by one mind or carried out under one direction."

"And what of the landscape architect?" I asked.

"He must be under the control of the architect of the house. There can be no division in design. The architect who sets out to design a house must approach his problem in the spirit of an artist, and be prepared to produce a work of art. That end will not be reached unless everything, every part, is adapted to every part.

"If you don't feel your house, and feel where it goes, you are lost. It is often necessary to design on the site itself, and the best results are obtained when that is done. No cast-iron rules can be given for the designing of a country house, for each one must be designed for itself by itself. Each is a problem of its own, and each problem must be solved in its own way. The color must be adapted to the situation. A house is not intended to be seen, but to be lived in. It is not to cry aloud from its site, but should form a part of the landscape.

"One thing I may say about roofs," continued Mr. Price. "We need big roofs and plenty of them in our climate. A generous roof gives a desirable weather protection; it affords extra accommodations, and it is beautiful."

FURNITURE OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

II

BY VIRGINIA ROBIÉ

THE changes made in the arrangement of furniture were continued in the side walls and ceiling of the Renaissance room. Architects retained the vaulted ceiling, adapting it to new conditions and transformed the flat ceiling of the Gothic period into a network of intersecting beams. The sunken panels thus formed were ornamented by carved rosettes in high relief. This treatment was a revival of the ancient coffered ceiling of the Greeks,

and became one of the most characteristic features of the Renaissance house. When left in the natural colors of the wood, it was very harmonious. In the typical dwelling of the sixteenth century, it was seldom painted. In the palace, the rosettes were usually of gold set in a colored background.

Unfortunately, when one wishes concrete examples of Renaissance decoration, he must turn to the houses of princes. In the palaces of Rome, Florence, Naples, and Venice every fifteenth and sixteenth century type of painted ceiling is represented. Some are very fine, others are too ornate to be beautiful. Florentine palaces are simpler in architecture and furnishings than those of any other Italian city, and consequently Florentine ceilings are more worthy of study. In the Palazzo Riccardi, built by Michelozzo, for Cosimo di Medici the Elder, and famous as being the birthplace of Lorenzo the Magnificent, are ceilings of great merit, and notable ones are in the Strozzi, Gondi, and Rucellai palaces.

A recent number of *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL* contained several examples of the Florentine ceiling, reproduced from the William C. Whitney house in New York. This American mansion is truer to the Renaissance than many Italian palaces. The latter have suffered at the hands of clever vandals and stupid restorers. The Whitney interiors are very consistent in decoration. The ceilings are particularly fine and are similar to those in the Riccardi.

Celebrated ceilings are in the ducal palaces of Mantua, Genoa, and Venice, but as a whole these are very elaborate. Venetian dec-



LATE XVI CENTURY CABINET—PALAZZO MANSI—LUCCA

orators sinned especially on the score of over-ornamentation. They treated the ceiling as an independent thing, giving it a prominence that was fatal to the proportions of the room. They painted pictures in all the available spaces, which detracted from the importance of the side walls and spoiled the harmony of floor, walls, and ceiling, which was one of the great principals of Renaissance decoration.

The gorgeous ceilings in the ducal palace represent the Venetian school, and through countless photographs are perhaps better known than those of any other Renaissance building. There are two rooms in the palace, the *camra degli Scarlatti* and the *camra del Doge*, where the ceilings are treated with great simplicity, but these are seldom reproduced. The *Sala della Scrutino*, or voting-hall, is

not illustrated here for the sake of the ceiling, which has among other faults the irritating one of containing battle scenes which can only be properly viewed from one point in the apartment, but for the sake of the woodwork, which is unusual. The divisions of the side walls in this hall are typical of the Renaissance room, except that the long book-cases usurp the space generally devoted to plain panels.

Paneling formed a part of the woodwork of the sixteenth-century house, but it did not cover the wall so completely as in many English and French houses. It had the character of a high wainscoting divided into long, plain panels, headed with smaller ones, carved in low relief. Above the woodwork, tapestry extended to the cornice. During this period the tapestry becomes a part of the wall. Hitherto it had been simply a hanging, fastened at the top and moving with every wind that passed through the room. "Look for hidden foes behind the arras," was an old proverb that now lost its significance.

Tapestries were woven in Genoa, Venice, and Palermo in great quantities, and at such prices that they were within the reach of all, save the very poor. French and Flemish textiles were more expensive. The Gobelin weaves were comparatively new, as the factory founded by Jean Gobelin was in its infancy; but Lille, Tournay, and Arras had been pouring the products of their looms into Italy for generations. Arras had given to the Italian language a new word, *arrazzi*, and this term, in a general way, was applied to all textile hangings. Brocades, velvets, and decorated leathers were sometimes used in palaces, and again, the space above the panels was filled with mural paintings. But the every-day room—the room in the citizen's house—depended on the soft-toned tapestry of Palermo and Genoa for a background, and as no pictures were placed against it, the result was very satisfactory.

Pictures were the luxury of the rich. The citizen's house, therefore, possessed



XVII CENTURY CLOCK—TWELVE INCHES HIGH



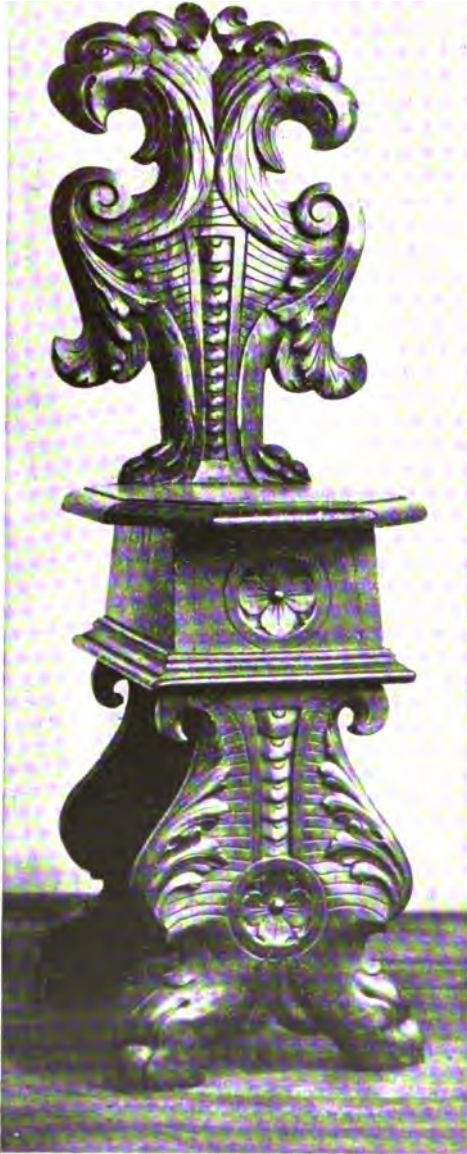
a harmony that the home of the patrician lacked. Tapestry was little fitted to display paintings. The richly framed pictures, when brought in contact with the

richly figured walls, produced an effect of over-decoration that was ruinous to the unity of the room. The walls were sufficiently pictorial in themselves, and only escaped being too decorative by the subdued color schemes of the weavers.

Mediæval colors were glaring; those of the Renaissance were rich and somber. Venetian red, Gobelin blue, the golden browns and deep yellows of Palermo, and the silvery greens of Genoa were among the colors chosen by the tapestry-makers. It remained for a later and French taste to introduce the pale, cold colors and the glittering gold that annihilated harmony and spoiled the relation of walls and furniture.

Against the low-toned tapestry, wainscoted in Italian walnut, the furniture of the day had its true setting. Brought in juxtaposition with the garish colors of the Baroque period, it lost its real character, and became too heavily carved for beauty. Perhaps no other style of furniture loses so much in being separate from its legitimate surroundings as that of the Italian Renaissance. For this reason, museum pieces and isolated cabinets and chairs in a modern house give little hint of their one-time dignity. In the Renaissance house the furniture was merely a detail in the general scheme of furnishing, and as such it was nearly perfect.

Designs of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries maintained the high standard set by the early Renaissance furniture-makers. Carving was intricate, but was executed in low relief, and the various quattrocento and cinquecento motives were kept carefully apart. The early seventeenth-century chairs illustrated in the October number of *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL* show that at that late day the simple trecento ornament was skilfully handled, and there are many other pieces of similar date that show the same restrained treatment. One type of furniture had disappeared. The transition pieces combining Gothic and Renaissance principles were extinct. No two styles were less fitted to go together, and no furniture was so painfully ugly



XVII CENTURY WALNUT CHAIR—PALAZZO
MANSI—LUCCA



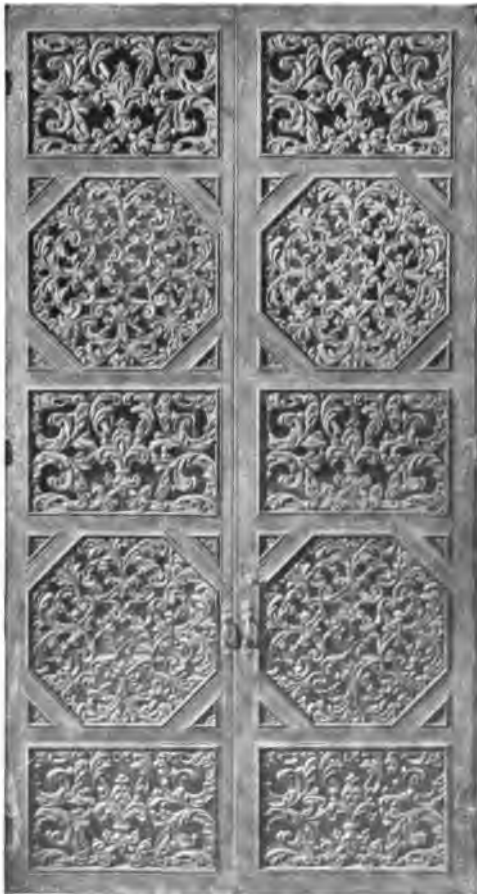
DESK AND CHAIR USED BY SAVONAROLA—MUSEUM OF ST. MARK, FLORENCE

as that which united Renaissance ornament and Gothic construction. Be it said in favor of the Italians, that this combination was never common except in monasteries, where Gothic tradition was almost a religion. The chair on page 298 of the October number is a good example of the grafting of Renaissance details on Gothic framework, using *good* in the sense of typical.

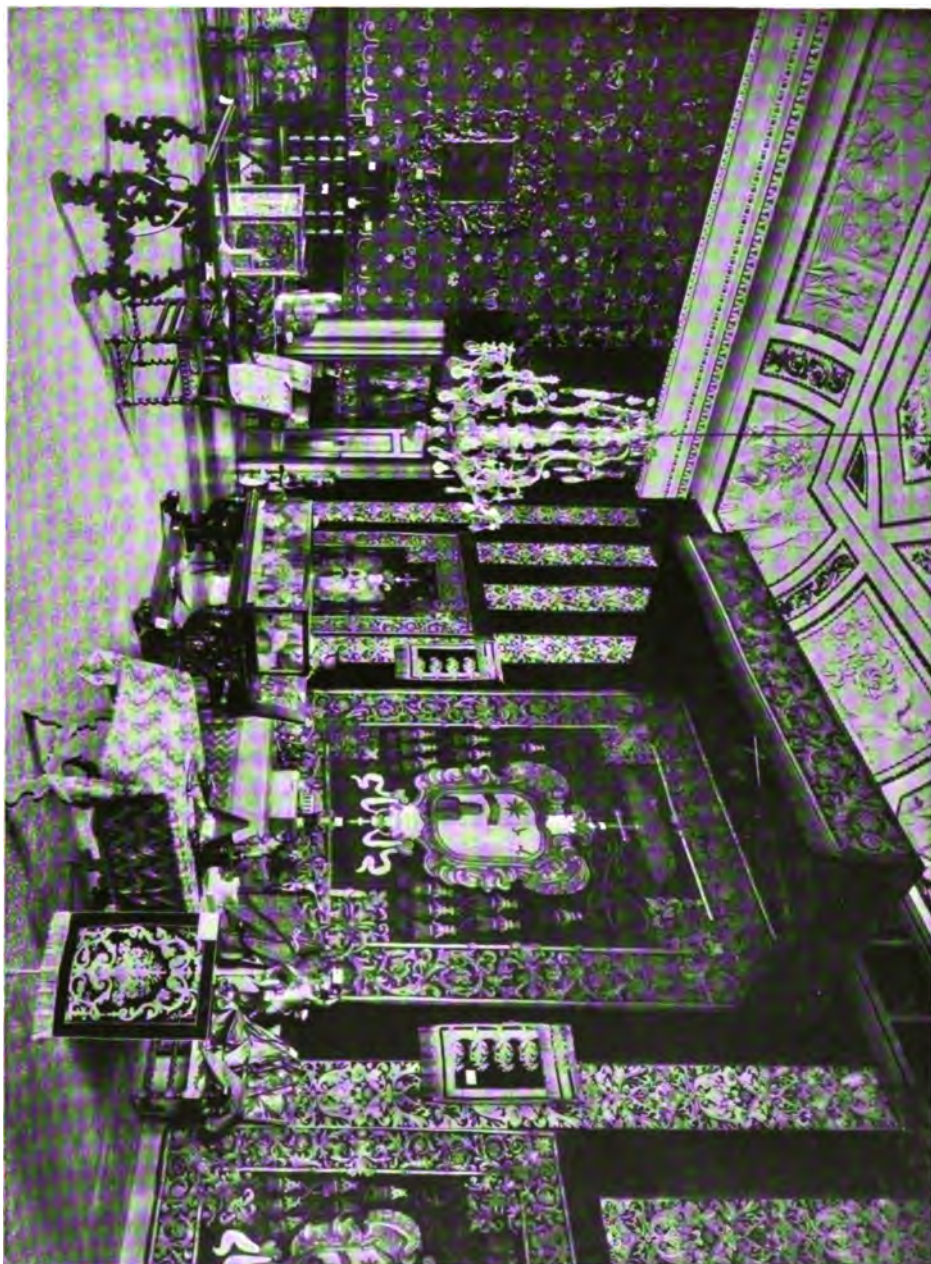
Upholstered chairs now formed a distinct class. In the early sixteenth century the cushioned seat was set in a frame of wood, to which was added later a cushioned back. Gradually the frame of the chair was hidden by the upholstery of brocade, tapestry, or decorated

leather until the arms and supports alone were visible. This chair was well illustrated at the Expositions of Arts and Industries of Lucca, held in 1893, when, in addition to many beautiful modern articles, there was exhibited a rare collection of Renaissance furniture. Many pieces were contributed by old Italian families and were shown to the public for the first time. The exhibition was especially rich in carved and upholstered chairs. The carved chair of Italian walnut reproduced on page 60 was loaned from the collection of the Palazzo Mansi of Lucca, as was also the fine sixteenth-century cabinet with its priceless old porcelains. This cabinet originally had a plain door of wood. The Renaissance furniture-maker was an artist, and he realized that a piece so heavily carved should have a solid door, concealing and not displaying the treasures within. It was a nineteenth-century cabinet-maker who added the glass front.

The chair is worthy of study, as it represents a type that has grown to be accepted as characteristic of the Renaissance. Modern furniture-makers have copied its narrow back and high seat, and have made it a medium for jig-saw carving and glued ornament. It was only an anteroom chair in the sixteenth century, and was not tolerated long by the Italians, although it was in high favor in England, as evinced by the many examples in English museums. A strange fatality has given prominence to this least desirable of Renaissance designs, and emphasizes the fact that in furniture the survival is not always of the fittest. The dignified arm-chairs and the fine, simple, straight-back chairs have been overlooked by modern woodworkers. The Renaissance table has never had justice done to its beautiful lines and restrained ornament, although the Baroque table of the late seventeenth century has been made the theme of countless reproductions. When furniture-makers discarded the solid side supports of the Renaissance table they sought to hide defective construction



LATE RENAISSANCE WOOD-CARVING—PARMA



EXHIBITION OF LATE RENAISSANCE FURNITURE—LUCCA
From a photograph here reproduced for the first time

with meaningless knobs and points. The table, with four separate legs, was yet to come. The old forms with heavy standards and long foot-boards were passing away. The transitional table was not beautiful, although the result achieved in another century was well worth the struggle. The Baroque table is shown in the Lucca picture containing the larger upholstered chairs. Fifty years separated the tables from the chairs, and it was a pity to place them side by side. As a rule, the grouping of furniture was admirable at the exposition.

Two pieces of furniture that assumed an important place in the late seventeenth century were unknown in the Renaissance house, and these were the bookcase and the writing-desk. Bookcases were made exclusively for the great libraries of Italy, and writing-desks were the property of monks and scribes. In the Museum of St. Mark in Florence is exhibited the desk used by Savonarola. It has not a line of decoration, a scrap of carving. The monks ornamented their chairs and benches, but their desks were as severe as their lives. Savonarola's desk is beautiful in its straight lines and plain surfaces, and aside from its connection with the great Dominican, has value as a piece of Renaissance woodwork. The *cerule* shown with the

desk is interesting. It is sold in replica all over Florence as "Savonarola's chair," the Roman origin being completely overshadowed by its association with the Florentines.

The couch as distinguished from the bed was a product of the Renaissance. It was placed in the bedroom, and like many of the coffers, was ornamented with *intarsia* and *gesso*. Vasari, in writing of *gesso* decoration, says: "And this custom prevailed to such an extent for many years that the most distinguished masters employed themselves in painting and gilding. Nor were they ashamed of this occupation. The truth of what is here said may be seen at this day in the chambers of the magnificent Lorenzo, on which were depicted, not by men of the common race of painters, but by excellent masters, all the jousts given by the duke, with other spectacles displayed at the period."

Furniture-making owed not a little of its prestige to the patronage of the Medici family, and scarcely less to the powerful Sforza family of Milan, the Gonzaga of Mantua, the Farnese of Rome, and the Doria and Spinola families of Genoa. The great cities of Italy were governed by men who vied with each other in fostering the arts. These men were not all of the nobility, but they wielded a power equaled by few princes of the



A XVII CENTURY MARRIAGE COFFER

blood. A family that numbered in its ranks such figures as Cosimo the Elder, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Clement VII., and Leo X. had little to fear from royalty. When the glory of this great family declined, the arts of Florence declined also. And what was true of Florence was true of Genoa, of Milan, and of Rome. The late seventeenth century sounded the death knell of the Renaissance. Fine art was dead, for the last of the great masters had long since passed away. Liberal art, more dependent on its patrons than fine art, deteriorated with the waning influence of those great families which had created standards of taste. The work of the stone-cutter, the silversmith, and the furniture-maker lost its vitality, and became a weak imitation of former grandeur. From a discrimination so delicate as to feel the exact relation of ornament to form and to service, taste became merely a desire for decoration.



HOW A WELSBACH MANTLE IS MADE

The mantle of the Welsbach light is an ash consisting mainly of the oxides of certain rare metals—lanthanum, yttrium, zirconium, etc., which are rendered incandescent by heating to a high temperature. A six-cord cotton thread is woven on a knitting-machine into a tube of knitted fabric of a rather open mesh. This web has the grease and dirt thoroughly washed out of it, is dried and cut into lengths double that required for a single mantle. It is then saturated in a solution containing the requisite oxides, wrung out, stretched over spools, and dried. Next the double-length pieces are cut in two, the top of each piece is doubled back and sewed with a platinum wire, which draws the top in and provides a means of supporting the man-

tle, when finished, from the wire holder. After stretching the mantle over a form, smoothing it down and fastening the platinum wire to the wire mantle-holder, the mantle is burned out by touching a Bunsen burner to the top. The cotton burns off slowly, leaving a skeleton mantle of metallic oxides, which preserves the exact shape and detail of every cotton fiber. The soft oxides are then hardened in a Bunsen flame. A stronger mantle is made upon lace-making machinery.

Mantles are much cheaper in France since the Welsbach patent ran out last September. Those used for public lighting now cost the town council about nine cents.





TWO-HANDLED PORRINGER, EMBOSSED CUP, AND CASKET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

THE COLLECTION OF OLD SILVER

THE collection of old silver is far easier and more productive of results in England than in America. Our forefathers were not, as a rule, very wealthy, and the silversmith's art was a crude one with us till recently. Most of the specimens of antique silver found in America were imported. There are, however, enough beautiful pieces to repay any enthusiastic collector, and all through New England and in the South are to be found quaint and interesting pieces. In England there are, of course, enormous quantities of costly and superb pieces of the art of the silversmith, and the collection and study of them are most alluring to the man or woman with a love for form and an interest in the past. American collectors cannot be too careful when buying specimens, for, as a recent writer in the *English Country Life* remarks in discussing the subject, it is precisely when any given kind of bric-à-brac grows fashionable that the forger and the sophisticator are able to walk in sweet pastures. And the malefactor who works in silver is especially adroit and ingenious. He knows, not from books, but in practice, nearly all that there is to know of the subject, while those whom he sets out to dupe usually know next to nothing about it. Indeed, if he had just a trifle more book-knowl-

edge he would be, in effect, invincible, a magician whose spells could be resisted only by the very elect. As it is, he has his vulnerable points, and is already beginning to find that his little villainies are not quite so easy—or so safe—as they were.

Collecting old silver is, of course, a much less costly matter than buying old masters—where the one is open to the comparatively modest purse, the other is possible only to the rich man. Its value is, of course, very different from that of modern silver, just as a real Chippendale chair will cost more than even the best made modern article. But the prudent buyer rarely fails to get his money's worth and more, since the tendency of old silver, with its graceful outlines, its sterling workmanship, and its pleasing air of sober and respectable antiquity, is to sell for more than it cost. The first disillusionment of the amateur is the discovery that there is practically no English plate to be bought of an earlier date than the beginning of the seventeenth century, and very little indeed before the Restoration. Fine examples exist, no doubt, but they are chiefly in the possession of city companies, colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and other corporations. The existing pieces of English plate of earlier date than 1498 are believed to number less than a dozen;

while examples dated prior to the middle of the sixteenth century are also exceedingly scanty. It is not, in fact, until Elizabeth's time that we begin to find specimens—sparse enough even then—for each successive year. The two-handled porringer shown in one of the pictures is a somewhat unusually ornate specimen, being embossed in high relief, with shepherd and shepherdess, dog, goat, and cupids. The handles are scrolled female forms; the cover (not shown in the illustration) is embossed with acanthus leaves and a laurel wreath. This porringer, seven and one-half inches high and five inches in diameter, was made in London in 1668, and is now in the cabinet of Sir Samuel Montagu, who is the owner of the embossed cup, an example of this form of early seventeenth-century work. Its date is 1617, and it stands six and one-half inches high. The bowl, which is wide at the top, narrows into a cylinder, and swells out again at the base, and the whole of the upper part is embossed with "strap-work" and leafy arabesques. The small sixteenth-century casket, less than eight inches long and only four inches high, is a curious bit of sixteenth-century work, conjectured to be French. The entire casket is sheathed with thin silver plate; the binding straps are gilt, engraved somewhat rudely. The hasp of the lock is a lizard, formed and chased in a style apparently somewhat earlier.

Another beautiful specimen of old English silver is a massive tankard, shown in the illustrations. It is a foot high. The lid is flat-topped, and the "thumb-piece" is a large, finely modeled lion. It was made in England in 1692, and was a gift from Queen Mary II. to Simon Janszen, for safely

conveying William III. to The Hague in 1691 in the midst of great dangers. A Dutch inscription to this effect is engraved on the lid, together with the English royal arms.

Not only must the collector acquire some knowledge of marks and of their history, but he must familiarize himself with the characteristic design of each period, otherwise he may be readily deceived even by the elementary and clumsy device of placing an early mark upon a piece which, to the experienced eye, can be seen at once to belong to a much later date. The three steeple-topped, egg-shaped cups are exceedingly characteristic pieces. The set belonged formerly to Lord Acton, but is now the property of Sir Samuel Montagu, and bears the London hall-marks of 1611. The cups obtain their name from their general contour, and from the wedge-shaped adornments so strongly reminis-



STEEPLE-TOPPED, EGG-SHAPED CUPS, 1611

cent of certain London church spires, with which they are surmounted. The center cup measures nineteen and one-half inches in height; the others are eighteen inches. There are many good "steeple cups" in the market, but they are usually much simpler and more austere than these specimens.

The "steeples" are three-sided and pierced, surmounted by a ball and spike, with three scrolls beneath, and stand on three bent female forms bracketed. The domed covers are embossed with "strap-work" and foliage, and the deep bowls are similarly worked. The stems are baluster-shaped, on raised feet, also embossed, and embellished with three scrolled monsters near the bowl. Not every collector has the time or the inclination to make a minute study of the cycles of goldsmiths' marks, or of the variations in design, and when that is the case, the safest—and much the cheapest—course is to place one's self in the hands of a dealer who is master of his subject, who has a reputation to lose,



TANKARD MADE IN ENGLAND IN 1632

and who, if his prices are sometimes a trifle higher than those of less completely accredited persons, may be depended upon never to offer the amateur a piece which will not bear the strictest scrutiny.

The seventeenth-century porringer and cover and the slightly later porringer-shaped cup we illustrate are characteristic examples. The porringer, which is dated 1684, is simple, but gains in elegance from the scrolled handles with grotesque heads. The handsome cup belongs to a class of work which is always admired—that of the early days of Queen Anne. Its date is 1705, and it once belonged to John Holles, duke of Newcastle, whose arms it bears. Both pieces are now the property of Mr. F. H. Woodroffe, in England. The porringer is six and one-half inches



SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY AUGSBURG NEF, OR SPICE-BOX

high and five and one-half inches in diameter. The cup is a fraction lower. The fine example of a gilt muffineer is eight inches high, is English work, and bears the hall-mark of 1710.

The "silver nef" shows a charming example of a class of silver about which one could easily write a voluminous chapter. These graceful pieces are often larger, but rarely more elaborate, than is this, and are not infrequently silver-gilt. The silver nef—a nef is, of course, a ship—was a familiar object upon the seventeenth-century dinner-tables, especially in Germany and the Netherlands, where it was not only ornamental, but served a useful purpose. The hull was almost invariably hollow, and was fashioned to hold either a bottle of wine or sweets and spices for dessert. This particular piece forms a series of spice-boxes. Its length is seventeen inches, while its height is only eighteen and one-half inches. It is a realistic bit of work, with two masts, schooner-rigged, in full sail, and double crows' nests, with men within. There are six cannon on the deck, a quantity of piled shot, a capstan, and many sailors and others in contemporary costumes. The hull is elaborately chased. Surmounting it is a border with bacchanalian subjects, the compartments divided by sea-horses with

spiral tails, while below we have Venus rising from the sea, attended by tritons and nymphs. The ship is supported on wheels adorned with beautiful filigree work. The object of this under-carriage was to wheel round the table the bottle or the sweetness concealed in the hull. This elaborate piece of work, which is furnished with rudder and anchor complete, was made at Augsburg, late in the seventeenth century. The nef would seem to have been the ancestor of the often very artistic brass and silver "Burgundy wagons" seen on almost every aristocratic dinner-table in Belgium. They are glorified forms of the wicker pannier, in which old wines, which must not be shaken, are served in this country. Their wheels are often very prettily chased with floriated designs.

Given taste and means, and above all the sense to submit proposed purchases to a competent adviser, there is no obstacle to the amateur getting together an excellent collection. The "silver-table," which is now so often found in drawing-rooms, has no doubt suggested the hobby to a good many collectors, since their number has certainly increased very considerably of late years. It is, of course, obvious that the feminine "silver-table" is in a very different position from a sideboard of plate. The



SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PORRINGERS AND GILT MUFFINEER

pretty little oddments which it contains, charming and desirable as they may be, are curiosities rather than aught else, and may often be picked up for a mere trifle. Still there is no reason why they should not be used as a kind of primer, from which the beginner may pick up useful bits of knowledge. A cynic has

said if one cannot be clever one can at least be suspicious, and the collector will lose nothing by constantly remembering to "beware of imitations." There is much less forgery than there was; but the spurious "old" silver of past years still crowds the market—and the side-boards of the ignorant and incautious.

OTHER PEOPLE'S VIEWS

It is out of the question for the average reader to subscribe for all of the magazines which contain articles on House Beautiful subjects. The editor proposes, therefore, to print, from time to time, such extracts as may be interesting and helpful. The department will not aim to cover the whole field, but to give suggestions and notes from papers inaccessible to most readers.

The Kitchen

The kitchen, the room in which all the material sustenance of the household is prepared, in which light and ventilation and sunshine and cheer are most needed, the room in which a large majority of the women of the land spend by far the greater portion of their waking hours, is almost invariably tucked away in the darkest and unloveliest corner of the house, concealed from public notice, as if it were a place of mystery. The interior is commonly in keeping with the location. In handsome homes, where every comfort and many luxuries exist elsewhere, the kitchen is often a harsh, forbidding room, most meager in its furnishings.

But the kitchen may be made more than convenient, and scientifically adapted to lighten labor and expedite the work of the cook. The new kitchen is a thing of delight to look in upon and a privilege to sit in, with careful ventilation carrying away all offensive odors, mixing and kneading boards modestly retired from the central line of vision, the sink either in an adjoining recess or covered when not in use; fresh muslin curtains at the windows, and oilcloth on the floor, and the enameled walls joining in some pretty color scheme, either china-blue and white, or pale apple-green, or dull pink or rose, or cool gray or cream color. About it are solid chairs of polished wood, rocking-chairs, and

easy-chairs, and a couch where a tired worker may drop down for that short rest which so refreshes the weary body; hanging book-shelves and a reading-table, inviting the worker to make the most of the minutes when one must wait and watch while the oven does something to a turn. There is a picture or two on the walls, and a big clock marking the minutes and hours. This kitchen is possible to almost every woman who is willing to forego a little magnificence or elegance in her parlor furniture for the sake of a real comfort and a more truthful existence. It is the sort of kitchen which, more than any other one influence in a house, will tend to preserve the unity of the family. The modern steel wood-burning or gas range enables one to keep one's kitchen so daintily that no one's sensibilities could be hurt by habitually sitting in it. The varied and varicolored and dainty enameled and porcelain-ware cooking utensils, now manufactured in all shades of blue, terra-cotta, red, or gray, make it possible to dispense entirely with ancient iron and tin ware, with all their offensive entailment of disgusting labor, and make the range equipment as dainty in appearance as the service on the tea-table.—*Art and Architecture*.

Furnishing a Small Flat

A young couple with a small income, but refined tastes and training, are

struggling with the problem "how to make a home attractive with little money" with such success that the "plain tale" of their method may be helpful to others.

The sitting-room was carpeted with dark green denim at sixteen cents a yard, over which was placed a Japanese rug, nine by twelve feet, that cost ten dollars. The rug was artistic in design and coloring, and having much dull green in the ground, harmonized with the denim. The furniture was not wholly satisfactory, but it was determined to make odds and ends serve until they could get something really good. The husband, who was just out of college, had the furniture from his room, but it was in the usual condition of the college boy's furniture. The oak Morris chair was scratched everywhere, and on one arm a name and date were boldly cut. He bought a solution intended for painters' use that removed the varnish thoroughly, then rubbed the entire surface with coarse sandpaper, materially reducing the depth of the cutting. A box of the prepared "coach-color" that can be bought at most of the department stores then came into requisition. The color selected was malachite-green, and when applied to the oak, produced a charming effect, which the figured corduroy cushions with green ground completed perfectly.

A broad, low couch that had been a favorite nook in his college room needed only a new cover harmonizing with the rug to make it "as good as new." A Shaker rocking-chair, that had obviously seen better days, emerged from temporary seclusion, in a new coat of mahogany stain, to match a handsome mahogany writing-desk belonging to the little matron of the establishment, and both fell into line with the woodwork of the room, which was stained a dull red. A large combination bookcase and writing-desk of antique oak, and two rattan chairs of artistic design, completed the furnishings, and a number of articles of bric-à-brac that were wedding gifts added the adornment necessary for the over-

mantel. The college room had been decorated liberally with good etchings, engravings, and photographs, and these gave the homelike air that only pictures can give.

The tiny back parlor was to serve as a sleeping-room, and as it adjoined the sitting-room, harmony had to be considered, so it also was carpeted with green denim, and the somewhat shabby white iron bedstead with brass trimmings that had done duty in college was converted into the "newest thing in bedroom furniture" by a coat of malachite-green, to which the bright brass knobs added the last touch of effectiveness. The shaving-stand of antique oak was in good condition, but the oak dressing-case showed signs of wear. Again the solvent was used to remove the varnish, the surface was sandpapered, the malachite coach-color applied, and an extremely handsome piece of furniture, en suite with the bed, was the result.

All this was the work of short evenings during two weeks, and the young housekeeper was equally energetic in her re-covering of cushions and adaptation of draperies. In one case she converted what had been a dainty evening gown of white muslin with lace-edged ruffles into window curtains for the dining-room. The original stock of pictures was so large that the addition of a few photographs of fine paintings, bought at "bargain sales," sufficed to provide some for every room, and the little flat has an air of refinement and good taste that many far more ambitious establishments lack.—*New York Tribune*.

Lights for the Statue of Our Lady of Lourdes

Mr. C. F. Gray, a local electrician, has just completed what is probably the most beautiful electrical display ever seen in a church in the city. It is the illumination of the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes at the cathedral. As is well known, especially among Catholics, Our Lady of Lourdes was an apparition which appeared before the child Bernadette

Soubirous, about February, 1858, on a rock at Lourdes. Since then Lourdes has become famous the world over for a fountain, the water of which is said to possess most wonderful healing qualities, and the spring was revealed after the child had dug into the sand at her feet, at the command of the apparition. Two magnificent churches have since been built near the fountain, which is visited by many thousands annually to receive the benefit of the water. Many miraculous cures are attributed to the properties of the water.

The apparition appeared to the child on eighteen different occasions. A statue of Our Lady of Lourdes stands on the left side of the altar at the cathedral. The statue is of Italian marble. On its head is a magnificently designed brass

crown studded with tiny incandescent bulbs. The roses about the feet of the apparition, so the story of Bernardette goes, grew out of the rocks in a day, to convince the bishop of Lourdes of the truth of the child's statement. These roses on the statue are made of Austrian porcelain, while the leaves are of brass, and remarkably natural in appearance. Inside each rose is a small bulb, the soft rays of which contrast most beautifully with the brilliant illumination of the circle about the head of the statue, upon which is inscribed the words: "I am the Immaculate Conception." The lettering is of gilt, and lends additional splendor to the brilliancy of the lights.

The display was designed and executed by Mr. I. P. Frink, New York.—*Baltimore American*.



THE SEAMY SIDE OF NAPERY

THE TABLE

THE use of doilies on the bare table, an innovation of the past few years, has much to recommend it. It saves greatly the labor of the laundry, and pleases the eye by admitting to view the beautiful grain of hardwood tables. But the carelessness of young children, and even of the ordinary housemaid, is apt to mar a highly polished surface, while bits of butter, syrup, or gravy may make for unrighteousness in the temper of the mistress. For the scratches there is no thorough remedy except the services of the cabinet-maker, but

much may be done to remove the latter annoyance by the use of a cold, weak solution of ivory soap, or a thorough wiping with a bit of soft cheese-cloth moistened with gasolene. Most furniture polishes have a pungent odor, which renders their use disagreeable on a table in active service, though if well rubbed in after being applied, their effect is often excellent.

THE DOILIES

Embroidered table-doilies for daily use should have their edges buttonholed before doing duty. But as the scalloped edges show signs of wear, the hanging threads must be clipped off with a pair of sharp scissors, with which the laundress should be supplied. For the unhappy possessor of fringed cloths and napkins there is no hope, though the day of her undoing may be somewhat postponed by carefully hemstitching the fringes before they are put in use. After washing they may be made presentable by a careful brushing with a fine root or coarse bristle brush, the cloth being laid out on the ironing-board to facilitate the work. The scissors will be again required to trim the edges to evenness, and after the process has been repeated a pitifully small number of times the mind of the laundress will be at peace, for there will be no more fringe to care for. Hemming the raw edge may now restore quiet to the overburdened family. Doilies with hemstitched borders are always satisfactory, but the drawn threads weaken their wearing qualities. There seems no remedy when the hemstitching gives way but the insertion of some sort of beading, when, of course, the repaired doily no longer matches the rest of the set. For fine lace the services of a professional lace-mender will be required, unless one rejoices in a particularly deft housemaid or mends daintily one's self.

REPAIRING DAMASK

The smallest break in table-damask should be mended before washing whenever the first ravages appear. There is no greater waste than that caused by neglect of this precaution. A cloth with a break of half an inch will sometimes be torn its entire length when exposed on the clothes-line to a high wind. If possible, buy fine linen thread of different sizes for this purpose, using always that most in keeping with the quality of the linen to be mended, and use as fine a needle as the thread will admit of. For large rents, match as nearly as pos-

sible the cloth to be mended, both in quality and pattern, searching carefully the bag of old linen pieces, which should always be kept at hand. Baste a piece of linen on the wrong side of the torn cloth, leaving a good margin on all sides of the rent. Baste the ragged edges to the under piece and draw them together with the utmost care, using no knot in the end of the thread, and without gathering the stuff in the least. For this take a darning or running stitch so fine that it can hardly be seen on the right side. Weave from side to side as regularly as possible until all is neatly finished. Trim off all ragged ends, cat-stitch the under piece of linen to the outer with fine stitches, remove bastings, and send to the laundry with an easy conscience. Small holes may be darned together without the use of the under piece.

STAINS

Fruit stains should be at once removed by placing a bowl under the spot and pouring boiling water through the cloth. Repeat until quite free from stain, emptying the bowl whenever necessary. Candle drippings may be absorbed by covering them with a piece of blotting paper and passing a hot iron over the surface. Most wine stains may be treated successfully while wet by an application of dry salt, though lemon juice is sometimes used. To remove ink, use milk, if the ink is still wet, but if dry, summon all your patience, spread the linen out in the direct rays of the sun, cover the spots with salt, and saturate the salt with lemon juice. Repeat day after day until you are completely worn out, when you may find you have failed after all; in which case a weak solution of oxalic acid may be tried. But here, emphatically, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Oxalic acid, aided by the hot sun and repeated boilings, will sometimes bleach to a pure white pieces which have been embroidered in colors and made unpresentable by fading. Silk embroidery is, however, apt to turn an ugly yellow after

MID-WINTER

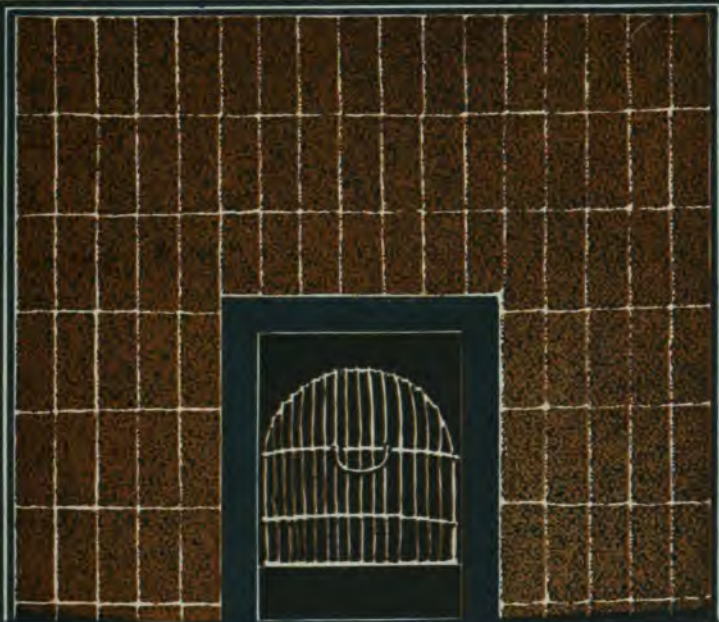
THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL



VOL. XI

No. 2

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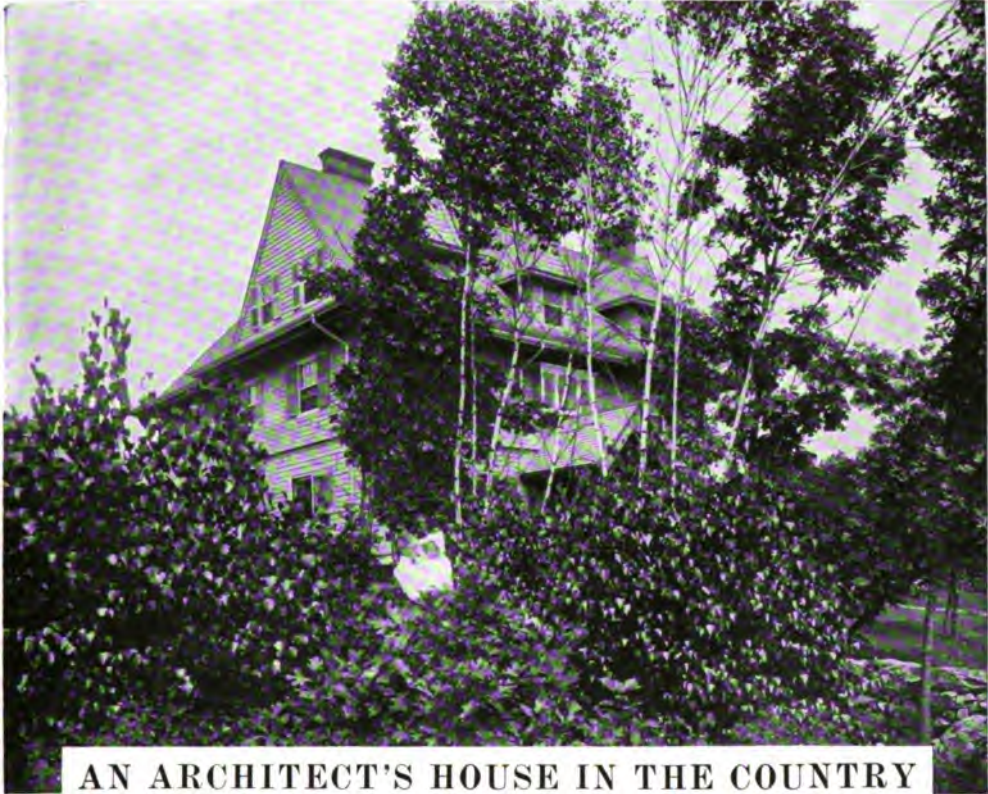
THE WORK-AND-PLAY ROOM

The House Beautiful

VOLUME ELEVEN

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NUMBER TWO



AN ARCHITECT'S HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY

BY ARTHUR RUSSELL

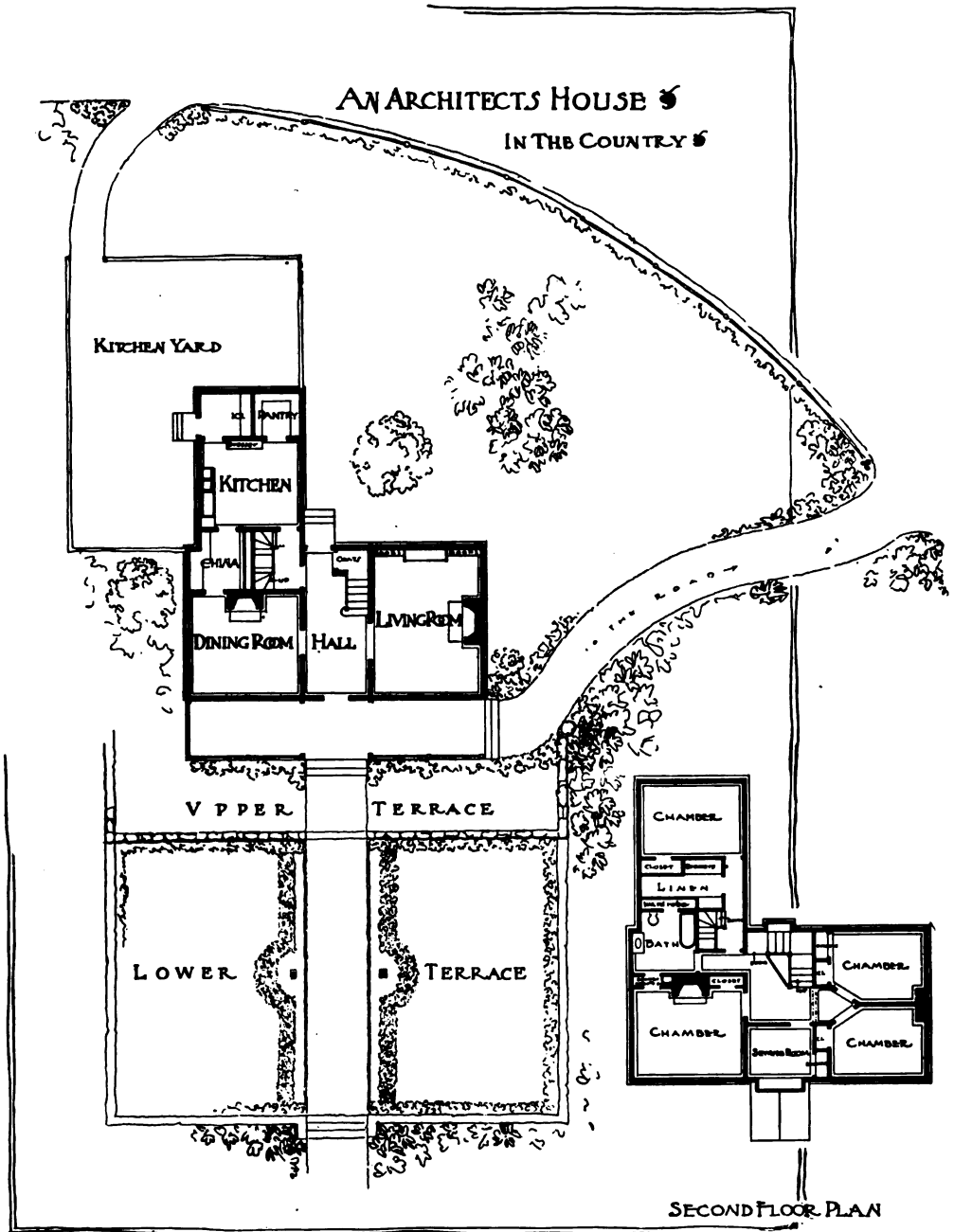
ON the southern slope of the hill, sheltered from the cold north winds in winter, catching every whiff of the pleasant southwest breezes in summer, with a stout thicket of scrub-oaks in the foreground, stands a little house, rather a cottage, indeed, than a house at all. The soil, if one may dare to use that term in New England, is rock and gravel, offering little inducement to vegetation; but in summer the tender bloom of young oak leaves and the soft mass of the blue-

berries near the ground make a not unpleasant prospect for the lenient eye.

The task for him who would win this hillside to submission is curiously unlike that which greeted Mr. Stevenson in the early morning, and at noon sent him home to play upon the pipe. His was the struggle to conquer a luxuriance too mighty, ours to stimulate sterility to bloom; and yet our greatest solace for a day of seeming failure has been the letters of that conqueror in Samoa. We have made him, indeed, our patron saint,

AN ARCHITECTS HOUSE

IN THE COUNTRY





THE
HALL AND
STAIRWAY

and in almost every room is a picture of him, while in the work-and-play room (as we style it), among the rafters, we have burned into one of the collar-beams a sentence of his for a motto:

"Whatever keeps a man in the front garden, whatever checks wandering fancy and all inordinate ambition, whatever makes for lounging and contentment, makes just so surely for domestic happiness."

From the winding road the path swings up to the terrace level and the steps at the end of the piazza. The view from the piazza is pleasant. The foreground is agreeably diversified with color. Between the nearer hills to the south we catch a glimpse of the distant blue of Mount Ida beyond the river. To

the west, up the valley, in late afternoon the Nobscot Mountain cuts off the sun. The exterior is prim, with its sharp gable-roof softened at the eaves with a wide projecting overhang that is carried all around the house, even across the gable-ends. In winter, when the sun

moves low across the sky, we get in all the rooms its pleasant warmth; but in summer deep shadows lie along the second-story windows in midday and protect the chambers from the heat. The walls of the house are shingled and stained a luminous gray. The cornice

and the bands around the windows are painted a warm white. The blinds, which we painted ourselves, are the delightful blue-green that is seen so often on weather-beaten doors and blinds on the ocean side of old houses in New England seaport towns.

The porch, that marks the entrance on the garden side of the house, is English in detail, with its verge boards and heavy open timbering and rafter feet. This, with the posts supporting the piazza rail, is cypress, warmed with a little burnt sienna mixed in the oil.

From the porch we enter the hall, which, though only nine feet across, seems ample, for the opening to the living-room is wide and has no door; in winter heavy portières cut off the draft, but in summer it is left free for the air. There is almost no furniture in the hall, only an oval table for letters and gloves, and this, too, adds to the feeling of space.

The woodwork is painted white, with a wainscot three feet high and a wooden



THE LIVING-ROOM FROM THE HALL



THE LIVING-ROOM

cornice at the ceiling. The paper is a charming landscape in soft, dull blues and greens, and is carried up the stairs through the second-story hall, and up again to the work-and-play room above. The stairs are broad and easy. The treads and the rails, and post caps as well, are red birch stained mahogany. The effect is happy of this touch of color, with the white paint and the paper in a low key.

The floors are narrow Georgia pine, slightly darkened and waxed, with rugs dull blue in tone. The ceilings of these three rooms on the first floor are rough plaster, untinted. In the slanting light of early morning or late afternoon the most charming gray and lavender tints gather there, and in the full light of noonday each ceiling reflects in tenderer tones the colors of its neighboring walls. We have been fortunate in letting into

the hall just enough light, the two side lights and the little recessed windows on the stairs giving a subdued light through their thin curtains.

The living-room to the right of the hall also runs the full width of the house, and having windows on three sides—to the south, to the east, and to the north—is always light and cool. The northern windows are small, however, to keep out the cold in winter, and since the summer breezes are from the south, we lose nothing by this. The living-room is fifteen feet wide and twenty feet long, but the low ceiling makes it seem larger. Here the finish is cypress, stained dull blue-green, rubbed to a dull finish that has a curious bloom like young oak leaves. There is a cornice of the same, and the walls have been divided into panels by stiles of cypress running from the chair-rail to the cornice above.

The walls are rough plaster, painted warm cream above and darker below the chair-rail.

At the north end of the room are the bookcases with a wide seat between, the seat ends forming ends for the bookcases also. The leaded glass windows are casements, which in summer are swung wide open. We have made much of casements in the house; they are more interesting than double-hung windows, and moreover, give the benefit of the whole opening. The only trouble is to screen them, and that with a little care can be managed.

The rugs are red in general tone, echoing the crimson of the lower walls, which the bricks in the wide fireplace (which are rough and so hard burned as to be almost purplish) further carry out. The andirons are wrought iron, copies of old Salem pieces.

The ornaments are few: a Grueby vase, a brass lamp picked up in Florence, a large Japanese bowl for matches, and a Tanagra figure of a dancing woman. The pictures are simple: a large photograph of Notre Dame in Paris, a smaller one of the Cathedral at Amiens, a bit of Melrose Abbey, Sir Joshua Reynolds's Lady Hamilton, Botticelli's Flora, two engravings from Turner's drawings for Rogers's Italy, and a few bits of landscape in oil. The curtains are green velours. Here again, as in the hall, furniture is scarce; the room is the better for it, we think.

The dining-room, opposite the living-room across the hall, is small and cozy. Here the finish is white, with a white wainscot like the hall and the same cornice. The paper is green, with a conventional pattern in lighter color, but so slightly marked as to give the effect in mass of a single tone. The fireplace has Grueby tiles of charming dull green, and the rug in the center is a plain green velvet. The curtains are heavy linen, printed with dark red roses, and the doors, which are of redwood, of a very simple design and without moldings, carry out the tone of the curtains. The pictures are few: photographs of Velas-

quez's Topers, Van Dyke's King Charles, a beautiful photograph of the Elgin marbles from the east pediment of the Parthenon, two of Fra Angelica's angels, and a bit of water-color.

The mantel serves us as a crystal closet, where old lavender china and a few pieces from the Dedham pottery peep out through the leaded glass doors. The western windows are casements and are leaded in simple diamonds. We have had the brass electric light chandeliers colored green, with acid.

Looking from the living-room through to this room, the harmony is pleasant; the blue-green woodwork of the living-room fades into the blue-green and white of the hall, and from that to the green and white of the dining-room.

The second story is finished wholly in white, with dark red doors like the first floor. The chambers are small, but we have partly made up for this by building in chests of drawers, with cupboards above, so that a dressing-table and a chair or two are all the furniture needed besides the bed.

The northern chamber, over the living-room, has a red stripe for paper and the southern room has green. The floors here, too, are narrow Georgia pine, waxed.

The little sewing-room has a wide casement window, divided into three sashes, and deeply recessed, so as to form a convenient shelf for sewing or for plants. Here, too, a chest of drawers has been built in. The paper is a delicate blue stripe, with rosebuds, and the valanced curtain of linen is fawn-colored, printed in light blue.

The bath-room is sheathed half-way to the ceiling with North Carolina pine, stained a dark blue-green that has the effect of seeming cool in summer and rich in winter. The walls above the wainscot are painted light cream, so that the room is not too dark. Directly beyond the bath-room, but in the service part of the house, is the linen-closet, fitted with shelves, hooks, and drawers; and by chance, it has the luxury of a window.



THE DINING-ROOM FROM THE HALL

The service portion of the house is wholly in North Carolina pine, finished with three heavy coats of varnish. It shines, to be sure, but then how easily it is kept clean, and the painted walls are hardly more trouble. The kitchen floor is covered with a heavy linoleum,

which is just what its name implies. Here we work, when we feel inclined, at our drawings, and here we play. One corner is a child's play-room, another is a workshop, still another is a card-room and smoking-room, and the last corner is a delightful place in which to do noth-



THE DINING-ROOM

and a blessing it is to all housekeepers. In the kitchen is a dresser for the kitchen dishes; the windows are on opposite sides, insuring a cross draft, and those looking toward the main house are casements high up in the wall. The china closet is well lighted and is fitted with glazed cases for dishes, drawers for silver and table-linen, shelves and cupboards for bottles, etc. The pantry is similar.

Last of all, the work-and-play room,

ing. The room runs to the ridge-pole, and between the rafters there is rough plaster, tinted with yellow ochre. The woodwork is just as the carpenters left it. There are seven windows, with diamond-shaped panes, revealing charming bits of view, and at one end is a great rough fireplace, which in winter roars with good fires. It is here, perhaps, that we like most to climb when we are tired or busy, or just lazy. It is delightfully furnished with nothing at all.

AN EARLY AMERICAN POTTERY



BY WALTER HOUGH

A MORE delightful place to rummage would be hard to find. One hundred and three years of pottery-making was the inheritance of the long building of rough stone fronting the wharf on the Monongahela at Morgantown, West Virginia. Three generations of potters had to do with the belongings of this shop, which, as was customary in the days of the trades, formed part of the dwelling-house.

Among the rafters of the shop, thick with dust, were cast-off or disused tools, molds, stamps, and other articles of the craft stored in large vessels, while in the garret of the house, in the dark cellars, and in the living-rooms, treasured with loving care by a descendant of the potters, were odd pieces of ware of great historical interest.

Sacred from the curio-hunter for all these years, the nooks and corners held their dusty treasures that finally came forth to tell the story of how the potter had won many a struggle by his inventive skill.

When the very youthful eyes of the writer first took in this fascinating workroom, there were two muddy kick-wheels going, from the center of which gray jugs were springing up like mushrooms under the fingers of the potters, to be again abased and again raised up to regular forms. Later steam was harnessed to the wheel, to the detriment

of those leg muscles on which the old potter prided himself. Aside from this there was little change on the methods of past generations. The settings of the workroom remain fresh to mind as though it were yesterday's visit. Across one end of the room extended the heavy wedging bench, whereon the clay was subjected to further hard treatment after passing through the rude pug-mill down stairs. Here the potter slapped the clay, sliced it with a wire, clawed out small pebbles, slapped it again, and worked it into a ball of proper size for the ware intended to be made.

The turned ware was cut from the wheel, grasped at the base between two curved pieces of wood and transferred to the boards, which slid into the drying frame at one side of the room. When dry, the interior of the vessel was sprayed with slip.

This slip-tub was another important feature. Many a green boy looked down its nozzle, while a waggish youth pulled the handle, sending out a very active jet of soft mud on its mission of disfigurement. The press in which clay was squeezed out through dies to form handles must not be overlooked.

A try-furnace, also useful for heating, stood in the center of the room, and near by was the potter's bunk, for in the old days of the trades a man must stay by his work at all seasons. Sundry

shelves of cake molds and other tools were high up on the wall, and the pot of blue paint for marking and otherwise decorating the ware was set in a safe place.

To say that the potter's shop was an interesting place is to use a mild word. It was fascinating, and the youthful visitors, not always orderly, were the bane of good Greenland Thompson's life. Still, the experience was valuable to the boys, though few of them dreamed of placing such estimate on an acquaintance with the potter's art. Unfortunate the boy who has not hung around the village forge, the carpenter's shop, the tinner's, the weaver's, for example, among the many trades, and caught some inkling of the skill of the handicraftsman. He has lost much that would become useful to him, as well as a pleasurable memory in after-life.

In the open air near the workroom was the kiln, a dome-like affair of rough stone, wherein the finished ware was stacked with precision, each piece separated from its neighbor. When the kiln was packed and the openings sealed up with clay, fire was set to the wood thrust into the holes below, and the burning began. Just before the firing was completed salt for glazing was thrown into the kiln, releasing vast columns of white, pungent smoke, which often announced to the whole community that the potter had finished another lot of ware.

A few steps from the pottery-shop, below a great talus of potsherds, is the wharf of the town, where the ware was loaded in flatboats to be sent down the river. At the street door farmers drove up with their wagons, and drove away with crocks and jars to replenish their store. There was an early market for the wares of Morgantown, and a great part of the product of the pottery was sent in keelboats and flatboats to various points down the Monongahela above Pittsburg and into the "wilderness."

Thus much for the modern times of the pottery. When the raiding Indians still occasionally required the attention of that brave frontiersman, David Mor-

gan, and bears, wildcats, and panthers were much too common, so that every one wanted to live near the fort, there was a potter on the present site of Morgantown.

This pottery was probably the first established west of the mountains, and arose from the needs of the settlements growing around the frontier forts, so remote from the sea-coast markets and almost without roads and transportation. Early in the nineteenth century, domestic pottery, which had been hauled all the way from Baltimore, sold on the frontier at three levies a gallon, equivalent at this day to seventy-two cents. This was another inducement to supply the demand on the spot. Moreover, the extensive deposits of Quaternary clays on the terraces of the Monongahela, laid down in the great glacial dams, furnish abundant and superior material for pottery-making.

At what date "Master" Foulk began this pioneer pottery in the valley of the Monongahela is not known, but it was between the permanent settlement of Thomas Decker in 1758 and 1785, that we have the first definite notice.

In this year, when James Thompson, with his little son, crossed the mountains from Bel Air, Maryland, and cast his lot with the pioneers of the upper Monongahela, Master Foulk was turning out ware for the housewives of the frontier. There were four houses in Morgantown when the Thompsons began building, and John W. Thompson, being drawn no doubt like other boys by the marvels of the pottery, became Master Foulk's apprentice.

That Master Foulk knew his trade thoroughly may be seen in the superior wares of his apprentice; but Foulk's masterpieces form part of the soil of Morgantown so far as may be learned.

Tradition has it that the first ware made at Morgantown, not considering the rude pottery of the Indians, whose shards lie thick in the rich valley, was terra-cotta covered with lead glaze. In color this ware ranged from yellow to orange, and the forms were such as would be useful in those times before glass



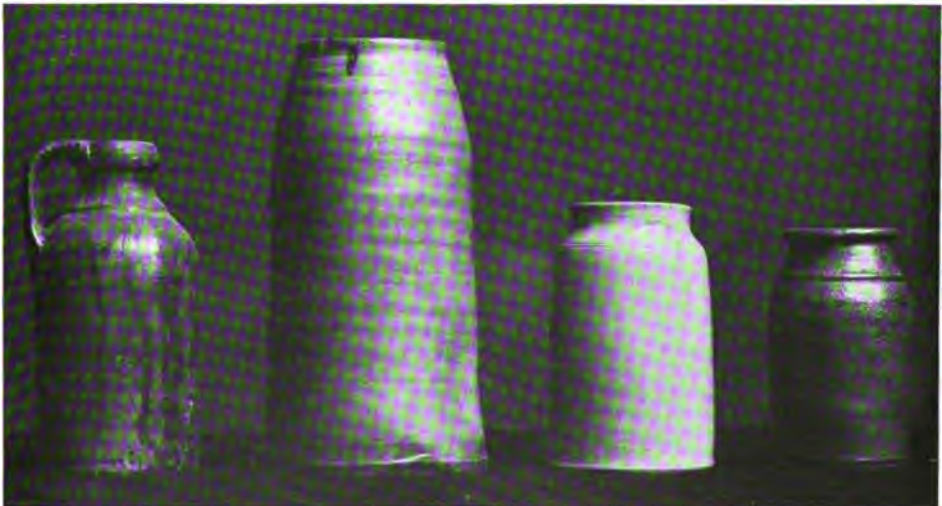
SPICE BOTTLE, in cream glaze, the word "cinnamon" in brown.
 PRESERVE JAR, in brown glaze with cloudings, and having roulette stamping in the shoulder.
 PRESERVE JAR, with almost black lustrous glaze, heraldic stamp on side.
 FAT-LAMP, of unglazed terra-cotta.

TERRA-COTTA WITH "CHINA" AND LEAD GLAZES

and china had crossed the Alleghenies, as cups and saucers, plates, pitchers, teapots, crocks, preserve jars, etc. That the tradition is correct, examination of the potsherds at the old pottery site bears out.

The period dating from the time when John W. Thompson succeeded to the trade of Master Foulk, and closing about 1850, was the golden age of the Morgan-

town pottery. Beginning with the orange ware, the inventive genius and taste of the late apprentice produced glazes that are worthy of all praise. Preserve jars, apple-butter jars, and other household ware became things of beauty, and the year 1800 found the potter experimenting with dark brown lead glaze, black iron or manganese glaze, gray "china" glaze, and greenish gray



OIL JUG, in brownish salt glaze.
 PRESERVE JAR, in salt glaze.
 PRESERVE JAR, of fine quality, turned at Greensboro, Pa., in 1850.
 PRESERVE JAR, of brown color, due to the presence of iron.

STONEWARE WITH SALT GLAZE



MAKESHIFT TOOLS OF THE POTTER

and white glazes, producing vessels which are interesting and beautiful, as one may judge by those pieces now in the National Museum at Washington. They show decided artistic merit in the glaze and a quaintness of form that is pleasing, and they are well worth the study of modern ceramists.

One can hardly realize the difficulties that beset the potter on the frontier in the early days. His materials for glazes were secured only by the greatest exertion, and their compounding taxed his patience. His colors were ground by hand on flat stones. Sheet-lead, taken from chests of tea and oxidized over the fire in an iron pan, formed the basis of his lead glaze, and other materials had to be brought long distances over the mountains.

On every hand there was call for the inventive spirit of the potter, and skill in handling all sorts of tools and doing

odd jobs. If a tool was needed, there was nothing to do but to make it. Brushes of human hair served for decorating the ware, and bits of stick were whittled into modeling tools, or objects from various sources, if they had the proper form, were pressed into service. Clay was to be dug and worked in the rude mill of the potter's manufacture, the masonry kiln was to be laid up, and wood hauled and chopped with which to burn the ware.

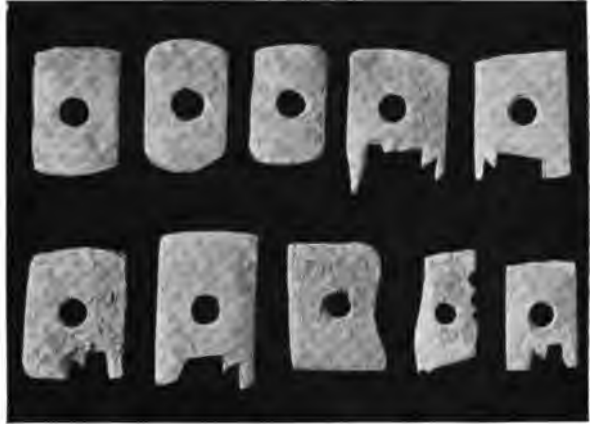
In the shop abounded evidences of the potter as jack-of-all-trades: the wheel, the pieces of wood held in the hand for forming the vessels, the slip-pump, carriers for removing the green ware, molds, stamps, and many other things that he had made with his own hands. In fact, a picture of the resourceful handicraftsman's laboratory and workshop in the period of independent trades is full of interest. Also, the products

have an individuality that is denied to the products of co-operative labor, though the latter be more in touch with art ideas diffused at the present time.

Besides these hindrances, which did not daunt the man of the trade, but rather heightened his qualities of self-reliance and his ability to discount obstacles, there were international bickerings that worked to his advantage. One would not imagine that the quarrels of nations touched the backwoodsman engaged in adjusting the frontier, yet it is true.

The stoppage of intercourse between the United States and England during the administration of Thomas Jefferson worked hardship upon the growing country, as yet depending largely upon foreign nations for manufactured articles. However, the restrictions on trade and intercourse of the embargo act of 1807 paved the way for the independent manufactures in the United States to supply home demand, and mark the beginning of that industrial energy which has led to industrial supremacy. At this period many small manufactories were started, like the glass factory (1807) of Albert Gallatin and the pottery of Alexander Vance at Greensboro, Pennsylvania (1809).

During the war of 1812, the yellow glazed ware of Greensboro was in good demand, and cups and saucers sold for a dollar the set. It will be seen that again the stoppage of commerce with England cut off the supplies of wares of the quality not made in America, and stimulated the small potteries to make articles for table use. Previously, at Greensboro, the wares



SHAPING TOOLS OF PEARWOOD, HELD BY THE POTTER AND APPLIED TO THE VESSEL ON THE WHEEL



ROULETTE STAMPS AND HAND STAMPS OF BAKED CLAY USED IN DECORATING POTTERY

made were of the commoner forms for domestic use, such as milk pans, preserve jars, jugs, etc. Unfortunately, no examples of the tableware of 1812 survive, but fragments show a lustrous yellow glaze.

The Morgantown pottery continued to produce lead-glaze earthenware up to 1840, when salt-glaze stoneware came in.

Lead-glaze wares went into disuse on account of a belief that such glazes are unwholesome, which is true. It was observed, also, that the preparation and firing of lead glazes had a bad effect on the health of the potter.

With the disappearance of the ware having a lustrous glaze there ended a most interesting period of the pottery at Morgantown. The traditions and train-

ing that had given form and character to the art during more than fifty-five years, and produced results that were commendable, could not survive the introduction of heavy, unresponsive material like stoneware, which even Wedgwood could not whip into grace. The clays for stoneware are selected in order to secure a proportion of infusible and fusible elements allowing of the high heat necessary to glaze with salt without causing the ware to melt. It is said that in 1690 two Nurembergers, named Elers, brought the art of salt glazing to Staffordshire. It is probable that the first salt glaze made in this country was at Marcus Hook, New Jersey. A fusible clay from Albany, New York, was used for slipping the interior of the ware, and cobalt blue was the only color used for decoration on account of the great heat of the kiln.

On the close of the first period of the Morgantown pottery, and the death of the aged potter, John W. Thompson, following a few years after, his son, Greenland Thompson, took charge of the work.

Greenland Thompson was a well-informed man, but of singularly retiring disposition. In his way he strove to keep up the traditions of the potters who had preceded him, and his temperament was artistic and appreciative. Without the handicap of stoneware, he might have made his mark in the world of ceramics. The idea which he carried out with some success was the application of natural forms in relief to the exterior of vessels. The specimens of his work in the national collection consist of a small cream-pitcher with ornamentation of rose stems, leaves, and buds, a flower-vase covered with impressions from the shell of the Brazil nut, and a similar vase with pine cones, all of heavy ware, glazed with salt. More pretentious pieces



TOOLS OF THE POTTER



PRESERVE JAR, in tender green, with brown cloudings, one of the most beautiful products of the Thompson Pottery.

SPICE BOTTLE, in dark brown.

PRESERVE OR MOLASSES JAR, two-handled, in brown.

JUG, with lustrous red-brown glaze, turned at Greensboro, Pa., in 1849.

PRESERVE JAR, in red-brown, with yellow mottling.

TERRA-COTTA, COVERED WITH VARIOUS GLAZES

were made by this potter, as flower-vases for gardens, the holder decorated with relief floral designs, the base representing rounded river pebbles, or cylinders imitating tree trunks with vines clinging to them.

Vases of this character were not made for sale, but may be considered as the pastime of the potter, and were intended as presents for friends. A small trade was, however, carried on in children's banks, pipes, fat-lamps, etc., but the standard products of the pottery were crocks, jars, jugs, and other desiderata

for the housewife. One of the most interesting specimens of early salt-glaze ware of Morgantown is a jar, bearing the following brush-work inscription in cobalt blue: "Home manufacture. Independence. High tariff. William Carihfield. August, 1844." The best piece of salt-glaze stoneware coming to the notice of the writer was turned by Alexander Boughner at Greensboro, Pennsylvania, in 1850.

The work of Greenland Thompson was not appreciated at its value, and was scarcely known outside of Morgantown.



PITCHER, having green-gray glaze, decorated with circular spots in dark brown.

MOLASSES JAR, with greenish, opaque glaze.

PRESERVE JAR, with transparent glaze on terra-cotta, decorated with quaint tulpins in green, brown and cream.

CHURN, with gray "china" glaze, decorated with some unknown plant in brown.

TERRA-COTTA WITH "CHINA" AND LEAD GLAZES

In consequence, there are very few examples in existence, those pieces escaping destruction being lost in the limbo of "old things" which exists in or around every human habitation.

On the death of Greenland Thompson, in 1890, the pottery at Morgantown ceased operation. Through the kindness of Mrs. Dorcas Haymond, the surviving member of John W. Thompson's family, the collection illustrating the history of the pottery since 1785 was

placed in the United States National Museum at Washington, where it has lately been put on exhibition in the same case with the Rookwood ware.

From Mrs. Haymond the traditions of the pottery and the settlement of Morgantown were gathered. The writer confesses that one of the greatest pleasures of his experience was in rummaging through this early workshop, gathering together the tools and appliances of the potters of the past time.

The Paintings of Gari Melchers

BY HARRIET MONROE

MR. GARI MELCHERS is one of a small coterie of Parisian-American painters who have carried everything before them at foreign exhibitions and won all accessible honors. Perhaps no one of all our younger countrymen living abroad has a longer list of medals and decorations to his credit, or has pictures more advantageously placed in public museums. Yet it is scarcely more than forty years since he was born, in Detroit, of a parentage more or less remotely Teutonic, and probably little more than twenty since he was a student at the Beaux-Arts and in the studios of Lefebvre and Boulanger. For years thereafter his work was done in Holland, where he studied the peasants, and developed his forceful style and proficient technique, going down to Paris with the rest of the artistic world at certain seasons. It is only of late that he has returned to his own country and painted the more sophisticated American types.

In the Art Institute of Chicago we have the first evidence of his renewal of citizenship. Here one of the large galleries is devoted to a collection of twenty-eight of his pictures, about half being portraits of Americans, and the other half pictures of foreign subjects, chiefly Dutch. Thus the exhibition is fairly

representative, giving us the various sides of his art, and offering evidence of his first deep plunge into the career of a portrait-painter; for although he has always painted portraits now and then, I think he has never hitherto devoted an entire season to them, nor exhibited so many.

And now that we have this painter fairly before us, what is his form and compass? American criticism is too ready to go to extremes, to praise extravagantly or condemn rashly. We expect a man to be a Rembrandt, and either place him among the masters, or abuse him because he does not reach their level. Very few men in any age are painters or anything else by the divine right of all-conquering genius. America may be proud of her record in having given the world one such master in Whistler; and in Sargent she has a spirit wonderfully brave and agile, who makes a knightly dash for a place among the pre-eminent portrait-painters. Whether any of her younger aspirants may be received among the chosen, time alone can decide.

Without attempting to forestall the verdict of time, I should say that Mr. Melchers is a painter more by inclination than by instinct. He loves his art, he chooses it; he has learned his tech-

nique thoroughly, and acquired a broad and expressive style which rarely fails him. Also, he loves his subject, enters sympathetically into the emotion of the moment. In his best portraits one can

deliberate, like Tennyson, rather than spontaneous, like Burns.

It follows that he makes more mistakes than the man with whom his art is an instinct. Burns might be careless,



PORTRAIT OF DONALD G. MITCHELL, ESQ. (IK MARVEL)

see that he became a friend of the man, that he understood his character, and sympathized with the trend of it. And he can even explore the blue depths of a child's eyes, and give us the wonder at the bottom of them. But the qualities which make the success of these pictures are premeditation, study, taste, sympathy—qualities of the intellect. He is

but he could not sing a false note; Mr. Melchers is always careful, but he strikes false notes and insists upon them. Of course it would be possible to make a picture of a lady in a cold gray skirt and a bright red jacket; the painter's magic could soften the tones into a harmony even here. But Mr. Melchers, in his "Portrait of Miss Kendall," does not

seem to see that any magic is necessary; he gives us the uncompromising fact, as literally as journalism, and we feel a sense of discomfort and dissent. The harsh combination of red, salmon, and blue against vividly colored foliage in "Little Red Riding-hood" has the air of a challenge, but it is a challenge which the eye rejects. It is as though the painter remembered the poet's advice, "Be bold, be bold!" but forgot the important climax, "Be not too bold!" Thus in some of these pictures the color fails to convince, seems a medley of whose meaning the painter himself is not sure.

In "Sainte Gudule" the touch is more sure, the scheme of violets and greens lit by flashes of just the right blue is more knowingly handled. "Vespers" also harmonizes many colors in its soft purple glow, and the four admirable old

Dutch figures are appropriately in the evening of life. In "Little Constance" the pinks and whites are delicately sug-

gestive of the adorable child whose solemnly innocent blue eyes search to the bottom of our pretenses. This beautiful picture is all in the treble, like a soprano song; there is no attempt at a chord whose richer harmony might yet be less expressive of childhood. In some of the portraits of men he achieves these deeper chords of color, but women seem to baffle him, with their combinations of bright and dark. He cannot get rid of their fashionable excesses, be the master of their in-



PORTRAIT OF HONORÉ PALMER, ESQ.

expressive contrasts. In short, color is still something of a mystery to him; he gives one the impression of thinking a great deal about it, and often to a very happy end; but not of thinking in it as a bird thinks in song—a miracle, in-



THE SERMON

deed, which few men, living or dead, have been born to achieve.

It must be understood that Mr. Melchers's art deserves the compliment of judgment by the highest standards. He is no second-rate painter, aiming at a commonplace success, but one of the heroes who have planted our flag on the foreign breast-works and won world-wide recognition for American art. He would not wish to be praised for less than his best, to be judged by anything lower than his ideals. He studies life quietly, disinterestedly, and paints it temperately in a cold light. The great dramas, the moments of action and passion, the inexplicable tragedies of character, are not for him. He sees rather the more restful motives of simpler people. He loves

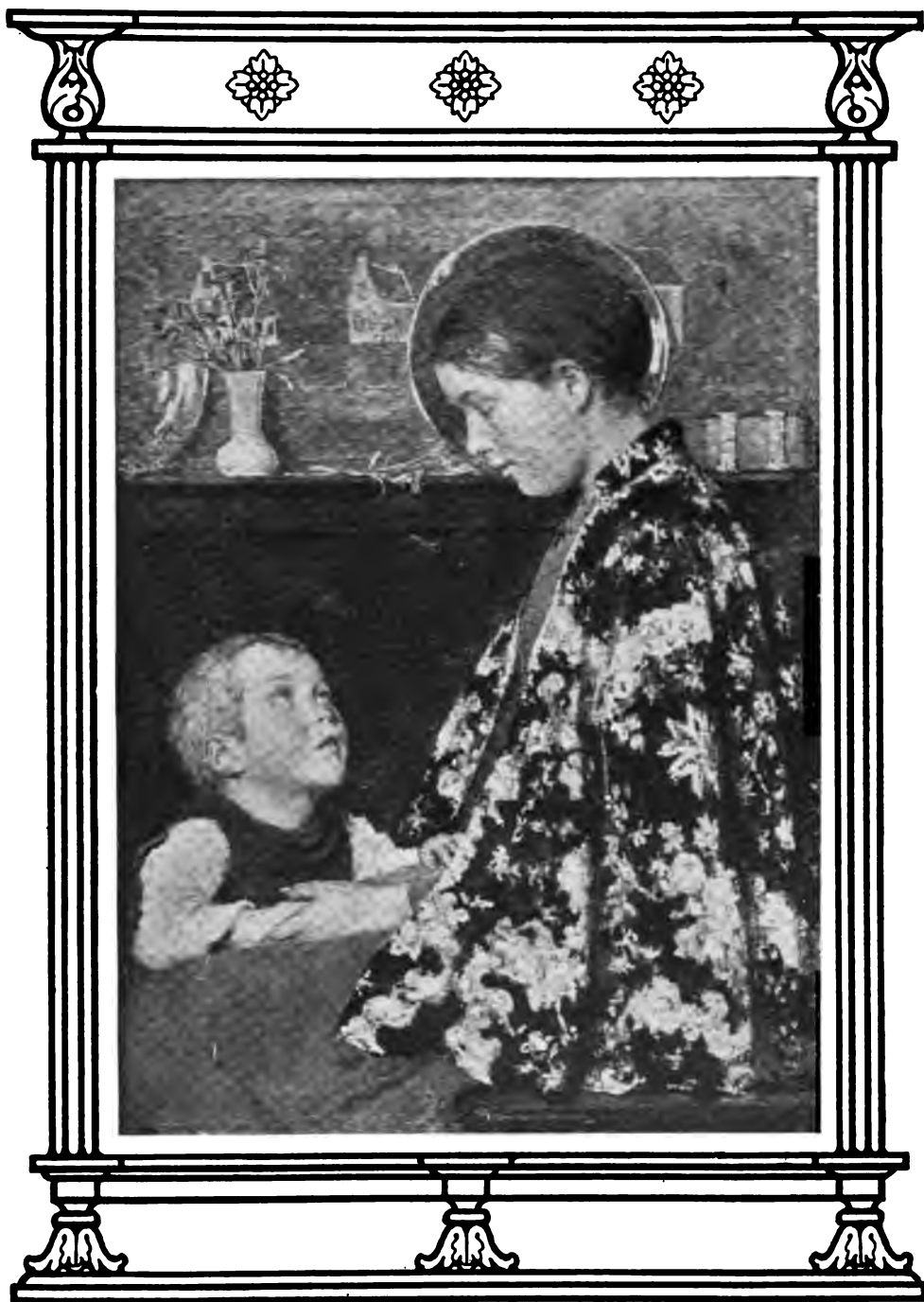
the dull Dutch peasants, and presents the forthright honesty of their movement along the beaten ways of life, as in "The

Bride," now in Chicago; or "Married," shown this year in Pittsburg, a picture suggesting, in the forward march of its heavy pair, the unconscious bravery of youth in carrying on the burdens of the world; or "The Sermon," exhibited a few years ago and now owned in Chicago, a beautiful picture which interprets lovingly the patience and pathos of simple, laborious people. When it comes to the interpretation of our



LITTLE CONSTANCE

more vivid and alert and self-conscious American life, he chooses its quieter aspects, and succeeds best with gentle and benign types. He does not try as Sargent would to reveal the hidden secrets



SAINTE GUDULE

of character, to be truer than life itself to the central motive. But he gives with deep sympathy the every-day aspect of a serene and noble character—its repose, its firmness, its poise.

In the "Portrait of Donald G. Mitchell, Esq.," who called himself "Ik Marvel" in his youth, we have, for example, the accumulated benignity of a long life—a life full of sweetness, grace, and wisdom, and tempered by humor and charity. I know of nothing finer from Mr. Melchers's hand than this very adequate expression of a beautiful old age; and he has not complicated his idea with irrelevant colors or over-emphasis of details. Another fine expression of gentleness and dignity is the "Portrait of David Jones, Esq.," also in the Chicago exhibition. Here we have an American business man, capable, although a Chicagoan, of repose and sweet serenity; and again the painter gives us a simple and direct expression of a modest and forceful character.

Some of Mr. Melchers's most notable successes have been in the portrayal of children. Who does not remember the baby in the picture which the French government has hung in the Luxembourg—that dull little Dutch baby, with unfathomable blue eyes, which ask us forever the unanswerable question? This picture is a modern version of motherhood, yet its simplicity and lack of sentimentality are worthy of those primitive Dutch masters from whose art some of Mr. Melchers's pictures have the air of being descended. There is more than a trace of Memling's blood in this modern American, and it is in the Luxembourg "Mother and Child" that we have the best evidence of this remote relationship. This picture is a mosaic of many colors, but the result is a harmony, not a medley, as in some of those shown in Chicago. The "Young Mother," in the Art Institute, may have been painted from the same model, but the picture lacks the warmth and divine completeness of the other. "Sainte

Gudule," also, is almost a triumph. What is it in some of these pictures which stops them just short of their goal, which makes them essays and transcripts and details, instead of rounded and completed wholes? It baffles one sometimes that this painter, who goes so far, who has so much charm and sympathy, and such control of his technique, does not go a little farther, strike a little deeper, and give great pictures to the fastidious future. Is it that he has lived too easily, won too many triumphs in youth, known too little struggle and sorrow? Is he one of those who hold aloof from life that they may dedicate themselves without reserve to art, and thus miss the finest raptures of the fickle goddess, who likes not a too exclusive devotion?

We are to be congratulated that a painter of such ability and such promise has begun to study his own people. And perhaps it proves a certain persistence in our national character that this man, of German ancestry and cosmopolitan training, yet paints unmistakably American portraits. In these pictures of our friends and neighbors there is no reminiscence of the Dutch peasants who might almost have become the habit of a lifetime. There is nothing fixed and changeless in Mr. Melchers's temperament. Jules Dupré said, in his old age: "You think that I have learned my profession? Ah, my friend, if I had nothing more to learn, I could paint no more."

And so this young American is still learning, is not yet at the height of his endeavor, the end of his journey. With some men of forty, one may safely cast up the account. But he would be a bold critic who should take Mr. Melchers's final measure to-day. There is so much more in him than he has yet given us, that one might be tempted to wish him a few fierce storms and perilous nights, if only these would reveal to him the power of his own will and the reach of his own art.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY AT HOME

BY GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM

Associated Press Correspondent on the Brooklyn during the Spanish-American War

WHEN a man has served his country for forty-five continuous years in duties in which he has had to risk his life many times, and when it is considered that of those forty-five years he has been at sea at least two-thirds of the time, it is safe to assume that he has had little leisure for home-building. And yet, Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, the hero of the battle of Santiago, is as dear a lover of home and family as any citizen of these United States, who, by continual residence in one settled place on *terra firma*, has been able to surround himself with the luxuries and comforts which make a home.

Perhaps it would give a flavor to such a narrative as this if it were said that Admiral Schley's home has been the quarter-deck or the cabin of a United States' war-ship. But that is not true. He has doubtless enjoyed his long cruises, and he is a man who enjoys, if he does not court, danger, and he is a lover of activity. But withal, he loves such home life as in the brief periods ashore he has been able to enjoy, and his devotion to his wife, his two sons, and his daughter is as deep-seated as are the many other traits of his character so admired by the American people.

Now upon the retired list of the navy, having completed a service of great credit, even of renown, he will undoubtedly devote himself to the completion of a home in which to spend the remainder of his honored days. And it will be as much of a pleasure and treasure to him as has been the gradual building which he has been carrying out for years.

Every man, no matter what his condition of life may be, has a pet theory, perhaps somewhat nebulous, of what his ideal home should be, and undoubtedly

the more active the life a man leads, the more he dreams of and pictures that home and home life which are to be his when the battle and strife are over. Ever in the midst of the strenuous life of active service he has led, Admiral Schley has been gathering material for a home, and when he once sits down, surrounded by his *lares et penates*, there will be few more delightful homes or more cordial hosts.

I have seen him in the darkness of the night on the bridge of his warship, straining his eyes for the expected torpedo attack, which, if successful, would in all probability mean no consummation of the dream of home to him. I have stood by his side in the heat of battle, when among excited men he was the cool one, and wondered whether he was giving a thought to those at his fireside in the States. And then I have seen him in his cabin, carefully laying aside this little memento, or that little treasure, to send home to his wife or his children, for the adornment of what?—why, naturally, their home.

Since Schley entered the navy, in 1856, he has been practically homeless, so far as a permanent domicile is concerned. He was born in a modest country home, a few miles outside of Fredericksburg, Maryland. He was married, in 1863, to Miss Nanny Franklin, the daughter of a prosperous merchant in Annapolis, and his wife, although a girl of great accomplishments and renowned beauty, was never fond of society or social functions, and devoted most of her time to the encouraging and aiding of her husband in his advancement.

To obtain this advancement he was compelled, naturally, to apply for and be in almost continual service, and but for a short stay in Annapolis, he was almost continuously jumping

from one post of sea duty to another, accompanied, whenever possible, by Mrs. Schley. For the earlier period, therefore, of his married life, it may be really said that his home was the sea. After he had put himself into great prominence by such episodes as subduing four hundred riotous Chinamen on one of the Chinha Islands; landing a force of marines, and taking possession of the custom house in San Salvador; landing marines in Korea, and thrashing the natives; punishing pirates on the west coast of Africa; rescuing Greeley from the perils of the Arctic Sea; conveying the remains of Ericsson, the inventor of the Monitor, to his native Sweden; and protecting the flag in the harbor of Valparaiso, he was appointed to a position at the head of the light-house board in Washington, and he made his home for a few years there. He did not begin home-building there, however, for he had still some years to serve, and he desired active service. With Mrs. Schley and his family he occupied apartments of quite a pretentious order, but having bohemian characteristics about them that made every visitor feel at once at home and wish that a second visit might be made at a very early opportunity. His home presence was delightful, and when he grasped your hand to bid you welcome, it was in that persuasive manner that made you feel that he was drawing you into the home to be at least for a time a close member of the family corporation.

But even from this forerunning taste of what a home on shore really might be, he was dragged, with almost unseemly haste, by the announcement of pending war with Spain. For six months his home was the little cabin of the cruiser Brooklyn, and his daily promenade the quarter-deck of that ship. Every reader of this magazine knows of his heroism, his devotion to his country, and his splendid qualities of leadership, as displayed from that steel home on the sea. Perhaps it would interest those who know of, or who have seen, the ship's cabin in peace, with its beautiful ma-

hogany trimmings, the elaborate rugs and hangings, to know just how the temporary home of this home-lover looked. The mahogany linings and decorations were ripped out, and in their place were the lead-colored bulwarks and the steel-plate lining. The rugs and the portières were gone. The little silk curtains at the port-holes were missing, and in their places were rope nettings to keep the splinters from flying, and steel covers to keep shells from entering. The only bit of furniture left in the big cabin was the round table and a couple of chairs. The breeches of two big five-inch guns swung into this cabin, and in the little cabin adjoining, sometimes used as a sort of second drawing-room, the breeches of two six-pounders rested. And when a battle-call was sounded, barefooted, shirtless men would stream into the cabins and take possession of these guns, the ammunition carriages would roll in the heavy shells and ammunition cases, and the admiral's home would be converted into a veritable pandemonium. Just off one side of this general reception-room, which in times of peace is undoubtedly very attractive and pretty, was the one little spot which had some semblance of the real *terra firma* home. Here was the little brass bedstead, with snowy white linen and coverlet, a skin rug on the floor, a cheval glass and dresser in mahogany, and separated from this room by an attractive portière, a perfectly appointed little bathroom.

Beside the bed in the admiral's private cabin stood a tiny table, and here and on the dresser and walls were the souvenirs of his home and family; photographs of his wife and children, of his daughter's country place, where they had all spent so many delightful hours; a few choice books—for the admiral is a constant reader and a fine linguist, so that literature of various countries was continually at hand—and a few little treasures, such as are always deemed necessary to man's comfort and happiness by the women who love him.

It was in the big cabin where the



ADMIRAL SCHLEY AND HIS GRANDSON

admiral dined, and here in solitary state, with the grim implements of war surrounding him, and alone, as naval etiquette demands, unless some officers from another ship and of equal rank should come aboard, his personal servants waited upon him.

I saw him just before he started for the South American station after the war, and his quarters on the cruiser Chicago were certainly much pleasanter than those he had had during the war aboard the Brooklyn. The cabin was prettily adorned, very much as a drawing-room would have been in a small private house, except that it was arranged so as to be used both as a dining-room and a drawing-room. The woodwork was in carved mahogany; the bedroom and bathroom were in white enamel. The cushioned settles in the bedroom were in light blue velours, and those in the mahogany cabin in a deep, warm red. Beautiful rugs, handsome pictures, and rich hangings made it cozy and homelike. There

were no guns in this cabin, and electric lights, veiled in soft-colored silks, shed a soft radiance over the compartments. There were electric fans to make it tolerable in the southern climate to which he was going, and every modern appliance in the store-rooms and galleys.

From all this the admiral has returned. Last summer he spent with his daughter, Mrs. R. G. M. Stuart Wortley, at Saugatuck, Connecticut, in a delightful cottage looking out over the Sound; and if anything were needed to demonstrate that this man, adored by the people, is a home-lover, it would be to see him on the porch or on the lawn of this house, playing with his little grandson, or in the drawing-room on a rainy day, contentedly enjoying a book.

It may be said that Mrs. Wortley's cottage is, up to this time, the admiral's only real home since the delightful boyhood days spent in the old homestead near Fredericksburg. Yet, as I have before said, in all the days that have



ADMIRAL SOHLEY AT SAUGATUCK, CONNECTICUT

intervened, he has naturally accumulated the things that will make his house the house beautiful, for, build as we may, pay as we will for decorations and decorators, that home only is complete which has within it the things which mark the passage of years, and especially the successes which we have made. And in the latter, Admiral Schley is especially

rich, for the list includes swords of honor, medals galore, watches from admiring constituencies, souvenirs of his many battles, photographs, paintings and engravings of notable events in his notable career, and book after book of priceless letters of commendation from citizens, states, and municipalities.

THE ARCHITECT IN FICTION

BY A. E. STREET

THE public, as represented by the writers who cater for it, declines to take architects at their own valuation. This may be due in part to that honorable backwardness in the parade of their virtues which distinguishes the upper orders of the craft. It is the weaker brethren who fill the eye and come naturally to be accepted as representative of their betters; but the truth is that vice has an attractiveness which is denied to mere humdrum well-doing, and appeals irresistibly to the love of the picturesque in the man of letters.

The time-honored figure of Pecksniff is a case in point. As complete an artist in his own line as Michael Angelo or Count Fosco, the most strait-laced among us feels the charm of his personality, and would not have it abated by a jot; our only regret is that we have to share his reflected infamy with the land-surveyors, for, though it is true that his brass-plate bore nothing but the simple words "Pecksniff, Architect," his cards, as Dickens tells us, had the added legend, "and Land-surveyor," and the moral obliquities which are so dear to us belong to them equally with ourselves.

Pecksniff, as every one will remember, confined himself strictly to the development of one side of architectural craft; of architecture as a mere business he recked nothing, and he would have known exactly how to regard those who debate the futile question whether it is a profession or an art. He would have

pitied even more than he contemned them. His bitterest enemy could not have called him a professional man unless it was because he made professions which he did not carry out. He kept no ghost to take the burden of work off his shoulders; he had never even stooped to undertake any so far as was known, but in the exploitation of pupils even to so small a detail as the absorption of all silver-mounted instruments, in the sympathetic recognition of the inexhaustible possibilities of Salisbury Cathedral, in the minute portrayal of which building a long succession of young gentlemen had spent years of fruitful pupilage, in these respects he was greatness itself. His scope was narrow, however, and to this extent Dickens was merciful; he left the larger part of the architectural field untouched. So far as he was concerned, architects in their other relations might have been immaculate, but if the public wanted undeceiving on this point, others have been very ready to do it.

Daudet, for instance, in "L'Immortel," gives us quite a different type. This is the young man of fashion, the boulevardier Paul Astier, whose notorious indifference and idleness at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts did not prevent his displaying skill, sympathy, and imagination in his work. His ghost was a certain sculptor who was rich in all that Astier wanted, and Astier wanted much. He was in fact a cold, calculating miscreant and an architect. Fatal conjunction!

Then there is, of course, the Restoration fiend, for whom the brilliant M. Anatole France is responsible. M. Quatrebarbe, "diocesan architect, pupil of Viollet-le-Duc," the victim of many a barbed shaft at the hands of his creator, is the offender. To him enters a certain Baron, who puts into his hands the restoration of his castle, a building marked at once by dignity and charm, and only asking to be preserved from further decay. M. Quatrebarbe "took out all the old stones, and replaced them by new." This is an unkind cut, but perhaps M. France knows Pierrefonds.

The catalogue of crime might be prolonged indefinitely. The jaded professional man in one of those rare moments when the old Adam is too strong for him picks up a casual novel from the table, and a minute later his cheek is smarting under the lash. The clever author of "John-a-Dreams," for instance, *à propos de bottes*, provides one of these little surprises. Here is the passage. "The loving work and prayer of generations had been put into the cathedral which furnished the model. The copy had been done in a hurry. The architect had made money; the contractor had made a good deal of money. The work had been scamped." Your architect is a shady fellow and his peccadillos are legion, but it is not quite clear of what crime Mr. Sturgis accuses him. His task had been to boil down a Continental cathedral into a cheap town church. To have undertaken the solution of this problem at all shows that he was not a man to strain at gnats. If the "copy was done in a hurry," it was no doubt because the client, as his manner is, wanted to eliminate time. If he made money—well! even architects, perhaps mistakenly, think it necessary to support life. If collusion with the contractor is suggested, it may charitably be ascribed to brain exhaustion. Disraeli suggested that an architect wanted shooting occasionally, and death is indeed better than vilification. Kill us; but spare, oh spare, our characters!

In one book only so far as the present

writer knows does an author show us an architect's sunny as well as his shady side. This is Mr. Thomas Hardy's delightful "A Laodicean." The hero, George Somerset, for an architect is actually cast for the part of *jeune premier*, is a student of a somewhat dilettante type. We find him sketching and measuring the half-ruined castle of a young and attractive heiress, and growing every day more engrossed in his double pursuit. The lady is ambitious of rebuilding the ruined wing of the castle, and has informally confided the work to the local man, a Mr. Havill, who combines architecture with other kindred pursuits. Havill meets Somerset at lunch, and some excellent fooling ensues. Havill's ignorance of dates and styles lands him in morasses into which Somerset is cruel enough to thrust him deeper. The lady, who has been much impressed by the latter's erudition, begs him to undertake the work himself. Professional etiquette forbids, but he suggests a competition between Havill and himself, to be decided by three assessors nominated by the Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects from their body. The lady finds the plan delightful, and the rivals buckle to their work. Havill feels that the battle is lost before it is begun, and is advised by the villain of the piece to consult Somerset's plans, which is not difficult, as they are in an office in the castle. Havill yields, sees the masterliness of Somerset's conception, applauds, and makes it his own. The plans are sent in, and the assessors, wily as the serpent or innocent as the dove, declare themselves unable to separate the competitors. "The plans are singularly equal and singularly good." Singularly indeed! Later on, when Somerset, who has completed a considerable part of the work, retires and is succeeded by Havill, the latter is not incommoded in the least by having to reconcile Somerset's plan with his own. The competition by many men is relegated to the obscurity of their pet Inferno, and in such an instance would deserve its fate.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

BORN 1815; DIED 1875

BY JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

Class Lecturer on the Collections of the Art Institute of Chicago

IN France this artist is called "Millet de Barbizon." In America we distinguish him by the title "Millet of the Angelus." It is quite probable, however, that his best known picture is not the finest work of his life. "The School of Barbizon," a term familiar to all, shares with the other appellation, "The School of 1830," the right to distinguish a group of painters which created a revolution in the art of France. Barbizon is the name of a village on the borders of the forest of Fontainebleau, about two hours by rail to the south of Paris, where some of these artists lived in quiet communion with a very beautiful and unspoiled stretch of Mother Earth, and painted pictures of the landscape, or of the simple peasants tilling the soil thereabouts. The fresh minds of these men evolved a rugged art which was not of the sort then in vogue. They overthrew formalism in a large measure, and despised the soulless polish of the then accepted school.

In 1830, Diaz was twenty-three years old; Troyon was twenty; Rousseau was eighteen; Jules Dupré was eighteen; Millet was fifteen; Daubigny was thirteen. None of these talented men, who exerted such an influence, had the peculiarities of temperament and genius which made Millet the most marked of the coterie.

All French artists admit that the Englishman, Constable (1776-1836)—a very original man who practiced his landscape art for a term of years in France—was the father of the Barbizon school. An old-fashioned historian, Spooner, says of him, "His pictures are in a very peculiar style, and must be considered as the production of an eccentric artist, who rejected all the usages of the best masters." Thus must original genius forever fight for the right to ignore the traditions of the respectables, and thus

will respectability forever be the enemy of spontaneity. It was the entrenched army of "respectables" which fought Millet and the others of his ilk at the annual salon for many years. His art was counted unworthy because it had not on that wedding garment suited to the formalities of the aristocratic home of art. It is an old story, this one of the chaining of Genius to the car of Good Form; one that has been told over and over since Egypt first began to give us history.

Constable was never quite appreciated in his own country, but the wide-awake youth of France quickly saw his genius and commenced to follow his lead, which eventually produced the movement we are considering. Constable painted real light and its reflections, real air and the wind that its movement made. The respectable classicists thought nothing of all this, but strove only to draw beautiful forms and reduce nature to refined proportions. These artificialists were noble artists, but they never by any chance let themselves out. Everything must be ruleful or else it could not be admitted to the select circle of what they called "art."

The expression "School of 1830" finds its *raison d'être* in the revolution of that date which placed Louis Philippe on the throne of France, and opened the movement towards the advancement of the middle classes to a position which made them the patrons of art, instead of the aristocrats exclusively, who demanded the orderly classics already spoken of. But the change was slow, as it usually is in all that pertains to art, so that for a long time the best pupil of David, Ingres, ruled the salon with an unyielding severity which admitted no art but "the art." Landscape-painting was considered as unworthy, and pictures of ordinary domestic life (*genre painting*)

were held in contempt. One of these orderly artists wrote to his fellow-classicists, "These men actually paint as their fancy dictates."

In 1824 Constable and Bonington, with other English landscape-painters, held an important exhibition in Paris, and stirred up much discussion and opposition. This was the entering wedge, and it needed an invasion of foreigners to break through the hard crust of the established usage and let in a little of the water of life. Decamps (1803-1860) felt the freshness, as he was a man of great ability who had little feeling for the beautiful hardness of Ingres and his clique, who reduced people and costumes to the texture of carved ivory, and attitudes to the pose of Greek statues. Decamps was a painter of light for the sake of light itself. He had the sense of grace, but not of formalism. He fought a long time for his rights, but at last surrendered to Ingres and attempted to make classical pictures with the result that he lived to detest his own painting and died a soured man. He was not without honors either, because his talent was great. He once said to Millet, who was tranquilly enjoying his poverty and his liberty down in the village of Barbizon far from the turmoil, "How lucky you are, Millet; you can do just as you please."

These were the conditions which confronted the little group of rebels, whose names have been stated, as they grew up from youth to manhood, and formed what we know as the Barbizon school.

But we must step back again and study a bit of history in order to more fully understand the situation. David was the court painter of Napoleon I. He was a Tzar, and a man of genius gone wrong. His figures were all tinted marble statues. Every one else had to make the same sort of cold correctness, or go without honors, as David ruled the art world. He had a pupil and a young competitor who in turn came to power. Ingres, already spoken of, was the conforming pupil, and Delacroix was the competitor. Delacroix would not make

statues in paint, even to please David, but insisted upon abundant action and the use of all the color his feelings dictated. He was a romantic painter, not a dry and elegant classicist. Another young artist, about the same age and like minded, was Delaroche.

When the young man, Millet, came to Paris, he went to the studio of Delaroche, who was a popular instructor, as a student, because Ingres's style offended his sense of the fitness of things. But his stay here was not long either. His was a very peculiar genius, not easily fitted to any existing conditions. Millet found more suitable surroundings in another studio where there was a model posing, but no special criticism, and he worked sufficiently long here to discipline himself in drawing, though he loved better to spend his hours in the Louvre galleries and in the reading-room of the library of St. Genevieve. It must not be imagined that he came to Paris in total ignorance of his art; already in his native province he had received much schooling.

Millet was not as other men are. Had he never painted a picture, his genius would have shone forth in some form. Timid and sensitive, fearing criticism, but still courageous to obstinacy, he was an example of that force and freshness which the children of the soil often manifest, that which has so many times saved nations in hours of great peril.

He was religiously brought up, but that does not signify as much as some would have us believe, because all youths of his province were similarly trained. From earliest boyhood his mind was peculiar; alert to all impressions of the true, the beautiful, and the good. It is needless to say that at the earliest moment he used a pencil so well that all wondered, because all artistic talent shows forth very early. But it was wonderful that he should, as a small boy, so admire all beautiful and noble things, and that he should learn Latin from the parish priest when all the other boys were amusing themselves. When quite young, he read his Virgil and



THE SOWER—MILLET

other serious books, learned to write like an educated man, without any mistakes in spelling, a very remarkable circumstance for a peasant. When he arrived in Paris, and examined the flood of pictures with which the city was inundated, he found almost every one of them insincere. This verdant boy, nearly beside himself with homesickness, could not endure the tyranny of the artistic formulas insisted upon by masters and fellow-students, and he shrank from ridicule like a girl.

He was only fairly well equipped in the matter of technique, and never was better than an amateur dauber in the estimation of the highly trained artists who had submitted to years of drill. In truth, his technique is only enduring because so well expressing the man's individuality, and so flavored with the soil from which he sprang. Even the painters least inclined to follow the dictates of the ivory-texture painters looked askance at this man of untidy habits and called his work "dirty." No wonder that the salon jury turned him down, the more so as he drew so clumsily, and insisted on giving them those lumpy peasants, instead of the beautiful and graceful figures which alone were considered worthy to be called "art." Also, we must remember that it is from the revolution that these Barbizon men created, that we, at this day, have acquired a fondness for the rude handling now so common, which certainly gives life and vibration where was once only fine mechanical finish. We love it now, because we have discovered its worth. Millet was looked upon as a low-down painter of *genre*, something not to be forgiven, as all the art had to be aristocratic and stilted.

Millet was not a "naturalist"; he never made a figure with that peculiar feeling for the exact movement so often found in the works of the Spanish painters, and in many another's since. He looked about at people in motion, and caught the action fairly well, but far from accurately. Probably more exactness would have been a detriment, de-

tracting from that spiritual grandeur, the glory of his art. "Cleverness" would not have been good in one of those rude poems of pastoral pathos. That dark figure which strides across the plowed field at dawn, and sows the seed which the fowls may devour before it germinates, would not be bettered by "good painting." That story of faith in the God of quickening showers is better told in a few simple blotches, not too much worked over.

His famous "Angelus" gives us two figures that scarcely would bear the criticism of the schoolman, but the very stiffness adds to their dignity. Had the attitudes been more elastic, and the clothes properly wrinkled, some monumental qualities might have escaped us. There is a fine glow of light in the picture, which seems to permeate every part, and it is a superb example of the art of picture-making—of creating an effect of great space on a small canvas. It is pretty safe to assert that the "Gleaners" is the best painting that Millet ever made; that is, judging from the point of view of simple picture-making.

It has been declared (and disputed) that Millet's best work is to be found in his loose and simple charcoal and crayon drawings retouched with pastel. In my own judgment this is true. He was too bad a technician in oils to secure mystery without overworking his paint, but in this slight medium his thought was quickly set down, his labor light, and that suggestiveness which is the soul of his effect an inevitable result. There is something exquisitely refined in these slight drawings, which escapes in his oils. The "Angelus" is a literary picture—somewhat; it is saved from the usual maledictions hurled at "story pictures" because so delicately managed in the matter of anecdote. He only hints at the moral, not insisting too much. All his art is like that—suggestive rather than forced.

Every one knows that Millet painted nudes in the early part of his career. He had not found his vocation, and did what he thought would bring the neces-

sary bread to his family. I have seen some of those nudes; they are not the ivory dolls usually considered the proper thing, but real nude women posed in the open air in some garden, as the habit is in France. Nothing could be more subtle than the true lights of the sky on the flesh, the easy naturalness of the positions, and the extraordinary innocence of the whole effect. No painter whom I can remember has done anything more lovable, none so free from affectations. I wish that he had never ceased to make them. That story of his standing on the street and hearing some one say that Millet painted only nudes—the remark which hurt his feelings—is only an illustration of the character of the man. He was always touchy about implied criticism, and many of the events of his life were shaped by little circumstances like that. The French do not look upon nude pictures as we Americans do. It was only the sting of an implied fault which drove him out of his position, and made him resolve no more to paint nudes. It does show forth the nobility of his character, inasmuch as all sensitiveness as to right doing is an evidence of largeness of soul. His prompt resolution to get out of something that might possibly be a bad business revealed the manner of man that he was.

It is needless to tell that Millet was born on a little farm in the north of France; that he grubbed, sweat, and learned Latin until he was a man grown; or that he studied with various minor painters, made portraits, and secured a good deal of local reputation before going to Paris. Every one knows these

things, and every one knows that he was so poor that he went down to Barbizon for economy's sake, intending to stay a little while. He painted peasants because they were cheap models. As the months passed by, the subjects pleased him, because he was a peasant and felt the poetry of the life about him—felt the pathos of the toiler's lot. Gay and frivolous Paris was not for such severe and innocent men as he. A lover of the soil, he remained innocent to the end of his life, and as sincere as the rocks of the forest, as free as its air and sunshine.

Though little thought of by the multitude, there was always a small company of men who appreciated his greatness and sounded his praise. Fortunately the good man lived to see his own justification, and to taste the sweets of a universal appreciation. Poverty fled from his hearth as old age made the chimney-corner a necessity. Do not bewail the fate which made him wait patiently all those years, in poverty, the coming of the glory. It is enough that this son of the spirit world, unlike the multitude, had the opportunity to live in the land of dreams all his life, and to enjoy to his fill the outpourings of his own noble soul. How dare any man try to be an artist who is not willing to be one for art's own sake.

So Millet died, and his admirers caused the similitude of his handsome peasant face to be cut in the side of a forest boulder, cheek to cheek with Rousseau's, his lifelong comrade, and the picture dealers at once mounted the price of his works to unheard-of figures.



SOME WESTERN BOOK-PLATES

BY CHARLOTTE WHITCOMB

THE book-plates most highly valued to day by American collectors are those produced before and during the Revolutionary War. Prominent families of the south, as well as of New England, used these labels denoting book ownership, but the northern plates, while inferior to those imported from London by the southerners, are of greater interest than the latter, because they are examples of native skill both in engraving and in copper-plate printing.

Book-plates signed by Hurd, Thomas Johnson, Turner, Dawkins, the elder Maverick, or Paul Revere, of Revolutionary fame, are veritable treasures to any collector. Some of them show little originality in design; many when compared with the work of the English artisans seem crude in execution, but because they are comparatively few in

number, and therefore rare, and because they are examples of the taste and workmanship of our



HENRY PRESTON CHILD



forebears, they have come to be of great value.

Though the south and New England have taken the lead in making and using book-plates, the west, with characteristic push and energy, is making up for lost time.

There are now but few important cities west of Chicago without local designers and engravers; and the book-plate, or to use the more distinctive term, the ex libris, is becoming each succeeding year more in evidence.

Believing that the time may come when these first works shall, like the early plates of New England, have a more than intrinsic value, we add a brief chapter to the existing literature of ex libris to show examples of work done by western designers and engravers.

Young as are the cities represented—Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, and Lawrence—the designers and engravers whose work is reproduced are western either by birth or education. Several are women who are doing serious work





as professional artist-artisans.

In Minneapolis, Miss Mary Moulton Cheney finds great pleasure in this branch of design. She is an advocate of simplicity, but her

The plate of Miss Harrison was designed by Miss Hope McDonald and is chaste and beautiful, while the design on the Dailey plate, by Miss Elizabeth Chant, who has



work shows much originality and strength. The Cohen plate is interesting. The word "Cohen" signifies priest, or rabbi, and the design shows the hands in the form of the Jewish benediction. The Semple plates designed by her are very appro-



much originality in her designs, is very clever.

In Kansas City the books in at least five private libraries are marked by ex libris. Mr. Child says, concerning his mark, that he did not try to originate



priate for the books of a university man and a college girl. The Langdon plate is also by Miss Cheney.

Miss Margaret Heisser has made some excellent designs. Her own plate, showing the Egyptian scarab, is in colors and is a very interesting bit of work.

one, but simply adopted the coat of arms of the first Child families who immigrated to this country, adding his name.

Another advocate of simplicity in design is Miss Mary E. J. Colter, of St. Paul. Her work





has also the charm of purity and freshness, while the accompanying mottoes show care and fitness in selection. The work of this designer received merited praise at the re-

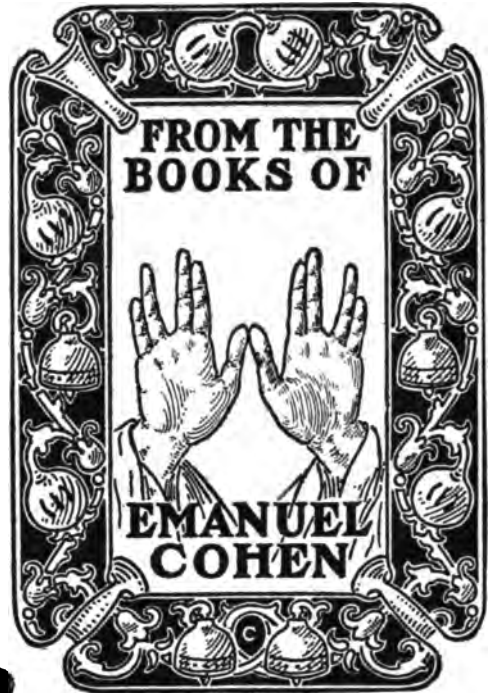
cent exhibition of the Minneapolis Arts and Crafts Society.

Dr. Arthur W. Clark, of Lawrence, is an enthusiastic collector of ex libris, and really a clever designer, though he does the work for his friends only, and as a pastime. The Flint and the Macomb plates are his, as are several others which will be seen to bear his initials. Dr. Clark's own plate has a unique design and a suggestive motto.

The Willis plate is a good example of the picture plate, and the motto is in keeping



Paul Beresford's



with the design. The plate with the French motto is printed in red and black, and its simplicity is very attractive. The play upon words is lost in translation, but it may be put into English rhyme thus:

Without money—with-
out care,
This is passport every-
where.

This brief paper does not claim to show the possessions of the west in ex libris, but to represent fairly the work of western designers and engravers for western collectors.



Alfred W. Kennedy.

TABLE-LINEN*

BY ELLEN JUDITH GOULD

TWO causes, most unlikely to change, tend to make the production of good table-linen in the United States impossible: the high price of labor and our unfavorable climate. For the flax, to be well adapted to this purpose, must grow in a climate moist and cool, and be manipulated by a peasant class content to labor unceasingly, live sparingly, and be but ill rewarded for its pains. While the American farming class in rainy weather has few practical resources for manual occupation, the Russian peasant can at least set the spinning-wheel in motion, and weave the Russian crash dear to the thrifty housewife desirous of a well-

*The publishers wish to acknowledge the courtesy of Messrs. Marshall Field & Company in furnishing the illustrations for this article.

stocked butler's pantry. Nothing is so excellent for wiping dishes, yet the cost of production with that of placing it in our market must not greatly exceed that of the perishable American stuff.

We have as yet no national pride in the production of artistic linens. France is without a peer in this respect; for while Holland produces the best flax, and her spinners, working in damp cellars, weave a lace thread so fine that it cannot be spun except by an exquisite sense of touch, France adds to her general excellence in these purely mechanical details an artistic fitness in designing which places her linen manufactures in the very front rank of the world's produce. But she must still pay tribute to Flanders, for though her choicest designs are works of art copied from her own beau-

tiful satins and brocades, her best workmen are her Flemish inhabitants. The Low Countries produce comparatively little linen, but that of very good quality. Scotland is no mean rival, while Bavarian flax is well known, and Saxony can show excellent examples of hand-made linen. That decorated with Slavian lace, the work of the peasants, is one of the most interesting sorts shown in the shops, very durable and of rich artistic design.

The history of the linen industry in Ireland has about it something both pathetic and irritating. The Irish soil and climate are such that no better linen can be produced



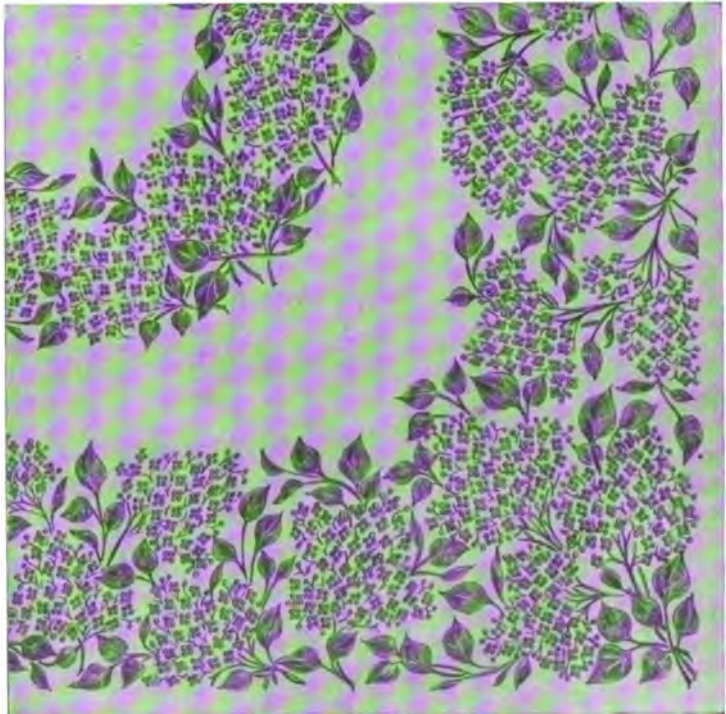
THE THISTLE DESIGN

than from their bogs and fogs. No longer than half a century ago Ireland held her own among the nations making the term "Irish linen" synonymous with perfection in the art. But when the manufacture of cotton became so extensive that it inevitably competed with linen as a textile for both personal and household use, the Irish producers, far from being stimulated to further effort, at once gave up the fight, ceased to grow flax or weave with their former vigor, complaining that the industry no longer paid. There are now large districts in Ireland running to waste which are so perfectly adapted to the growth of flax that it is estimated they would yield nearly a thousand dollars per acre if scientifically brought under cultivation; yet not enough flax is now grown in Ireland to keep the mills of Dublin alone in motion.

In the palmy days of the linen industry in Ireland—the days of handicraft—the French influence was felt in its development through the emigration of French settlers to certain parts of the country. One of these who settled west of Belfast is especially noted for the effect of his taste and skill on all the country round about. The tradition of his taste yet lingers in the district, and it requires but a little stretch of the imagination to conclude that the union of the fleur-de-lis and shamrock, which forms one of the most popular designs on embroidered Irish linens of to-day, is more or less traceable to similar influences.

In out-of-the-way corners of Ireland may still be found artisans, "unspotted by the world," whose flax is actually rotted by submersion in a bog, the action of whose soft water is to separate the useful fiber from the woody waste part, whose bleaching is done with patient watchfulness upon some verdant bleaching lawn, and whose scutching or cleaning is a slow, hand process, followed by a laborious drawing of the prepared fiber over combs of different degrees of coarseness, known as heckling. Next the spinners, working in some dark corner of the thatched cottage, draw out threads of varying fineness, and the weavers complete a process whose result is incomparably superior to even the best of the machine-made linens.

But deleterious chemicals and the hum of machinery have replaced all this in most parts of the manufacturing world—dry spinning for the coarser and wet spinning for the finer sorts of linen.



LILAC

The latter is accomplished by the use of hot water during the spinning process. It is inevitable that even Russia, which produces by far the greatest quantity of raw material now in use, should soon feel, with the invasion of railroads, the competition of cotton and of machinery. It is the melancholy history of such competition that the home industry flags for a time, but it is surely to be hoped that the national struggle for commercial supremacy which opens the century may make for the improvement rather than the deterioration of table-linen.

In the United States the climate and soil are such that flax is chiefly grown for seed. It is said that our excessive heat ripens the flax too suddenly for the fiber; that the soil, which must be dry and loamy, yet not too dry, is not right; that the water needed in the process is, in this country, unfit for use. Yet, with the characteristic enterprise of the nation taken into account, it is not impossible that these unfavorable conditions may be overcome. From the artistic standpoint, the subject of good American table-linen has already been approached. We have a growing influence in the right direction in the various schools of design throughout the country. These not only develop the public taste, but educate skilful designers. Miss Glenrose Bell, for example, designing table-linen exclusively for one establishment, shows artistic qualities of a high order. Though most foreign manufacturers employ their own designers, the accompanying illustrations are of designs by Miss Bell, two of which are not yet upon the market.

The Deerfield, Massachusetts, blue-and-white linens, copying the patterns of colonial ware in conventional design, and executed under the auspices of the Deerfield Arts and Crafts Society, have already been noticed in these columns. Their effect in the development of taste is not easily estimated. Not only does the society employ for its embroidery the idle moments of the New England women, but the foreigners who have invaded New England have also been

pressed into the service, and the demand for these linens is widespread. The embroidery thread is dyed at Deerfield. Though the coloring was formerly confined to blue and white, the scheme has recently been varied by the introduction of a shade of pale pink.

There is perhaps no department of housekeeping which appeals so strongly to the householder as that of the linen-press. Surely there is no more certain test of the taste of the mistress, and also be it whispered of the purse of the master, than the beauty and quality of the table-linen. For excellence of design and absolute spotlessness are secured with difficulty, and the exquisite fineness, which is the only test of durability, is dearly bought. Simplicity works wonders, however, in the appearance of the table, and the purchaser of moderate means, if unable to find choice new patterns in the less expensive qualities, will be wise to confine herself to the perfectly plain linen cloth, whose beauty is in its perfect laundering, or to the conventional stock patterns of fleur-de-lis, snowdrop, or simple bars and checks, which can always be easily replenished, and have the solid merit of being wholly unpretentious.

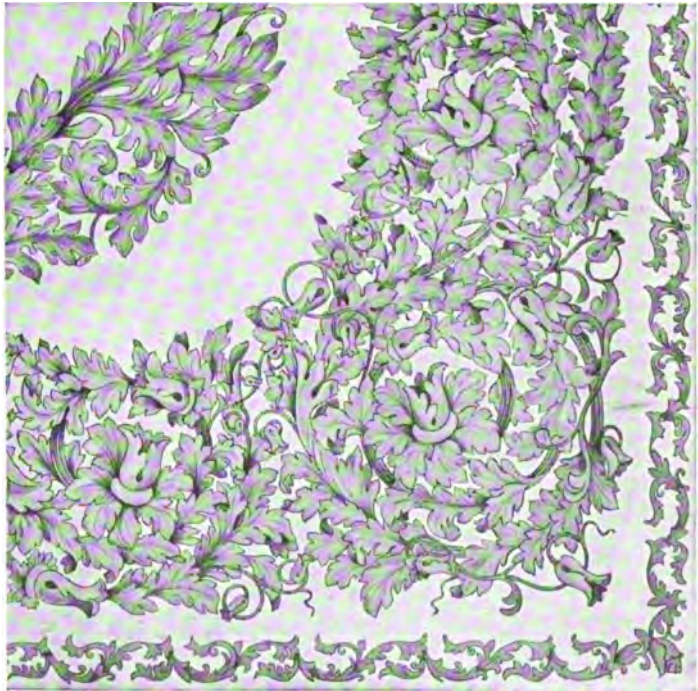
For the fuller purse, yet still not hopelessly costly, there are beautiful patterns of tulips, roses, or carnations, scattered at infrequent intervals or clustered round the border over a plain background. Still more effective, though requiring a larger surface for its development, is a large palm pattern, not the Persian palm, but the raffia, many-fingered leaf. Conventional patterns are usually excellent, but these also can only be seen to good advantage on a long table. Even the most captious taste will find unexceptionable the cloth and napkins of perfectly plain linen with machine, or still better, hand, hemstitched border. This lends itself well to the display of elaborate glass or table ware, or if the latter is not liked, may be relieved of its plainness by any preferred floral decoration. Embroidered cloths are not much in vogue at present, the fashion

only permitting a monogram or crest on the corner of each napkin, with one of larger size near one end of the tablecloth. Let the purchaser beware of fringed cloths, for they are most disappointing after the first few visits to the laundry.

For breakfast, luncheon, and informal teas, the bare table with doilies is often preferred. In summer the effect is especially charming, cool, and dainty, with a desirable air of having been obtained without the expenditure of too much labor. Here, too, the range of choice is wide. The most serviceable patterns have a simple edge of scalloped embroidery relieved on the inner side by rows of embroidered dots, and a simple hemstitching is always good for everyday use. We import from Madeira some charming doilies embroidered in stiletto designs like those on French handkerchiefs, yet those humane persons who object to articles made by poorly paid workmen may be warned off from these by the fact that the pay of the nuns or peasants who produce them rarely exceeds four cents a day. There is indeed something touching in the laborious poverty of which much of our foreign embroidered linen is the outcome. A long scarf, with less style about it than the round centerpiece, yet likely to be chosen by many a conservative dame, represents the combined labors of an entire German family. Its border is hemstitched by one, its design executed by another, the embroidering is accomplished at odd moments by any one who can seize

the time from other duties. The result, though not without the beauty Ruskin designates as an idea of power, the expression of the amount of labor the production cost, is yet a bit pathetic in its lack of unity. The coloring is too various, the stitches too irregular, for artistic beauty.

The Japanese training in the æsthetic sense is nowhere more evident than in the sharp contrast to the German work shown in their table-doilies. It is with regret that one sees in very recent importation of tableware from Japan hideous imitations of German work which show the influence of its cheaper, coarser ideals. Indeed, it is said that money can be so quickly made by catering to this lower German taste that any good piece of Japanese work is likely to be enhanced in value many times within a short term of years. The devout admirer of Japanese embroidery can only pray that its producers may long escape



CORINTHIAN SCROLL

what can only by a stretch of courtesy be called civilization.

At present the doilies show in their rich and dignified designs such typical Japanese flowers as the wistaria, chrysanthemum, and cherry blossom, their workmanship being in silk or linen thread on Chinese linen exquisitely fine. The painstaking labor must have been executed with some degree of love of the work, for the flowers stand out from the linen as if gently laid upon it for pure pleasure in the admirable effect. One or two patterns may be seen from American designs. A rose, showing leaves and stems in an intricate pattern, lacks, when compared with the purely Japanese work, a certain something as subtle and indescribable as the aroma of the flower itself. Old China yet brandishes the cloven hoof of barbarism, for the dragon still rears its head on most

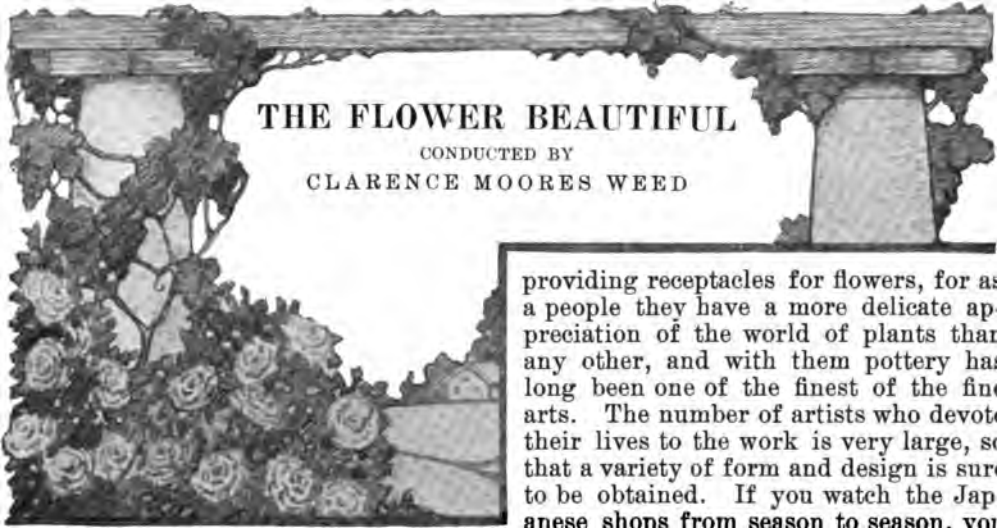
of the few examples of the linen embroiderer's art which reach this country.

However fine the Mexican drawn-work—and most of it is as exquisite as that from Japan—the judicious buyer of such luxuries will do well to consider the Japanese work favorably whatever the difference in price, since it excels the Mexican in durability. Here, too, the Irish crochet compares well with many of the lace-like effects so popular for this purpose. It has, indeed, a certain look of coarseness, yet when closely examined, this is seen to be rather the effect of many close stitches giving weight and flatness when in use; and it has a most serviceable strength. The cloths are nearly always round, and prettier used on a round table, but the square patterns may be found in Irish work if one is willing to spend money for the more expensive torchon lace, which is somewhat daintier, though very strong.

By far the most desirable linen for those with loose purse-strings is Fayal lace, imported from the far-away Azores, whose inhabitants, of mixed Portuguese, Flemish, and negro blood, not only raise flax, but make extensive use of the agave or century-plant fiber. Most of the work is done by women. These squares of finely woven fabric are prepared by drawing out threads near the outer edge so as to produce the effect of a square-meshed net. Into this are darned beautiful designs of a dainty, lace-like character, yet firm and clearly defined.



SCROLL AND GRASSES



THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL

CONDUCTED BY
CLARENCE MOORES WEED

JAPANESE FLOWER JARS

IN previous articles in *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL* I have said that for the effective use of flowers for decorative purposes suitable vases or other receptacles are necessary. And it has already been indicated that such receptacles should be simple and tasteful in themselves, with graceful outlines, and without set ornamentation, except perhaps the simplest of conventional designs. In each case the vase or jar should be appropriate to the particular flowers to be displayed in it, so that the general impression upon the observer will be one of simplicity, symmetry, and harmony.

If one searches the stores of our large cities for flower receptacles of this sort, one is likely to have difficulty in finding what is desired, at least until the Japanese shops are reached. In the best of these, however, one may generally find a considerable variety of vases and jars that serve admirably for flower receptacles. As a rule they are simple in design, with quiet, well-blended coloring, and when decorated, marked only with clearly conventional designs.

It is not strange that the Japanese artists in pottery should thus excel in

providing receptacles for flowers, for as a people they have a more delicate appreciation of the world of plants than any other, and with them pottery has long been one of the finest of the fine arts. The number of artists who devote their lives to the work is very large, so that a variety of form and design is sure to be obtained. If you watch the Japanese shops from season to season, you can always add new sorts of jars to your collection; and this sort of pottery-collecting need not be an expensive luxury if you will limit yourself to the simple things designed for flower receptacles rather than the more elaborate pieces which in themselves are objects of art. Such a collection will also provide you with the opportunity for a liberal education in the art of using flowers for decorative purposes, for when you see how much more attractive blossoms are when displayed in harmonious vases, you will always want to choose just the right one for each sort of flower.

The two paragraphs immediately preceding were written several years ago, and since then, unfortunately, there has been a decided change for the worse in the wares offered by our Japanese shopkeepers. One who has watched with interest the pottery handled by these shops during the last six or eight years cannot have failed to note a decided decadence in its artistic value. It would appear from such observations that at first these shopkeepers catered to a comparatively few Americans, of more or less artistic tastes, who bought at good prices the products of the better craftsmen imbued with the spirit of Japanese art. By these purchases a fashion for

things Japanese was started, which spread among people of less discerning taste, who selected the gaudiest pieces they could find. The canny shop-keepers studied the wishes of their customers, and sent back orders for still more gaudy things. Possibly they sent over, as samples to copy from, some of the "art" from occidental potteries, with many-hued bouquets painted upon impossible vases. Of course the material of this kind could be made by cheaper labor, and consequently could be sold at lower prices, thus greatly increasing the possible patronage of the shops. So the shops increased in numbers and in customers, until auction stores of Japanese goods have become common in the larger cities. In these, Japanese trash of all sorts is sold at very low prices. And the worst feature of the case is, that comparatively few of the more artistic things are now imported, so that it is becoming more and more difficult

for those who wish to purchase such wares to find them. Yet surely this is not wise in the importers. There is a large and

growing class of Americans of sufficiently educated taste to select the better things.

A few years ago a noted English traveler, commenting upon the tendency to cater to European taste, told the Japanese that they would lose their artistic perception, which is perhaps the greatest gift the race has to make to the world, if they persisted in the manufacture of the trash they were at work upon. And doubtless this is, in a large measure, true. But will the fault be theirs? Japan's transition from an agricultural to a manufacturing kingdom necessitates that she sell her wares to the outer world. And perforce she must make the wares that the outer world will buy. If the market demands impossible posies upon preposterous vases, the demand must be met. And so it happens that you see upon the shelves of the shops things which the proprietors will frankly tell you they would not think of using in Japan.

It is easy to see where the trouble lies. The great purchasing public, both in Europe and America, is sadly in need of many lessons upon the beauty of simplicity. And no nation is so well fitted to teach it to us as these same Japanese, with whom a thing, in former days at least,



ASTERS IN A JAPANESE JAR



COMET ASTERS IN AN OROBÉ VASE



YELLOW ASTERS IN A JAPANESE JAR

COSMOS IN AN
IZUMO VASECOMET ASTERS
IN A KISO VASESOLOMON'S SEAL
IN A JAPANESE
VASEJAPANESE TASSEL
ASTERS IN A
JAPANESE JAR

was valued, not for its cost, but for its intrinsic beauty, to whom nothing beautiful was ever commonplace, and in whose art the simplicity of nature has ever been dominant. It is a pity that instead of having their ideas impressed upon us, it should be our fate to impress upon them our barbaric tastes. It is certainly to be hoped that the widespread belief in the value of elementary principles of art as a part of general education, and the very general instruction our youth are receiving in this subject, will lead to a better condition of things in the future.

Most of the Japanese pottery on the American market is named from the province where it was manufactured, but some of it is named from the maker. Among the latter none is more often met with than the Makuza ware, made by Makuza Kozan of Yokohama; it is remarkable for the charming blending of colors and classic simplicity of form. This ware always reminds me of the story of a Japanese potter who spent many years trying to get a certain deli-

cate tint into his vases. Discouraged by repeated failures, he finally threw himself into the furnace. When his sorrowing friends removed the vases then in the oven, they found in them the tint for which the potter so long had striven. One is tempted to believe this story after reading the following paragraphs in "The Yankees of the East," by Mr. W. E. Curtis:

"I have found," writes Mr. Curtis, "in the *Osaka Mainichi* (newspaper) a touching story of one of these impractical geniuses, who, after years of patient effort, has succeeded in producing a new kind of porcelain he calls '*gan-ju-yake*' (jeweled ware). His name is Higuchi Haruzane, and he conceived the idea one day when he was trying to remove a flaw from a piece of ordinary earthenware. A certain brilliant effect that was apparent in this flaw attracted his attention, and suggested that if it could be applied to an entire piece of porcelain it would add another beautiful specimen to the various classes of ceramics. That was in 1882, and from that

time till 1893 he was constantly at work endeavoring to reproduce what had been accidental. One of his most devoted and trusted artists, named Matsuoki, who had worked patiently with him trying to develop the new process, died from a disease that was due to exposure, overwork, and insufficient food, and he himself was reduced to absolute destitution before he accomplished the result he aimed at; but he was finally successful, and the first pieces of any consequence that he produced in perfection were sent to the Chicago Exposition—vases of porcelain, decorated with translucent figures of flowers and birds upon a pure white ground. The diploma from the committee of awards was the first public and official acknowledgment of Mr. Higuchi's success, and when he received it, he went to the cemetery where Matsuoki, his devoted partner, is buried, decorated the grave with flowers, placed a *habachi* before the headstone, with a pastille of the most fragrant incense, and then proceeded to read in loud voice the decision of the committee of awards, so that the spirit of the dead might participate in his triumph."

The Izumo pottery is named from a province, and is one of the kinds oftenest found in our Japanese shops. It is commonly yellow and green in color, and it comes in many forms suitable for flower vases. Such a vase as that in which the double buttercups are shown

herewith is particularly attractive, while a very distinct shape in this same ware may be seen in the photograph of cosmos. This pottery is inexpensive; the vases are attractive in themselves, and serve admirably as flower receptacles. By using yellow flowers with them, as with a display of goldenrod, one gets a charming color harmony. There we have the yellow of the flowers with the

delicate green of the leaves and stems running into the similar green of the upper part of the vase, and then the yellow of the rest of the vase.

The Seto ware is generally to be found in greater variety than is the Izumo. The Seto porcelains are particularly desirable; they are made in a great variety of form and coloring, and considering the quality of the ware, are quite inexpensive. There are many cylindrical jars in this ware that are extremely useful for holding straight-stemmed flowers; one such is pic-



DOUBLE BUTTERCUPS IN AN IZUMO VASE

tured at the beginning of this article.

In general the Orobé vases are made attractive by good form and decorations in simple conventional designs. One of these is shown in the picture of comet asters. Much of the famous Banko pottery is inexpensive and admirably adapted for use with flowers. This is found in a great variety of forms. The Tosa jars are also attractive, with subdued, well-blended color tones, and sometimes with simple conventional designs in relief. And one of the best color tones of all the Japanese ceramics

is found in the gray-green of some of the Kiso jars, one of which is shown in the accompanying pictures.

There are many other sorts of ware which may be found in the Japanese shops. By watching the shelves of these shops, from time to time one is sure to find new and attractive forms which it is a delight to add to one's collection. By studying the famous Morse collection of Japanese pottery, in the Boston Art Museum, one may gain a comprehensive idea of these delightful ceramics, and the admirable catalogue of this collection must remain for a long time the most authoritative book upon the subject.

A word of caution as to selecting this pottery. Always pick out the precise piece you want, and do not let the dealer send you another from his stock. See that there are no nicks or cracks, and that the jar is symmetrical above and below; also that the coloring is just what you desire. There is frequently quite a variation in these points between similar pieces, so that the only safe way is to select each one carefully.

"CONTENT IN A GARDEN"

For many years the home of Celia Thaxter, at the Isles of Shoals, has been a place of pilgrimage for nature-lovers of every sort. During her life, the wonderful personality of the author of "An Island Garden," as well as "Landlocked," "The Sandpiper," and many another lovely poem, drew to Appledore a select company of poets, painters, musicians, and other artists; while since her death thousands have journeyed every year to see the room where these fortunate ones foregathered—the room which has been kept as nearly as possible as it was when Mrs. Thaxter's gracious presence gave it its unique glory. And to every one that comes, I suppose, the picture that is most impressive is that of the wonderful poppy blossoms arranged about the room. "I have never anywhere," writes Mrs. Candace Wheeler, who visited the Thaxter home years ago, "seen such realized possibilities of

color. The fine harmonic sense of the woman and artist and poet thrilled through these long chords of color, and filled the room with an atmosphere which made it seem like a living rainbow. The tops of the low bookcases that filled all the wall space not opened in windows to the sea were massed with her beloved flowers. I remember she told me that at four in the morning, when the sea and sky seemed to be spread for her alone, she was always out gathering them. I like to think of her there—the tall, white figure standing under the sky and beside the sea which laps her much-loved Isles of Shoals, among the flowers, in the early morning, which although bare of humanity, she found full to the brim of the beauty which her soul loved."

And here at Appledore came to Mrs. Wheeler the thought of a garden which should be filled with beauty the season through—the flowers following one another in silent succession, each harmonizing with its neighbors, and furnishing joy to all beholders. This conception she was so fortunate as to realize in her Garden of Content, which lies high on Onteora Mountain, in the Adirondacks. And her exquisite story of its making is full of peace and sweetness and beauty, as books about flowers should always be. She has carried to her garden the heart of a lover and an artist willing to devote thought and time and patience to it, with the full assurance that in due season it will blossom into a realm of living beauty. Her experience should be read by every flower-lover, for every one can surely get some suggestion to carry out in other gardens.

I seldom care to read garden books in summer-time; the garden is so much more interesting, if I may parody John Burroughs's well-known remark about books and birds. But in winter I devour them as eagerly as if they belonged to the hundred-thousand edition of the latest novel. It is a pleasure to compare the garden experience of other people with my own. And when a book comes clad in a delicate green cover, with so

happy a title as "Content in a Garden," with small pages of type, and wide margins made beautiful by pictures of tulips and carnations and violets and apple blossoms, I anticipate a real delight in reading it. And in this case the matter is worthy of its manner of presentation. Who that loves a garden would not respond to the thought in such lines as these:

"During the winter days, when my garden lies lonesome and shrouded with snow on the great white uplands, I remember not alone the sheets of color and the general beauty and brightness, but individual flowers walk in loveliness through my mind, and seem to salute my senses with their fragrance. A certain lavender-colored fleur-de-lis, with an odor of refined orange blossoms and a prodigality of wonderfully grained and textured flower leaf, will often sweep all the intervening days aside, and rise up in my sight as fair a thing, as much a miracle of creation, as it was on the June morning when it first unfolded itself to my eyes. Also, my especial friends, the lilies, are memories by which I test the perfection of some human things, and many that belong to the realm of art.

"Seeing then that the garden is not a thing for summer hours only, but for winter ministrations and enjoyments, we should be glad to give, as proper wage for these blessings, as much study, as much effort toward the perfection of its beauty, as to any other source of permanent happiness."

"Content in a Garden," by Candace Wheeler. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.

Remedy for Mealy-Bugs

People are often troubled by the small, cottony-looking masses of mealy-bugs upon palms and other house-plants. One of the easiest ways to kill these

pests is by means of alcohol applied with a small camel's-hair brush. Keep watch for them, and when one is seen, dip the brush in alcohol and touch the mealy mass. The alcohol will permeate the cottony coating and kill the insects.

Annuals for the Flower-Garden

In January the florists' catalogues come to the home of every flower-lover. Now is the time to decide on the beauties for next summer's show. One must decide for one's self as to which shall be chosen and which neglected. Here is what Professor L. H. Bailey says as to his choice:

"In the selection of the kinds of annuals, one's personal preference must be the guide. Yet there are some groups which may be considered to be standard or general-purpose plants. They are easily grown almost anywhere, and are sure to give satisfaction. The remaining plants are mostly such as have secondary value, or are adapted to particular purposes or uses.

"The groups which most strongly appeal to the writer as staple or general-purpose types are the following: Petunias, phloxes, pinks or dianthus, larkspurs or delphiniums, calliopsis or coreopsis, pot marigold or calendula, bachelor's button or *Centaurea Cyanus*, clarkias, zinnias, marigolds or tagetes, collinsias, gilies, California poppies or eschscholtzias, verbenas, poppies, China asters, sweet peas, nemophilas, portulaccas, silenes, candytufts or iberis, alyssum, stocks or matthiolas, morning-glories, nasturtiums or tropaeolums.

"Annual flowers possess a great advantage over perennials in the fact that they appeal strongly to the desire for experiment. The seeds are sown every year, and there is sufficient element of uncertainty in the results to make the effort interesting; and new combinations can be tried each year."



ARTS AND CRAFTS

BY MADELINE YALE WYNNE.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE CHICAGO ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY

"ATTIC" is to-day printed in large and ornamental type, for out of it are coming good things; this purgatory is yielding back to us the rehabilitated souls of things. There was a time when in an ignominious fashion the spindle-legged sofas, the two-leaved, inlaid card-tables, and even the primly depicted ancestors in garlanded gold frames were toted out of sight. The mode changed, as modes will, and willing feet ran to the attic (to their own and to other people's, too), reverent hands brought down these cast-aways, and the "old duds" became gods to worship. Alas for the mutable laws of beauty!

The Arts and Crafts Society has recently held its annual exhibition in the south attic of the Woman's Temple. The Temple rears its head into the sky, and fortunately there was in use what the Boston woman called the alleviator (the modern contrivance that annihilates vertical spaces); by this the twelfth floor was attained, and after climbing a short flight of stairs one found himself in the midst of good things. An atmosphere of harmony and comradeship among things inanimate inclined the mind at the very threshold to a sympathetic attitude. Old memories were revived and new sensations evolved at seeing the good old-fashioned rag rug adorning the wall. If I remember rightly, when some of us were children these rugs were wont to decorate the floor; however, the balance of things was restored when we saw the cheerful "Sold" bedecking the corners, and we felt that soon they would find their normal level. At the far end of the room the famed rugs made by Miss Marie Little gave a shimmer of greens and yellows which suggested the

Adirondack atmosphere where they first became what they are—delectable hangings.

A row of tiles stood on a narrow ledge, and here it was that a veritable sensation was experienced. These squares of baked clay are delicious things; they are deeply impressed with the design, charmingly colored and composed. "Irregular?" Yes, beautifully so. "Hard to set?" Perhaps, but well worth any labor. "What shall we do with them?" Oh, anything, everything, hang them on the wall; enjoy them first, and utilize them afterwards; just as a note of color, they are their own justification. The architects of Boston have found a setting for them in that new house of Mrs. Jack Gardner's, and there is small doubt but what the west will take them in hand, and so add this, another note, to our scale of beauty. Did some one ask if they were not too highly glazed? Some of them are not glazed at all, some have the waxen surface of the wood Pyrola, others have a deep glaze.

Why must we always be so dominated by the fad of the day? Why try to limit our appreciation to such narrow lines? Is the picture by Monticelli, glowing under its warm varnish, less beautiful because Alexander expresses himself in flat, burlap texture? Must we then either daub with varnish the already beautiful Alexander, or scrape the superb Monticelli in order to have everything come under some imperious, temporary taste? The ivory-textured surface of a Grueby vase will lose none of its charm in contrast beside the glazed mug or tile of Mercer's, made at the Moravian Pottery Works. "For the rose there's always room."

Mr. Bulger has a small exhibit of jars and a lamp of an interesting red, with-

out glaze. The colophons or ciphers, designed by Mr. Frank Hazenplug, have a distinguished simplicity and certitude of design. He also shows the beginning of a rug in black and red; an added interest is given to this by its being still in process on the hand-loom.

Good examples of the enameler's art are shown in the work of Mrs. Florence Koehler, whose delicacy of color-feeling is always dominant. Miss Bertha L. Holden exhibits, among other things, a charming box with a Japanese motif, and Miss Jessie Luther (a new name, and a welcome one in this Society) reveals a clever use of her hammer in the copper bowls and boxes, some of which are enriched with transparent enamels. Miss Mabel Luther also has a good exhibit of copper; the pitcher with the silver lining is particularly attract-

ive. In another vein is the work of Mrs. Isadore P. Taylor. The bowls made of heavy copper or brass are simple and dignified of form, with little or no ornamentation, the slight depression in the metal at the base serving at once as a relief to the eye and as a standard. On the slanting surface of a copper hood, designed for a fireplace, two witches ride their broomsticks. In the glow of the firelight the flickering witches will reveal themselves in an entertaining way. This is the work of Miss Louise Anderson, who has a vein of her own, quite unaffected by other people's way of looking at things crafty.

Deerfield comes bravely into the west, represented by the celebrated blue-and-white embroidery, the rugs, and its varied display of baskets, than which none others are better. Deerfield's dyes



BUCKLES by Mrs. Koehler, Miss Mabel Luther, and Mrs. Wynne; PAPER-KNIFE AND BUTTONS by Mrs. Koehler; NECKLACE WITH PENDANT by Miss Holden; PENDANT by Mrs. Wynne

are of vegetable origin, and by this ye shall know them, even to the third and fourth generation. Basketry is the coming industry; it is alike for the hamlet, the school, and for the filling of the idle hour of all craft-loving people. Deerfield has by no means the monopoly on baskets this year; Chicago shows many and good ones. There is an interesting unlikeness in basket work; not only do the stitches vary in their adaptation



CHEST by Mr. Durham; BASKETS from Deerfield and Chicago

to the end in view, but the same stitches take a kink of originality; those done by the Normal Department of the School of Education are thoroughly good, as is the work of the Chicago Squaws, which, for want of some better name, we must call the handful of basket-makers who send in the otherwise nameless exhibit.

Particularly pleasing are the baskets made of bulrushes; slight things these are if measured by a commercial standard, but as indications of the feeling that prompts the true craftsman to use the things that are at hand, these little green-gray, woven things are most significant. Names attach themselves to baskets. Here is an Autumn Dawn, a Blueberry, a Rose Garden, a Dryad's basket, a Geranium, and other conceits that doubly recommend the already alluring baskets. Sedges, swale, the marsh-grasses, and all slender, long-fibered things that grow in quiet places are material for the weavers; and not alone is a basket produced, but the

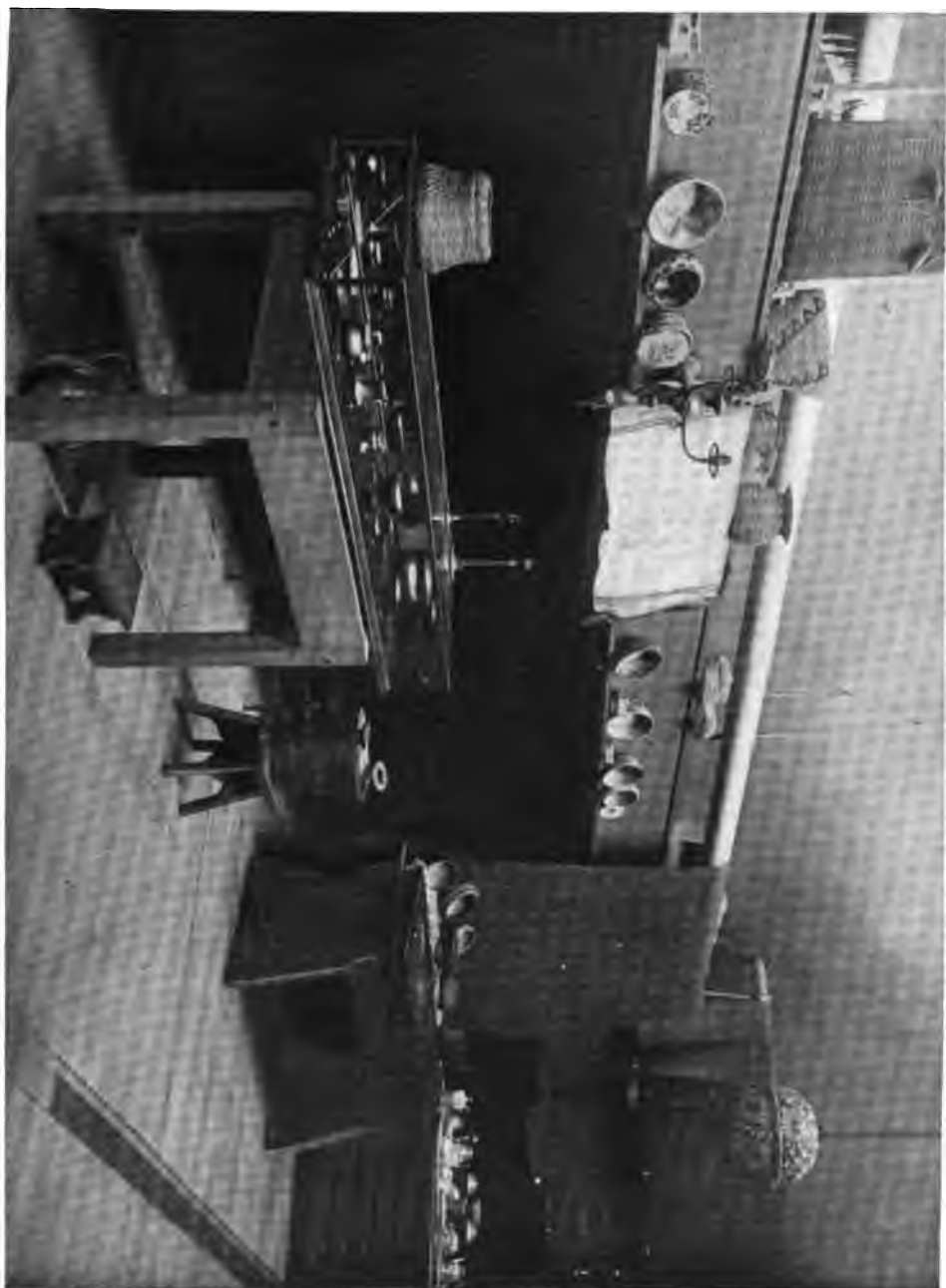
maker has come, in the making, nearer to those vital things that money cannot buy nor time destroy.

A bride's chest, made after the fashion of one that is two hundred years old, comes from the hands of Dr. Edwin C. Thorn. This chest has an integrity of make that will endear it to all craft-lovers; not a nail, a screw, or a bit of glue has been used in the construction (except the wrought-iron nails that hold the wrought-iron hinges in place and those that hold the cleats of the drawer). To one who knows the modern construction of wooden chests, this old-fashioned, honest, and appropriate fashioning has peculiar attractions, and guarantees a permanent usefulness; decrepitude will never overtake this bride's chest, whatever time has in store for the bride. A chest, designed and executed by P. W. Durham, from La Porte, Indiana, is more modern in its conception, but of good workmanship and of serviceable proportions.

It is worth noticing that the Crafts



TILES by Mr. Henry C. Mercer; SQUARE CUP AND VASE by Mr. Mercer; JUGS by Mr. Bulger



THE SOUTH ALTAR OF THE TEMPLE



PANELS by Mr. Duncan; BAG OF OLD PERSIAN EMBROIDERY by Mrs. Wynne; CANDLESTICKS by Mr. Steele; BOWL AND PITCHER by Misses Luther; BOXES by the Atlan Club; PANEL IN ENAMEL by Mrs. Koehler

Society accepts such examples of hand-work as are artistically designed and honestly carried out regardless of any narrow scheme. The coat of Chinese satin and embroidery is a thoughtful and pleasing example of design applied to wearing apparel.

The showing of the Atlan Club is, as always, marked by a neat workmanship and reticent design. A case of books bound and tooled by hand is worth a careful study. Miss Ellen Gates Starr has attained a high standard in her bindings, and is in no inadequate fashion educating both pupils and the public. Mr. Peter Verburg is a promising follower in her footsteps, and shows bindings of his own designing and execution. Miss Mary E. Bulkley has clothed some of the English poets in a charming garb, rounding out an altogether satisfactory exhibit.

Around the attic walls is hung a series of illuminations illustrating the old and ever-bewitching "fairy stories. Mrs. Lucy Fitch Perkins brings to the work a delicate and spontaneous imagination, and awakens, even in the second childhood, a desire to live again through the age when fairies were the only real things in life.

Mr. John Duncan shows two panels, harmoniously colored and full of motion. Some embroidered panels, delicately wrought in silks by Miss Waite, are also designed by Mr. Duncan, and are likely to provoke a lively discussion on composition. Discussions are eminently healthy; and one of the benefits arising from these admirable Arts and Crafts Exhibitions is the awakening of the critical faculty, accompanied by the desire to put into material form the things that are begotten of a trained imagination.

NEW FEATURES IN FRENCH HOUSES

BY LA FORGUE

IN Paris, the last ten years have shown a reaction from a long-continued tendency to insipid uniformity in architecture, the result of a wholesale demolition and reconstruction of the city on a set plan, projected and partly carried out during the third empire.

Till about thirty years ago the central parts of the town were encumbered by dark masses of old buildings, and in those quarters, streets often wound their way irregularly up and down hill, so that when the new opera-house was constructed, quite a mountain had to be removed in front of it to allow the theater to communicate on level ground with the Palais-Royal and the Tuileries. Under Napoleon III., who did so much for the embellishment of the capital, an architectural style developed, representing the epoch of his reign, the character of which was strong enough to exercise its influence occasionally even in England.

It is now about forty years ago that a project was most carefully elaborated on a large scale. All new avenues and thoroughfares deemed necessary or convenient to construct were traced on a large map, and the work of demolishing the old Paris began. Political events have not interrupted this work, and the town council yearly devotes some millions to the expropriation of private property so as to be able to rebuild large tracts at once. At first, when these operations began, private speculators got hold of the work, and these were encouraged by the imperial government, to whose interest it was to see things proceed promptly. Quickness and cheapness thus became the economical principle which pervaded the whole work of reconstruction, and uniformity was the result. Under the republic, the first twenty years were full of uncertainty, and therefore had little influence on artistic production,

particularly where private enterprise was concerned. Later on, however, the acts passed in favor of a largely spread public education gave a great impetus to enterprise. Public schools had to be built in all quarters—often they were simply wooden barracks, though largely and comfortably installed. Then the plan ripened, and whenever the building of a new high-school was undertaken, the architect received instructions to give the edifice a highly monumental and æsthetic character. The University of Paris—the world-famed Sorbonne, focus of the equally celebrated Latin Quarter—is the most important work of this order. It had its resurrection on the ground it had formerly occupied, and furnishes, in an elegant and solid form, a stately and complete specimen of modern French architecture.

Private enterprise was finally roused, but for the reason that rich men in Paris do not care to attract too much attention to their abode, private mansions do not exert a very active influence on the public taste. This style of buildings usually exhibits a sober outside aspect, and is generally surrounded by severe walls, all luxury and expensive refinement being reserved for the interior. The great majority of houses in Paris are built to be let in flats, and are generally five or six stories high. The invasion of the American "sky-scrapers" is fortunately prevented by official regulation establishing a maximum of twenty-meter height for private dwellings. In most houses of this description built during the thirty years between 1860 and 1890, the apartments offered no comfort whatever, and the lodgers might truly have considered themselves as victims of a ruthless speculation. The rooms were small in size and generally very low, and the material used for the ceilings and inner walls commonly so thin that the sound was easily transmitted not only from one room to another, but from story to story.

No provision whatever was made to render the rooms comfortable and cozy by studied proportions or ornamental designs.

The first decided step toward something different in this direction was made quite recently by the introduction of the English bow-window. The sash-window is utterly unknown in France, although I have discovered two rare specimens in Paris, in very old houses in forgotten back yards, and dating from centuries ago. The French window proper is in form of a door, and opens its whole length from directly above the floor to the cornice supporting the ceiling. For safety's sake each window is supplied with a bar fixed across at the height of a man's elbow. This is a most rudimentary form of balustrade, which, completed by ornamental ironwork, is often placed at a small distance from the window-sill, so as to simulate a balcony. This form is, in reality, the transition to a balcony which many windows possess. Indeed, the more one advances on the Continent to a southern clime, the more the balcony becomes a generality. In the small towns of southern Italy no window goes without a large square balcony, with plain iron bars like those of a cage. Often in Paris to day, a whole story, or even each story, of a tall building is surrounded by a circulating balcony, passing alongside the outer wall, and virtually connecting all the different rooms, whose windows, opening on it, are as many doors.

Till now, the iron railings of these long and multiple balconies were painted black, and sometimes partly gilded, but an essay has recently been made to paint them the same color as the façade, so as to imitate the stone. The result of this innovation is most satisfactory, and especially when the pattern of the ironwork is bold; it then produces the effect of being elaborately cut out in stone.

When, eight or nine years ago, the first application of bow-windows was made, these represented themselves in a very elementary and plain shape; being

made entirely of iron, they were suspended on the walls like so many flat iron cages, without any relation to the architectural design. But all at once, and in fact only during the last two years, bow-windows have undergone quite an evolution, and although borrowed from the English, have developed a distinctly French character. Sometimes they run up from the first story to the top of the house, and there terminate in a turret, which projects considerably in advance of the façade; sometimes they unite two or three distant windows of the same floor in one large curve. In this condition the new bow-window forms an organic and intrinsic part of the whole construction, and altogether the French architect has developed great facility in varying the shape of this new feature in architecture. Great fancy is employed, especially in adapting consoles and caryatides to sustain the bow-windows, and the fine yellow sandstone used generally in Paris is a very agreeable and suitable material for this purpose.

As is the case in London, whole streets and quarters of the town are now built by industrial enterprise on associated capitals, and these societies rival each other in trying to give their edifices an imposing appearance or artistic aspect, and the elaborate decoration of the rooms forms an important feature. Two tendencies are remarkable. Some architects, in their anxious strivings after originality, have produced a so-called style quite independent of all traditions. Something similar has, I believe, taken place in England. Others—and they have become the majority—have taken up a tradition which was interrupted at the beginning of the century by the craving for classical antique—clumsily imitated or falsely interpreted. With these, the elegant Louis XV. style and a gay rococo, soberly employed, are now in vogue; and variation in detail and in the general conception of the edifices is thus rendering most modern streets quite sumptuous.

Old models of the last century are

very much in request. There is an imitation of a very curious window-frame seen in a private collection. With its irregular oval, this window, called in French *œil-de-bœuf*—that is, bull's-eye window—was certainly a simulated one, and formed part of a large decoration, most probably in an anteroom or over the landing-place of a staircase at the point of separation into a double flight of steps to right and left. From this point of view, the *ensemble* has been re-constituted.

One striking and picturesque fact calls for a particular mention, as it is an absolute innovation which may have a widespread practical influence. Inclosed within its walls, Paris, unlike London, is incapable of expansion, therefore the value of the ground within the walls is continually increasing, and houses have a tendency to grow higher and higher, and numerous families live under the same roof. Few houses in Paris possess gardens or even "back yards"; a municipal law has rendered the existence of a courtyard obligatory, but proprietors, in most cases, content themselves with the minimum size, which is only a few meters square. Nevertheless, the Parisian in general is fond of vegetation. Many streets are planted with big trees, and the upper stories of tall houses are surrounded by a balcony, where one may often see quite a plantation in wooden boxes, and among it perhaps a young chestnut-tree, or several stalks of the tobacco-plant. A row of sun-roses on a window-sill, forming a sort of a fence or thick curtain, is not an uncommon sight.

It therefore created a good deal of sensation when the news spread, last year, that a venturesome fellow-citizen, being a passionate amateur of horticulture, was cultivating a flower-garden on the roof of his newly built house. During a couple of years the same proprietor owned a modest building with a corner shop in one of the more central suburbs, not far behind the well-known church of the Invalides, where the tourists visit the tomb of Napoleon. In this shop he sold builders' materials, and especially

cement, and he had enlarged it by a small construction of only one story; the flat top of this, instead of covering with tiles, he had converted into a terrace, where he accumulated plants and creepers. But the quarter in which the house was situated growing more and more popular, the owner conceived the plan of pulling down the old and precarious building and of reconstructing on its site and on that of a poultry-yard in the rear a set of buildings which might bring him in a good rent. This he did, and in carrying out his plans he did not forget to arrange a place where he might remove his loved plantation.

He laid out the garden on the roof of two contiguous houses, divided in their central part by a square courtyard, the skylight of which both shared in common. His flower-beds he arranged on three terraces, not quite on the same level, but communicating by a flight of steps. Each house has no less than seven stories, but the roof is easily reached by a lift. The first season that the plants occupied this lofty situation they thrived and spread their branches and creepers along the balustrades, entwining the chimney-pots with verdant garlands. At each corner a young tree attained the height of some three or four meters, its dark green pinnacle forming a lively contrast with the blue sky. Terra-cotta tiles inclose the flower-beds, and there grow, lustily and vigorously, rose-trees, big daturas, the elegant magnolia, a few peach-trees, and along the walls a vine whose grapes ripen in the autumn sun as successfully as do the strawberries earlier in the year.

The ingenious deviser to whom we owe this modern revival of the hanging gardens of old Babylon, being a dealer in cement by profession, knew his business well, and he is liberal enough to communicate to the public his manner of proceeding. The arrangement he adopted was the following: Above the ceiling of the last floor he placed iron rails, sustaining a layer of cement some ten inches thick, and overlaid with a thinner bed of fine sand, on which he

spread an isolating stratum formed by an accumulation of several sheets of blotting-paper rendered impermeable by some chemical soaking. A second layer of sand and a second bed of cement follow this. Thus, cemented and surrounded by a wall several feet high, the terrace might be used as an aquarium, for the rational application of the cement would thoroughly prevent the danger of infiltration. Half a meter of rich garden mold is sufficient to nourish seeds and shrubs, and the water-pipes of the household furnish an embranchment always at hand for the necessary irrigation.

A new house, to be used as a hotel, has been built this year next to the

Louvre; it reproduces the same arrangements on a larger scale.

Here we have, therefore, an initial step which may probably lead to further developments. Who knows but that the Parisians of the future may have, in the midst of their overcrowded and gardenless thoroughfares, pleasant green retreats commanding a wider view and fresher air than any parks or gardens on the ground level! They may step in the box of an elevator in some dark lane, and in a few minutes' time find themselves treading green turf amid flowers and wreaths, overlooking a space wide enough to interest the eye and expand the thought of their weary and overtaxed brains.

QUAINT OLD FREDERICKSBURG

To one unacquainted with this quaint old town, Fredericksburg presents picturesque and interesting features. True, the Civil War defaced and ruined much that was beautiful, which should have been sacredly preserved; yet the rather ragged, unpaved village, its pretty homes close beside the footways, its secluded gardens behind them, is a rarely attractive place. Just now Fredericksburg is a rose garden. Its sandy soil seems specially fitted for their growth and beauty. They clamber about porch and piazza, adorn trellis and tree trunk, trail along the ground, and creep through the palings, while all the air is filled with their delicious fragrance.

Fredericksburg was so long the home of the Washingtons that souvenirs, anecdotes, and traditions of the family are universal property. The Washingtons came here from Wakefield, where George Washington had been born, when the future father of his country was but four years old. Of their first home here little if anything remains. In digging among the debris of the foundation to erect the cottage which now occupies the old site, workmen came upon the petrified trunk of a tree; bits of this are now given out

as souvenirs. For half an hour we sat on a piazza of this cottage looking into a young orchard and over ground where the boyish feet of the great Washington ran and roamed, and where (if anywhere!) he cut down the immortal cherry-tree.

From the front is a fine view up and down the Rappahannock River, whose "shining waters" (Indian significance of the name) gleam and glisten below. Only after she became a widow and her illustrious son involved in public affairs did Mary Washington leave this country home for a safer one in Fredericksburg. The small house she here occupied suggests the simplicity of her tastes and of her life. The plain rooms are large and square, windows small, capacious fireplaces, with high carved mantelpieces above them. In the sitting-room are various articles of furniture, said, however, never to have been hers—only of her time. This room gives upon a formal garden, whose boxwood borders, it is claimed, Mary Washington planted with her own hands.

It is not easy to determine just where she died, as some persons assert that it was in this house, while others declare that in her last illness Bettie Washing-

ton Lewis had her mother brought to her handsome home, and that there she died. This house is now occupied by charming people, who are pleased to show the great rooms and their ornate ceilings—the work of a Hessian soldier, then held a prisoner of war. In another establishment I saw a pretty crystal drinking-glass used on the occasion of the christening of George Washington, several pieces of china, letters, papers, etc., shown with great pride by a descendant of Mildred Washington, who justly prizes and carefully preserves them.

The familiar red brick building in which George Washington took the oath as commander-in-chief of the colonial army stands firmly still; and also an humble one where lived President Monroe, as a quite young man, struggling to become a village lawyer. The "Sunrise tavern," where on the occasion of Lafayette's second visit to America a grand reception was held, that all his admirers round and about might see him, and where Charles Dickens was also entertained, is yet to be seen—a wooden building of one and one-half stories, much fallen into ugly decay. The narrow rooms, the small windows, impress one with the modest demands of the few travelers of that day. Above the town is a once-imposing colonial home; the house, wonderfully preserved, is of English brick, and was built by an intimate friend of the great Pitt, and is known to this day as "Chatham." Long uninhabited, one is glad to learn that a gentleman of taste has recently bought and will restore and live in it. Scattered about the neighboring country,

these fine old houses with grand names are gradually crumbling away, because their owners have not means since the war to repair or keep them up.

A mile or so from Fredericksburg is a ruined hamlet, of which the Fredericksburg people speak with a tender inflection as "Old Falmouth." Its streets are broken, its houses falling down; yet these people think of the time when merry Scotch lassies and gay British officers danced and made merry in its tumble-down "inn," and their ancestors owned all for miles about them. I found it so depressing that I was glad to climb to a hill-crest and sit upon the worn steps of a tiny red brick church and look abroad over a fair stretch of green and brown fields to a line of forest trees.

There is another very pleasing feature of this historic town for which one is distinctly grateful. On a fine, artistically terraced hill-slope and plateau the government has placed a national cemetery. Many stones mark soldiers' graves, each terrace shows a tablet whereon are inscribed stirring words from O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead," and near the entrance gate General Butterfield has erected a handsome shaft to the officers and men of his command—names of officers, their states, and the battles in which they fell clearly marked on its four sides. All is carefully kept, a broad boulevard, planted with young trees, leading to the grounds.

Fredericksburg has so many historic interests, is withal so kindly, so hospitable to the stranger, that one unwillingly looks forward to the time of its being a show place, as it will surely be one day.

A BIRTHDAY THOUGHT

There's no one so poor but the year on its way
Will bring him a treasure—his own birthday;
And if he were troubled, or sad, or forlorn,
He'd have to be glad on his birthday morn.

There's no one so hungry that he couldn't make
An excellent meal of his birthday cake;
It's sure to be lovely, and frosted, and good,
Especially if it is Angel Food.

CAROLINE McCORMICK.

FRAMING OLD PRINTS

BY HELEN F. SHIFFMAN

RARE old prints should be framed as carefully and artistically as possible, for they have their idiosyncrasies and they must be honored. The first and most important item the framer must keep in mind is that old prints should never be pasted. They must be fastened or hinged at the upper corners to a stiff cardboard covered with what is known as German paper, which is a heavy cream-colored paper that tones into the coloring of the average old print, and therefore makes an artistic background for it. If the print is very badly discolored, a darker paper is necessary. This style of mounting will make the print lie smoothly against the glass.

The margins are usually very uneven, and in many cases even badly torn. Avoid all trimming; leave the print intact, no matter what its condition may be, but allow a margin of one-quarter to one-half inch of the paper it is mounted upon to show all around the print. Outside of this margin a soft round-edged mat, made of the same paper as that upon which the print is mounted, should be used. The width of the mat is determined by the size and strength of the impression in question, but it is usually from three to four inches. The round-edged mat is suggested because it is more artistic, and avoids the sharp, straight lines made by a mat that is simply beveled at the edges. This mode of mounting will also be found correct for delicate dry-point impressions, such as Whistler's, Zorn's, or Haden's.

Narrow wood frames are most appropriate and artistic for these prints, but they must be well made, and they should be neither heavy nor coarse grained. Lap-joining the corners adds much to the appearance of such a plain, flat frame. Ebony (dead finish), oak (English and Japanese), dark, rich mahogany, and in rare instances rosewood are used for these frames. Simple narrow gold flats, and beads or rounds, as they are

sometimes called, done in mat gold, or even chestnut gilded showing the grain, also make effective frames. The thing that should be sought in framing these prints is a combination that is simple and without ostentation.

Old Japanese prints must be framed differently. For them wood mats, made of walnut or mahogany veneer, are used close to the print, or a simple folder made of India paper. These also must never be mounted with paste. If the mat is made of the veneer, it need not be wider than two or two and one-half inches for the average print; if of the India paper, it should be from three to four inches wide. The most effective frames for these prints are narrow rounds or beads about three-quarters or five-eighths of an inch wide (for the average print), of gumwood, cabinet-made, no miter showing with round corners. Or simple black lacquer frames may be made in the same shape. It is often advisable to stain these gumwood frames to tone in with the veneers when they are used for mats.

If a Bartolozzi print is to be framed, a protest should be entered against the fancy ovals and circles the average framer insists upon using. Even if that is the shape of the print in question, it should be framed either in a severe flat gold band or in dead ebony or mahogany. Some of these prints are printed in sepia or red-toned inks. For them simple cream-colored mats should be used instead of mats colored to match the print; for the paper they are printed upon decides the mat rather than the ink employed.

So much depends upon the skill and knowledge of the framer, so much upon his good judgment, that it may almost be said that the framing makes or mars a picture. And of nothing is this more true than of rare old prints, which are usually overframed or spoiled in the mounting.

FURNITURE OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE

IT was during the reign of Charles VIII. that the influence of the Italian Renaissance extended to France.

With the accession of this monarch began the long wars with Naples and Milan that ended only with the extinction of the house of Valois.

Charles's campaign in Italy gained neither lands nor glory for France, but it laid the foundation of the French Renaissance.

The "new birth" in France may be divided into the following epochs: First, Transitional, 1453-1515, including the reigns of Charles VIII. and Louis XII.; second, Francis I., 1515-1547; third, Henry II. and Henry IV., 1547-1610; fourth, Louis XIII., 1610-1643.

The first epoch was Renaissance in detail only; the construction was purely Gothic. The fourth was the waning Renaissance, when only a threadbare tradition remained. The strongest period was the century 1515-1610, covered by the reigns of five sovereigns, three of whom left an indelible impress on the arts of the day. Francis I., Henry II., and Henry IV. created epochs; Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. did little for the honor of France, and nothing for art. The forty-two years encompassed by the reigns of these three mon-

archs, last of the house of Valois, were among the blackest in history. Little that was notable was produced in France between the death of Henry II. and the accession of Henry of Navarre.

During the thirty odd years that

Francis I. occupied the throne, more was done for the artistic development of France than had been accomplished in the combined reigns of Charles VII., Louis XI., Charles VIII., and Louis XII., who had ruled for nearly a century.

Francis came to his inheritance when France was ripe for a great art revival, and he had the wit to seize the opportunity, and the brains and wealth to make the most of it. His ambition was to raise France to an equality with Italy, and to this end he invited great architects and painters to his court.

While Italy was divided into countless kingdoms and dukedoms, France was practically a united country. Italy had its Florentine school, its Venetian school, its schools of Sienna, Milan, and Naples. The art of France was centralized in Paris. Francis I. called to his aid the greatest lights of Italy and Flanders, and began the series of magnificent châteaux that to-day bear witness to his munificence. Hundreds of



RENAISSANCE CHAIR—CHATEAU DE BLOIS

native designers were employed in building Chambord, Chenonceau, and Fontainebleau, who worked under the guidance of such men as Serlio and Vignola, Primaticcio, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, and Benvenuto Cellini. Among the illustrious Frenchmen who joined forces with the Italian architects and decorators were Bullant, Lescot, and De l'Orme.

Besides building royal residences, Francis remodeled the Louvre and added several rooms to the Château Blois, which had been partially restored by Louis XII. In Chambord the architecture of a feudal stronghold was blended with Renaissance ornament. In Fontainebleau a more consistent plan

was followed. The interior of Chambord was demolished during the French Revolution, but Fontainebleau, in spite of its checkered history, remains to-day the truest example of the French Renaissance. Many stirring events have had this historic palace for a background. In one of the rooms the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was signed, in another Monaldeschi was murdered, and in the great gallery of Diana occurred the death of Condé in 1686. Here, years later, the sentence of divorce was passed on Josephine, and here in the court of Henry IV. Napoleon parted with his Old Guard. Fontainebleau was alternately a royal dwelling, a military school, and a papal residence. Henry II. and Henry

IV. did much to beautify it. Louis XIII. was born within its walls, but seldom lived there, Louis XIV. cared little for it, and Louis XV. shunned it altogether. Napoleon revived its splendor for a brief period, and Louis Philippe spent a royal fortune in restoring it. Thanks to Louis Philippe, the Fontainebleau of to-day is a faithful representation of the Fontainebleau of the sixteenth century. Much of the woodwork is the same, and many of the frescoes have been simply retouched. The fireplaces and mantels have been restored from sketches and plans which had been carefully preserved.

The woodwork of the French Renaissance differed materially from Italian woodwork of the same period. The ornament was in a lighter vein, the carving more open and less dependent on antique models. Even when the work was executed by Italian designers it was imbued with the French spirit. This is especially noticeable in the treatment of doors and mantels. The fireplaces in Fontainebleau and Blois are many and varied. From such a wealth of material it is



LOUIS XIII. FIREPLACE—CHATEAU DE BLOIS

difficult to make a few selections, for each fireplace has some special beauty that claims recognition. The three reproduced here cover a wide range. The Louis XII. fireplace, in Château Blois, is exceedingly simple. On a field of fleur-de-lis is a shield surmounted by a crown and surrounded by scallop-shells. There is great dignity to this fireplace. The one in the "Catharine de Medici chamber" in Blois is quite unlike in treatment. It was built originally for Claude, daughter of Louis XII., and wife of Francis I. The intricate low relief is very characteristic of the French Renaissance. The initials C and F, interlaced with crowns and separated by a spirited salamander, add much to the interest of the decoration. The fireplace in the gallery of Henry II., in Fontainebleau, is one of the most famous in France. The royal arms, more elaborately executed than in the Louis XII. room, occupy the center of the chimney-breast. The ornamentation in the lower part of the mantel is very fine, but is not so typical as the carving in the Medici chamber.

Women wielded a powerful influence on the arts of France. The second wife of Francis was Eleanor of Portugal, sister of Charles V. of Spain. Spanish traditions tinged French ornament during the reign of this queen. Catharine de Medici and Maria de Medici were thoroughly Italian in taste. The furnishings of Fontainebleau during the reigns of Henry II. and Henry IV. were largely imported from Florence, Rome, and Naples. Diane de Poitiers and the Duchesse d'Angoulême were also important factors in molding the taste of the court.

The woodwork of Fontainebleau, as has been stated, was French in spirit; the hangings were French and Flemish tapestries and Italian velvets; the furniture was Italian, or French modeled in Italian designs, but executed with considerable freedom. The finest examples of the furniture of the French Renaissance are in the Louvre, the Cluny, and in Fontainebleau and Blois. In this



DOOR IN THE LUXEMBOURG

country there are many beautiful pieces in museums and private collections. The latter lose much, however, in being separated from their original setting—a remark that may be made in reference to all Renaissance furniture.

In the Lawrence room in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, an admirable effect is gained by the use of Renaissance panels which line the walls. Against this background the carved marriage chests, the dark walnut chairs, and the pieces of fine armor have a consistent setting. Much of Benvenuto

Cellini's work is here in replica. The shield and helmet made for Francis I., and the suit of armor belonging to Henry II., designed by him and executed by his pupil Pilon, are both exhibited. The metal-work of the French Renaissance is very fine. Pilon equaled Cellini in strength, and Cousin and Jean Goujon surpassed him in delicacy. In the andirons of the many fireplaces of Fontainebleau and Blois may be seen the skill and ingenuity of the French metal-workers. The same lightness of touch may be noted in the furniture.

The chair on page 137 shows the use of cane which formed the back of many state chairs, while the seat was upholstered. This chair is in Blois and is one of the earliest examples of the cane back; the cane seat was a later inven-

tion. The chairs in the apartment at Fontainebleau, known as the Salon de Louis Treize, show the use of fringe, which was a French addition to the upholstered chair. This room was decorated and furnished by Henry IV., whose initials, combined with those of Maria de Medici, are still visible in the painted cornice. These chairs are composed of straight lines, and are totally unlike the ornate shapes that came into prominence during the reign of Louis XIII. It is a tradition that Louis was born in this apartment; hence his name instead of that of Henry IV. is associated with the room. The tables in this salon exhibit a delicacy unknown in the Italian table. The detached legs are held in place with a slight connecting base. No piece of furniture had a more interesting history

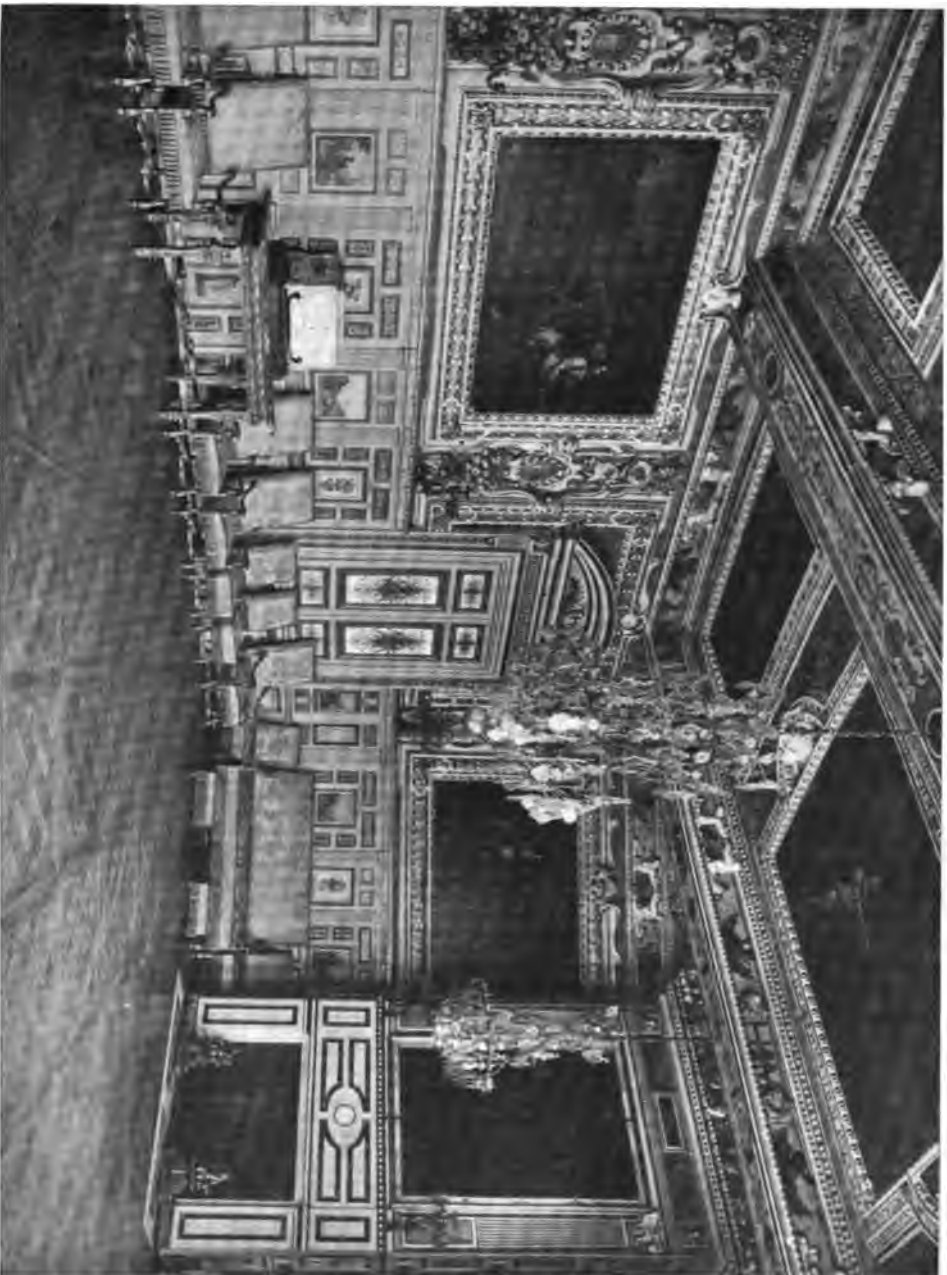
than the table. As the trestle table gave place to the bolt and slot table, and that to the table of the Italian Renaissance, and that in turn to the hideous Baroque table, so the French table of the early seventeenth century, bad as it was in design, was slowly approaching the beautiful table of the eighteenth century, when, freed from baseboards and connecting rods, it stood on four independent supports. The result was an English production of the eighteenth century, but the French had a part in its evolution.

Some of the French shapes equaled the Italian and surpassed the contemporary English designs. The English furniture-makers of the seventeenth century borrowed chiefly from the Flemish and the Dutch. England achieved her triumphs in the eighteenth century.

The furniture-makers of the French Renaissance, the Renaissance of Francis I., Henry II., and Henry IV., treated the bedstead with great originality. They reduced the heavy headboard, and introduced a sim-



CABINET, LATE RENAISSANCE



GALLERY IN FONTAINEBLEAU—DECORATED BY HENRY IV, LATER OCCUPIED BY LOUIS XIII, AND NOW KNOWN AS THE SALON LOUIS TREIZE

pler form of carving. The bedstead used by Francis I., now in the Cluny Museum, and that belonging to Anne of Austria in Fontainebleau, show a handling wholly French. The famous oak bedstead of Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry IV., exhibited in the Château Pau, suggests a heavily carved cage, and was made for the Lady Jeanne in Flanders. There is nothing French about it.

In the cabinet, the French designer was at his best. So long as the ornament was controlled and subordinated to the design, the pieces from the hand of the French cabinet-maker displayed

great beauty. When Louis XIII. came to the throne, the Renaissance had run its course. The history of ornament is the history of furniture, and both repeat themselves. From a debased style slowly arose a vital one, which, after shaking off the chrysalis stage, remained consistent for a brief period, then declined, and was finally superseded by a new force, which in turn shared the fate of its predecessor. This waxing and waning continued until the early part of the nineteenth century, when historic furniture, in the strict sense of the term, ceased to exist.

The Book of the Month for *House Beautiful Readers*

RUGS, ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL, ANCIENT AND MODERN. A HANDBOOK FOR READY REFERENCE. By Rosa Belle Holt. 4to, illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1901.

MISS ROSA BELLE HOLT has done a praiseworthy service to the company of rug-lovers, and if truth be told, nearly every man and woman with any eye for beauty has felt a pleasurable thrill at the brilliant coloring and silky softness of an Oriental rug. She has placed within easy reach practically all of the general information about rugs that one could desire. Her book is frankly a reference-book; it is really a geographical catalogue, with an introductory essay on the history and details of rug-weaving. But once this is recognized, the book is, for the most part, interesting and instructive reading. Into the bargain, it is sumptuously printed on excellent paper, and is illustrated in the most approved fashion. The twelve colored plates are excellent, and the illustrations of the looms,

weavers, and dyeing-vats of the orient are most interesting.

The word "rug," as used by Miss Holt, means "a covering for the floor, a mat, usually oblong or square, and woven in one piece." In early days, the terms "carpets" and "tapestries" were used indiscriminately when rugs were meant, for they were spread loosely on the floor without the aid of fastenings.

THE HISTORY OF RUGS

Historical references to spinning and to the weaving of tapestries date back to a very early period. An ancient Jewish legend states that Naamah, daughter of Lamech, and sister of Tubal-Cain, was the inventor of the spinning of wool, and of the weaving of thread into cloth.

On at least two of the wonderful rock-cut tombs at Beni-Hassan, in Egypt—B. C. 2800-2600—there are pictures of weavers at work. At Thebes a fresco, dating 1700-1000 B. C., represents three men weaving at an upright



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SARAKHS RUG

loom. On the marbles of Nineveh is represented the pectoral worn by Sardanapalus. It is an exact miniature of a Kurdish rug of modern times. The Tree of Life, the motive of most of the Persian rug designs, is in the center, and the border is ornamented with rosettes and bars.

When Cleopatra, the famous queen of Egypt, went to meet Cæsar for the first time, she knew that he would not allow her to enter his presence if recognized, and therefore she cleverly had herself carried into his palace wrapped in a rug of the finest texture. It may well be imagined that the unexpected disclosure of the charms of this subtle Egyptian shared largely in bringing the great Roman general into her toils.

Besides biblical writers, Homer, Æschylus, Scipio, Horace, Pliny, Josephus, and others speak of rugs. For people interested in the subject, the search for these allusions is a most fascinating occupation.

The Egyptians bestowed the greatest care and patience upon the rugs they wove. They spread them before the images of their gods, and also on the ground for their sacred cattle to lie upon. They loved nature intensely, and like true lovers, they seem to have reached her very heart, and they symbolized her works in their artistic designs.

In design and color the rugs woven to-day in the orient are similar to the Assyrian and Babylonian textile fabrics of B. C. 1000-607 (Fall of Nineveh) and 538 (Fall of Babylon). At that early period these textiles were used for awnings and floor coverings in the palaces of the Assyrian kings.

Beginning in Egypt and Chaldea, the manufacture of rugs was carried into Assyria, and thence into Asia Minor. For a long time the industry of rug-weaving was supreme in these countries, but about B. C. 480, the Greeks especially arrived at a high state of perfection in the art. In the seventh and eighth centuries the Saracens came into power, and believing that all labor tended to

the glory of God, they carried rug-manufacture with them on their campaigns in Sicily, Spain, France, and Italy. Thus it was introduced throughout Europe.

From earliest times it has been the custom in the East to hang rugs on graves. During times of grand fêtes in Europe, when house decoration is done with lavishness, people, to make their homes more attractive, drape with beautiful rugs the balconies, the loggias, and the front walls of buildings, producing an effect of great magnificence and splendor.

When we see the exquisite loom-work that has been wrought in the orient, we sometimes wonder how the weavers have achieved such success, for they are destitute of what we call education, and they dwell amid the humblest surroundings. But nature has been their instructor, and intuitively the weavers have grasped what is correct in color from the works of nature about them.

THE QUALITY

The fineness of a rug depends largely upon the quality of the wool and the number of knots to the square foot. In one yard of the best made Persian rugs, there are between twenty thousand and thirty thousand stitches made by hand. The wool must be of fine quality, but not too soft. It should be closely woven and evenly cropped. It is a well-known fact that the wool produced in cold countries is soft and fine, while that of warmer climates is, on the other hand, harder, firmer, and more lasting.

Except in the Soumak and the Khilim, which have the flat stitch, there are only two kinds of knotting used in oriental rugs. These are the Persian (or Sinna) and the Turkish (or Ghiordes). In the Persian manner of knotting, there are more knots to the square inch than in the Turkish, and the result is a finer surface.

The designs of Eastern rugs are often the spontaneous outcome of the fancy of the weaver. Sometimes they are handed down from one generation to another;



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OLD ANATOLIAN PRAYER RUG

in other cases the design is marked in the sand or drawn on paper.

Persian rugs excel those of other countries in artistic design as well as in harmonious coloring. The designs are generally floral or geometric, for the Mohammedan religion does not allow

any direct representation of animal forms.

The increasing use of hardwood floors has enormously increased the demand for rugs, and the selection of them is now a very distinct pleasure to those who are furnishing their houses.



HOUSEHOLD BRUSHES

A furnished house, recently leased by its elderly owner, was most unsatisfactory to its tenant, a progressive young thing, who bitterly complained that there weren't enough utensils to enable her to keep house well. The disgust of the old-time landlady was undisguised and comical. "She had cared for that house properly for years; the more things you had to do with the more trouble you had to get things done." And it is indeed a painful thought that there are in the market sixty kinds of brushes alone, each calling for an appointed place and some one to see that it is kept in it. No remotest corner of the house may now be reasonably neglected, and the prying brush is so

ingeniously twisted that no germ can expect a moment's time for self-development.

A pointed scrubbing-brush, of fairly orthopedic outlines, prevents the accumulation of those ugly triangle-shaped morsels of dust in kitchen corners, at which a very youthful bride was once caught working with a hairpin. Long-handled floor brushes bristle gently in all directions, so that the most highly polished woodwork cannot be scratched. Insidious pointed brushes worm their way easily between the most elaborate twistings of the banisters, the coils of the steam radiator, and the mysteries of the under side of the register. A long-handled, very stiff sweeper does better execution on rugs and carpets than the broom of yesterday, another walks into every spider's parlor before the poor creature has time to catch a breath, a third vigilantly chases dust from draperies of every kind, while a fourth, with spreading fan-shaped feelers, relentlessly casts out motes from cornice and ceiling, even to the very ends of the earth.

A useful stiff brush, shaped like two shaving-brushes, joined end to end, can be bought for tufted furniture and mattresses, and another is adapted to the recesses to be found between the back and seat of many a chair or sofa. Soft mops may be used to remove dust from hardwood floors, and the subsequent waxing may be done with a square, weighted polishing-brush. A smaller

polishing-brush triangular in shape is shown for out of the way corners of both floors and furniture. There is a curved crumb-brush for the table-cloth and a long-handled, sublimate paint-brush to use for crumbs on a bare table. Curved wires provided at the end with bristles will clean the inside of every kind of vase or water-bottle, while a similar straight one is provided for the waste-pipe of the refrigerator. There are circular brushes for cleaning off accumulations on the inside of soup-kettles, and clearly no reason why the inside of every sort of porcelain, glass, granite, or metal receptacle should not be spotless.

But the brushes themselves must be cared for. If hung up they will last longer than otherwise, and brooms and brushes made of broom-straw are said to wear better if the bristles before being first used are immersed for a short time in hot soap-suds. Lamb's-wool brushes, which are specially sure to gather up all the dust, may be washed very successfully, but if the excessive accumulation of dust in any sort of brush cannot be removed it is much the safer plan to burn up the utensil. After washing, brushes should be thoroughly dried before being again used, and exposure to the sun, that best of sterilizers, is desirable. But where is the housekeeper who can honestly confess that she has never had her weak moments of longing for the good old pre-scientific days? The twentieth-century germ-conscience is a hard task-master.

THE CARE OF LAMPS

The oft-repeated prayer of a certain frequenter of the weekly prayer-meeting in a quaint New England meeting-house, "Oh, may we keep our lamps well filled, trimmed, and a-burnin'," would be wisely adopted by the house-maid, as it is a shibboleth well calculated to avert storm and stress in many a household. But the care of the material light is not half so difficult as of the spiritual, though it, too, must be closely watched or it will burn but feebly.

WICKS

The flat wicks of the ordinary lamp may be trimmed with the scissors, and should have their edges cut a little closer than the middle, that the highest point of flame may not smoke the chimney. Avoid cutting a round wick or one used in the patent duplex burner. Instead, pinch off the burned top, using a bit of cloth to protect the thumb and forefinger, or scrape it off with a nail, taking care in each case to do the work as evenly as possible. When the wick is so far consumed as no longer to reach the oil in the reservoir, its replenishing may be postponed by sewing to the short piece a bit of fresh wick, which shall convey the oil to the upper piece. The seam, however, will not pass through the burner, and when this obstruction shows, procrastination is out of the question. The burners of many modern lamps are nowadays rather complicated affairs, and when a new wick is required it is wise to take the burner to a reliable shop where its mechanism is understood.

FILLING LAMPS

There is a clause in the policies of most fire insurance companies of whose existence many housekeepers are probably unaware. It provides that in case a fire is proven to have been caused by the filling of lamps after dark the insurance shall be forfeited. While the best oil is now said to be non-explosive, it is far better to be on the safe side and have all lamps filled by daylight. This task should have its appointed time and place, particularly the latter, as the penetrating odor and flavor of kerosene are objectionable to every one. If possible, a place should be provided outside the kitchen, and away from all food, especially milk, butter, and potatoes, that the smallest taint may be avoided. If the kitchen must be used, as in many houses and apartments, a zinc or tin-covered shelf is desirable, and that failing, the table may be protected by a heavy brown paper, though some fill lamps in the kitchen sink. After filling, every particle of oil should be wiped off

the reservoir, as nothing is more disagreeable than to soil the hands with this dust-absorbing oil. This same oil is, however, desirable for removing the dusty, gray look sometimes seen on wrought iron and other dark, rough-finished metal, and if carefully rubbed over, and as carefully wiped off, it restores the original freshness of the material.

LAMP-CHIMNEYS

Chimneys come in numbered sizes, and in ordering them it should not be necessary to send the burner to the shop. Thrifty persons who must save their pennies put lamp-chimneys, when new, into cold water and bring this slowly to the boiling-point, fortifying the glass against breakage by the heat of the lamp. But the glass must be protected by a wad of cloth from contact with the bottom of the vessel in which this boiling is done. Strong hot suds with a bit of ammonia added is best for washing chimneys, which should be also well rinsed. A dish-mop makes the inside accessible, and there are to be bought flexible cloth-covered frames for both the washing and wiping of chimneys, so that a dim glass has positively no resource but to proclaim the neglect of the housekeeper.

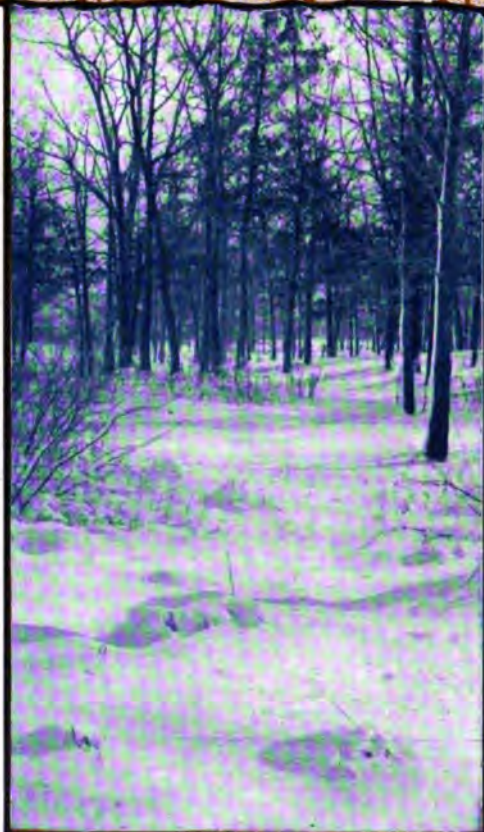
BURNERS

Burners must be watched or their perforations may become clogged with soot. A daily wiping helps to prevent this, but occasionally it is well to devote them to a hot soda bath in the proportion of two tablespoons of washing-soda to a gallon of water. The wicks must first be removed, and after a half-hour's boiling and a careful drying of the burners, may be again replaced. The task is not a dainty one, but the labor is well rewarded by the increased brilliancy of the light.

AN INEXPENSIVE LAMP-SHADE

While the new shades, made of decorated grass-cloth, fan-plaited, are charming, an effective shade, costing much less, may be made from wall-paper. Get two and a half yards from some of the shops where less than a roll can be bought, or utilize some of the "left-overs" which most attics contain; choose colors well suited to your room, remembering that large, showy patterns are more effective than fine ones, that daring combinations look better in the plaited shade than in the shop, and that too dark a paper will not show well at night, while too light tones are over-conspicuous by day. An inexpensive temporary shade can afford to be showy where a more permanent costly one cannot. To work easily, use a large table with weights to hold the unruly length in place; cut off the white margin usually left at both edges of wall-papers, and measure your frame from top to bottom to get the desired length of the finished shade. With a ruler mark this measurement evenly along the entire length of the paper on its white side, and cut off the rejected strip. Beginning at one end mark off two-inch intervals on opposite sides of the paper as a guide for folding it evenly from side to side. Next, plait the paper like a Japanese fan. With a large darning-needle and fine linen tape gather all the plaits together about one inch from the edge destined for the top of the shade, allowing the other edge to be widespread, and tie so as to fit the top of your wire frame. The ends of the paper, which will now meet, may be pasted together or fastened with brass-headed paper fasteners. If the frame allows the paper to come dangerously near the chimney, protect the shade by an asbestos collar, to be bought at any of the department stores.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL



Vol. XI. No. 3

FEBRUARY, 1902

Price 20 Cents

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CYNTHIA

From the painting by Cecilia Beaux. See page 175.

The House Beautiful

VOLUME ELEVEN

FEBRUARY, 1902

NUMBER THREE



THE DECORATION OF A CITY HOUSE

A HOUSE BEAUTIFUL COMPETITION

The following letter is typical of a number which the editor of this magazine has received. It expresses one of the shortcomings of the magazine very well.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL:

"I have been a subscriber to your magazine for a number of years, and have enjoyed it more than I can tell you, but to be perfectly candid, I have not been able to derive from it the help which I had expected.

"In common with many other women, I live in a house which is perhaps hopeless from a decorative point of view. As a matter of fact, my residence is one of the typical three-story-and-basement brown stone dwellings, which are so common in New York, and in fact in many large cities. Your suggestions as to interior decoration would be welcome to me if I lived in a half-timbered house, or one with comparatively light and cheerful rooms; but as I say, my 'brown stone mansion' is well-nigh hopeless. As you know, the 'back parlor' is devoid of light, and the height of the ceilings is out of all proportion to the other dimensions of the room. Can you not come to the rescue of those of us who are obliged to live in such houses, and suggest some way of making our homes beautiful?"

This letter covers a point which the editor himself has had in mind for a long time, and he confesses that the hopelessness of the proposition has had something to do with his inaction in the matter.

There are literally thousands of houses like the one mentioned above, and there are as many thousand occupants of these houses who want to improve the furnishings, to make them as livable as possible.

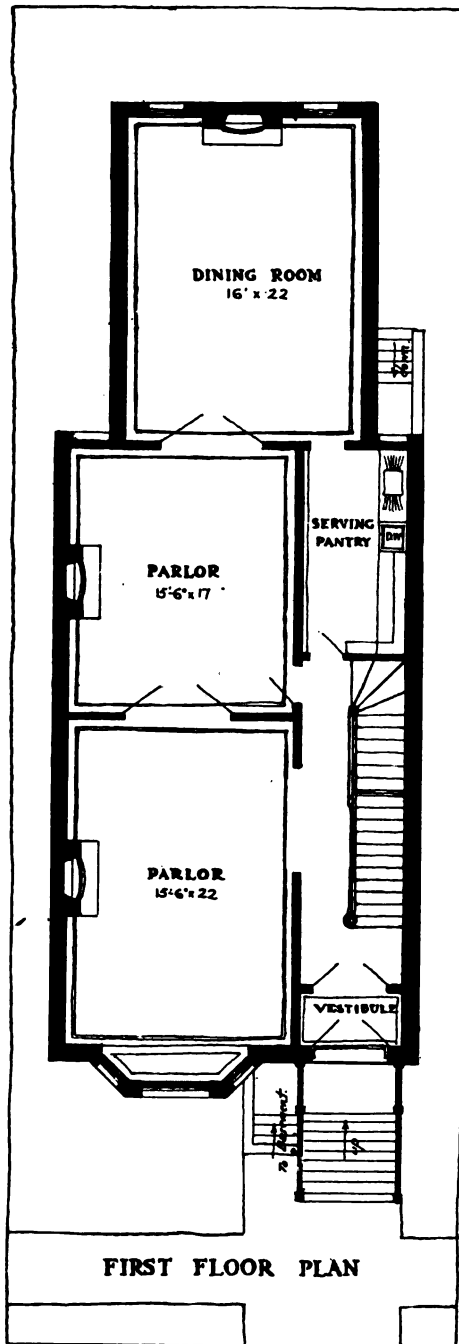
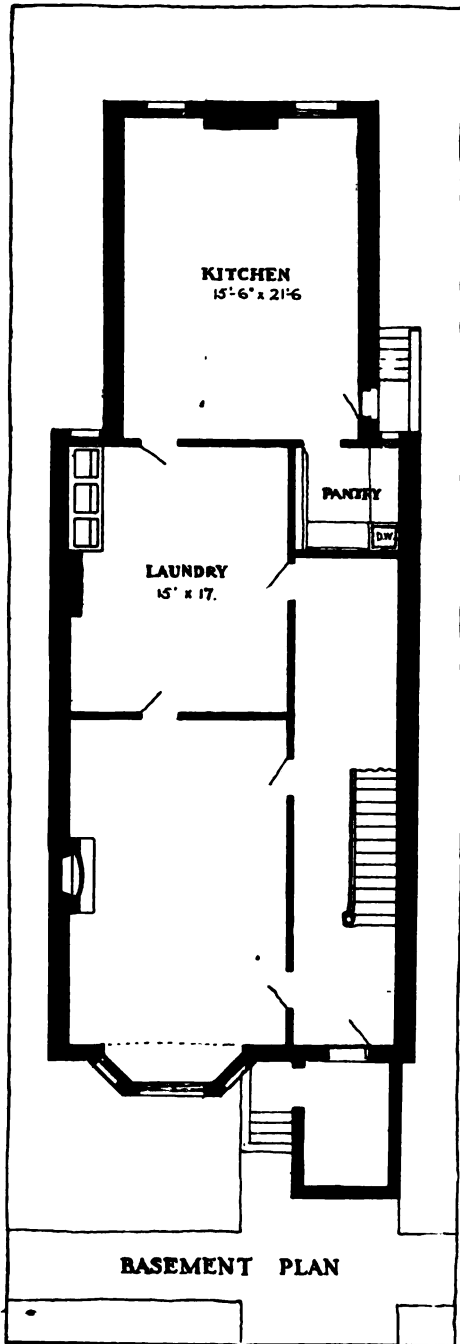
Our candid advice would be to vacate the "brown stone mansions" at the earliest possible moment, or if it were not a crime, to burn them without further ado. But both these plans may be impracticable, and we have no alternative but to make the best of a bad matter.

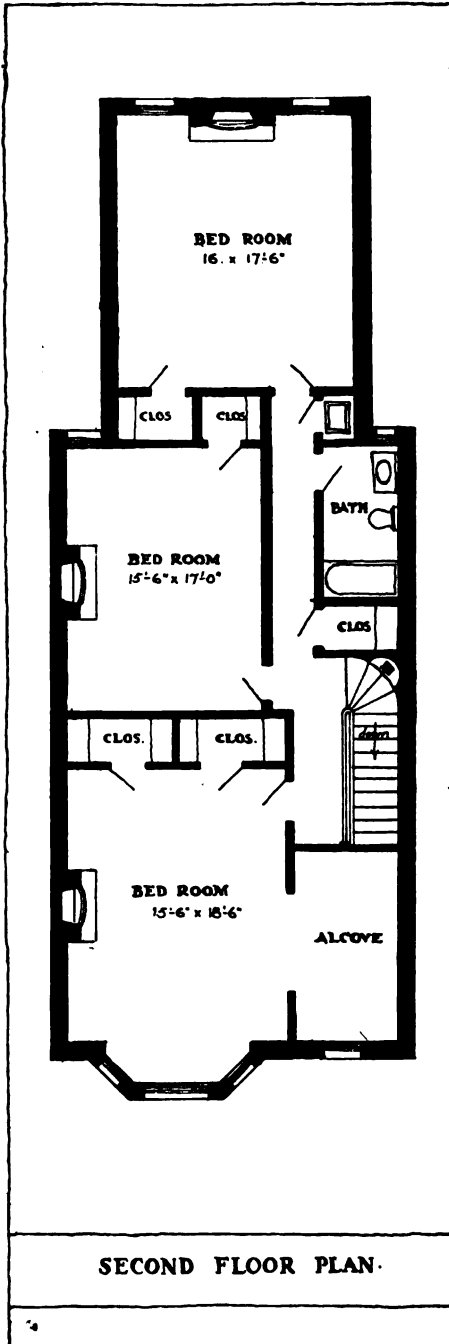


TWO CITY HOUSES TO BE DECORATED

To secure the co-operation of decorators, both professional and amateur, we have decided to offer a number of prizes for the best solution of the problem, and we hope that the response will be as hearty as it is needed. Here is an opportunity for both those commercially inclined and for philanthropists to do something worth while, and we hope we shall have a large assortment of decorative schemes to choose from.

We publish herewith a picture of two of these houses and plans of the first two floors and the basement. There is no question, of course, of designing or suggest-





ing new furniture, because there, again, we have the existing furniture to contend with. We merely wish suggestions as to the treatment of the floors, walls, and ceilings of the first and second floors. The appropriation for decorating these floors has been placed at \$500. Decorators, therefore, must look to it that their schemes are practical, and that they can be accomplished within this appropriation.

We require a detailed scheme for the halls and for each room on the two floors of these houses, and we also wish drawings in colors of at least two rooms in the house.

There will be three prizes, as follows:

For the best scheme	\$500
For the second best scheme.....	300
For the third best scheme.....	200

All plans must be submitted by the first day of July, and those which do not draw prizes may be published in the magazine free of charge. We shall begin the publication of these plans as soon as practicable, and they will appear throughout the year.

We purposely make the competition open to both amateur and professional decorators, because decoration in the real sense is a matter of personal taste rather than business, and we wish every one to compete who has any ideas whatsoever in regard to the solution of this problem.

RECAPITULATION

The conditions are:

1. Contestants for the prizes shall furnish detailed decorative schemes for the halls and rooms of the first and second floors, as shown in the accompanying house plans.

2. The detailed schemes shall be accompanied by drawings in colors of at least two of the rooms.

3. All plans must be in the hands of the editor by July 1, 1902.

4. All plans submitted are to be the property of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, to be used as the editor wishes, and any plans which do not draw prizes may be published free of cost.



MOUNT AIRY

THE COLONIAL HOMES OF VIRGINIA

BY WALDON FAWCETT

STANDING as reminders of the feudal glories which in the heyday of its history characterized life in the Old Dominion are a number of quaint and imposing colonial homes, which have no counterpart among the mansions of America. Distinctive in architecture and in setting, it would appear as though these ancient plantation palaces had indeed defied the efforts of modern architects to copy or imitate their unique attributes. Perhaps all the surroundings, the scenery, and the atmosphere are contributory factors, but certain it is that the modern examples of colonial houses lack an indefinable something of which these stately homesteads are possessed. To see colonial architecture at its best, and to gain a realization of the possibilities of the ideal country seat, the home-lover must visit the old manor-houses on the lower Potomac, the James, and the Rappahannock rivers.

Most critics incline to the opinion that the finest architectural monument in Virginia is Westover-on-the-James, the old home of the Byrds, one of the most famous families of Virginia, and representatives of the highest type of the colonial aristocracy. The house stands on a slight knoll, about three hundred feet from the bank of the river, from which it is screened by a long row of venerable tulip-trees. Flanking this curtain of foliage on either side of the lawn are several magnificent yew-trees, which are conceded to be the finest specimens in the United

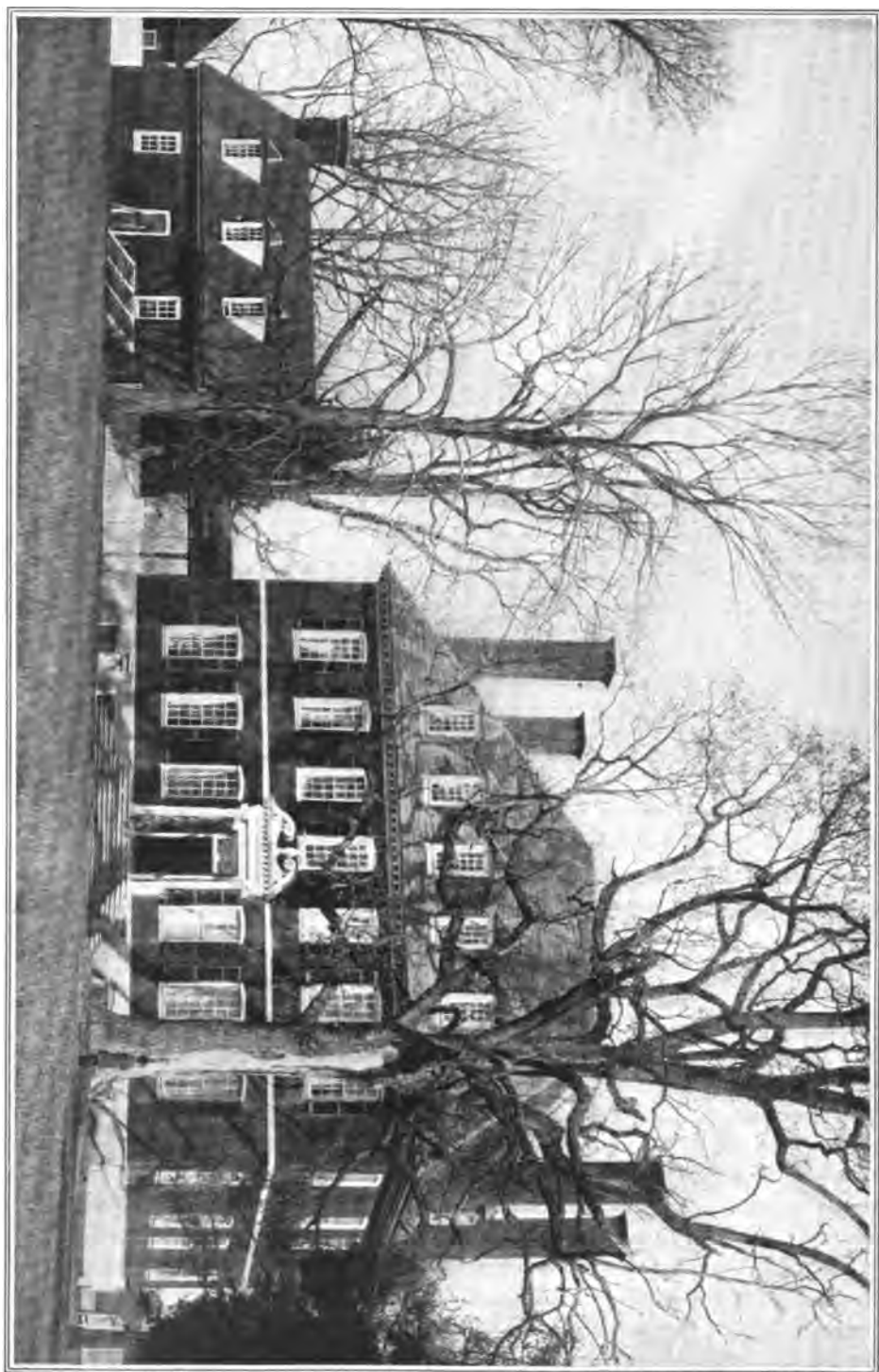


SHIRLEY

States. Near by are a quaint, old-fashioned garden and the family burying-ground, in which repose the remains of the beautiful Evelyn, the most famous of the heroines of the romances of early Virginia, and who died of a broken heart when her father forbade her to marry the dissolute Earl of Peterboro.

The estate passed out of the hands of the Byrd family about a century ago, but within the past few years the mansion and the twelve hundred acres surrounding it were purchased for forty thousand dollars by a descendant of the Byrd family, who has preserved and restored the majestic home. The house at Westover was built in 1716, for use as a country residence, and it admirably fulfils all the qualifications for such utilization. In general appearance it strongly resembles a French château, and indeed there is a tradition to the effect that it is in a measure a copy of such a structure; but inasmuch as the name of the architect has been lost, it is impossible to identify it accurately. The major part of the material of which it was constructed was brought from England, and it stands to-day in an excellent state of preservation, as though built to endure for centuries. An especially artistic feature of the exterior are the gates of hammered iron, in which the arms of the family are interwoven; while within, the visitor is at once struck with the immense hall, the graceful, winding staircase, and the mantels of Carrara marble, beautifully carved.

Shirley, the seat of the noted Carters, is a Virginia landmark which is known by reputation wherever men delight in architectural beauty or artistic home surroundings. The superb estate on the James River has been handed down from generation to generation, and is one of the few plantations in the South which remains to this day in the hands of the family with whose history its name has



WESTOVER

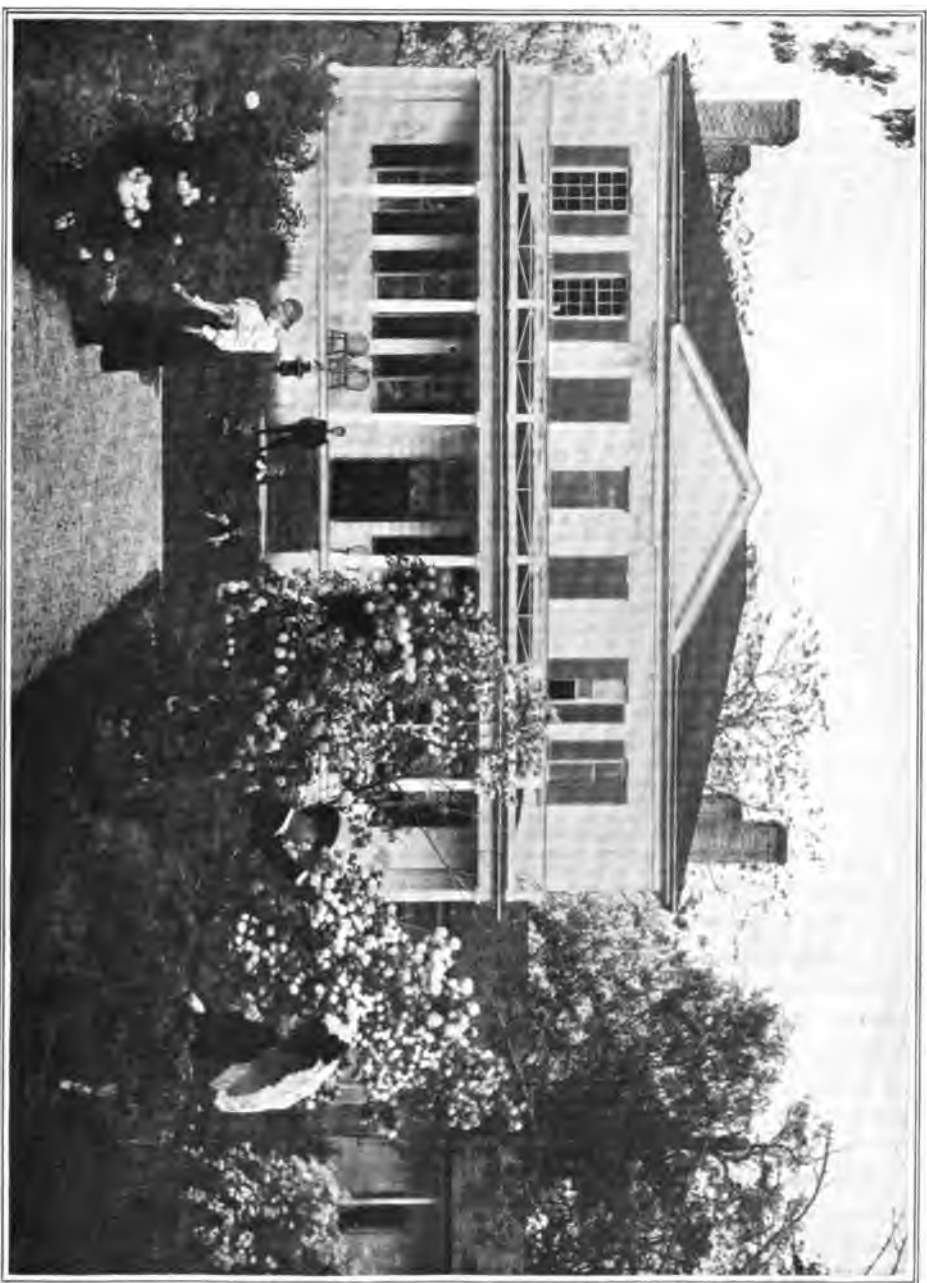
In the old days there were several branches of the Carter family in Virginia, and thus it came about that personages of that name owned a number of the most beautiful estates in the colony. As a reminder of these departed glories, it would be difficult to find a more significant object than the manor-house of Rosewell, which was once the capital of a private empire of five thousand acres. The bricks and almost all the other material for the house were imported from England, and the roof was covered with a heavy coat of lead. This house, although one of the most interesting in this realm of remarkable old mansions, is unfortunately not in as good a state of preservation as many of the other feudal halls of the old régime.

An especially attractive example of early colonial architecture is afforded by "Carter's Grove," although it may be admitted that something of the marvelous effectiveness of the picture which it presents to the passenger on the James River boat, steaming past, is contributed by the three broad terraces which rise from the water's edge to the portal of the mansion. In contrast to Westover, this plantation home shows no trace of the French architectural influence, but on the other hand, strongly resembles a type of ancient manor-house common in the midlands of England. As in the other colonial homes in this region, the interior is replete with wainscoting, carved mantels, moldings, and balustrades, which are fraught with a charm not possessed by any of their present-day counterparts.

Ninety miles below Richmond, on the James River, is situated the estate known as Lower Brandon, the ancient home of the Harrison family, and although the mansion itself does not compare in many respects with the others in this section of the country, it is famed, by reason of the loveliness of its surroundings, as one of the most beautiful country-seats in the world. The setting in which this quaint old house is placed constitutes a masterpiece of landscape gardening which will not suffer by comparison with any of the achievements of the present day. The bluff on which the mansion stands is located fully two hundred feet back from the river, and spread out before the house is a wonderful green tapestry, the figures in which are formed by hedges of box fully a century and a half old.

The mansion, which is over two hundred feet in length, was partially destroyed by fire more than a century ago, and was rebuilt from designs furnished by Thomas Jefferson. However, the two wings remain precisely as they were when originally erected, in 1712. The house has two fronts, one piazza facing the river, and the other opening toward the public road, with which it is connected by an aisle of stately trees whose branches meet overhead. The collection of paintings at Lower Brandon is notable, including some good examples of Van Dyck and other famous artists.

An estate which, in architectural classification, is entitled to rank with the colonial mansions of Virginia, is Mount Airy, the seat of the elder branch of the Calvert family. In a sense, the hand of time has seemingly remained motionless for a century at Mount Airy, and the daily life there at the present time not less than the furnishings of the old mansion remind the visitor of the atmosphere of the era of the Revolution. The manor-house has the two-story portico, which is a



SABINE HALL



THE PARLOR AT SHIRLEY

distinguishing feature of many old plantation homes, and on the walls yet hang full-length portraits of the prominent members of the Calvert family.

At almost all the old Virginia homes the kitchens and laundries were detached from the main manor-house. At Mount Vernon the kitchen is connected with the dining-room by a covered colonnade, and at Westover and Brandon passages afford communication between the two apartments. In some instances the kitchen was situated some distance away, and at one of the Carter mansions the culinary establishment is situated fully a quarter of a mile from the mansion, as it was the custom in the old days to have a colored boy ride on horseback to the dining-room with each course in a warmer. The wings, which are to be found connected with almost all of these old mansions, were designed for the accommodation of chance guests, whose entertainment was dictated by the universal rule of hospitality, but with whom the master of the estate was not sufficiently well acquainted to wish to ask them to occupy a room in the private portion of the house.

It is to be sincerely regretted that many of these splendid manor-houses, priceless as architectural treasures, and the sole surviving relics of the old régime in the South, have suffered severely during the wars, particularly the Civil War, when soldiers carried off great quantities of the family heirlooms, which contributed so much to the interest of the mansions.

ROSE AND ELISEBETH IN A FLAT

BY ELLA LOUISE TAYLOR

THIS is the story of Rose and Elisebeth, and the flat where they spent two happy years before the little blind god beckoned them away to better years in homes of their own. It was a modest little apartment, only four rooms, but the accommodations seemed almost palatial after what Rose called the "exigencies of boarding."

Elisebeth, who was a teacher in one of the city high schools, rejoiced daily in the privacy which gave her long, quiet hours for study uninterrupted by the fluttering visits of the gossipy boarder; and Rose's artist soul fairly reveled in the unprecedented privilege of leaving her unfinished studies out to dry without the dismal prospect of finding them ruined by the unwelcome attentions of the housemaid's duster. How welcome was the relief from the raids of the boarder who borrowed and returned not and was unashamed, and how they "doted on the absence" of her who had a peculiar gift for opening other people's packages, in defiance of a plainly written address, because she "thought they must be hers," and the boarder who, like little Johnny, lived in chronic state of "wanting to know."

Bonbons and toilet-water no longer disappeared mysteriously, the rooms were always warm, and could be sufficiently aired without evoking a protest from the landlady, clean towels and hot water were always to be had in abun-

dance, and one might claim the bath-room daily for a morning tub without an overpowering sense of injustice toward one's fellow-boarders causing one's usual gait to deteriorate into a nervous, sneaking flight to and fro. Callers were no longer dismissed with a curt "not at home" because the maid felt disinclined to mount the stairs to deliver the card, and among the friends and acquaintances to whom the simple hospitality of its Monday evenings was extended, the little flat became, as Fauntleroy said of his grandfather, a "universal favorite."

The flat was chosen on the second floor of an apartment building on a side street near the park; four light, well-proportioned rooms, with pantry, bath-room, one large closet, a private mail-box, and a basement storeroom. It was heated by steam, floors and wood-work had hard-wood finish, there were gas fixtures of brass in a pretty design holding candles, and the low, wide windows were hung with dark green shades. It was furnished with a pretty sideboard, a gas-stove, refrigerator, and medicine-chest. There was a public telephone in the building. The rent was twenty-five dollars a month.

The rooms were all freshly tinted in the colors selected by the new tenants; and to avoid disappointment in the decorations, Rose got a color-card from a paint-shop and supplied the workmen with the shades she and Elisebeth had

chosen, cutting the little color squares in half, and keeping one part herself to replace the not impossible loss of the other.

The dining-room, which had two large south windows, was appropriated for a studio, and here the walls were tinted a soft dark olive-green, with buff cove and ceiling. This was purely a workroom, and was kept as simple as possible; it had neither rugs, curtains, nor bric-à-brac, and besides a few chairs, no furniture except Elisebeth's roomy working desk and rack of text-books, and Rose's easels and paint-boxes. The tiny hall was tinted to match the studio, and a rug of black goatskin placed on the floor. The sitting-room and bedroom were done in gray, pearl-gray on the walls, and silver-gray above. A large cotton rug in dark blue and white was bought for the sitting-room, and two small ones of gray goatskin for the bedroom. A Bagdad portière was hung in the doorway between the sitting-room and hall, and one between the hall and studio. Curtains of dark blue and white cotton goods were made for the sitting-room windows, with a valance about eighteen inches deep entirely across the window at the top and narrow widths of the goods hanging straight to the floor on each side. As the material was very light, a small quantity of shot was run in the lower hems to hold the curtains in place. A cot with a home-made cover of blue and white cretonne made a comfortable couch, and was always ready to serve as a bed for the mother or the "sister or the cousin or the aunt," who occasionally visited the city for a few days' shopping or recreation. In this room Elisebeth placed her beautiful little mahogany writing-desk with its dainty

carved chair. Inexpensive book-shelves, with their precious volumes, a small table holding magazines and a reading-lamp, two easy-chairs, a small rocking-chair, and a low Indian stool with a plump red cushion completed the furniture. Two bits of Rose's work in water-colors, one a marine, the other a portrait head, hung on the walls, also a beautiful copy of Thayer's "Caritas," a tiny print of Lerolle's "Shepherdess," and a fine photograph of Breton's "Song of the Lark," under which Rose had copied these lines from "The Path of the Storm": "The marks in her hands and the lines in her face are part of her loveliness; for they give to her a beauty that is only seen in those who, bending over their task in life, no matter how bitter it may be, look up and take courage." The bric-à-brac consisted of a small plaster cast of the "Winged Victory," two vases for flowers, a small clock, a tiny Rookwood bowl for matches, and a fern and a flowering plant in the window.

Two small iron bedsteads were placed in the bedroom, with a birch chiffonier belonging to Rose, and two shirt-waist boxes covered in pink and green cretonne, which not only eked out the accommodations of the closet, but also served for seats. A tiny table held devotional books, and above it hung Elisebeth's Madonna, a photograph of Bouguereau's "Notre Dame des Anges." The windows in the room were hung with ruffled curtains of dotted muslin, tied back with bands of rosettes of pink ribbon. The chiffonier top had a pink pad with a muslin cover.

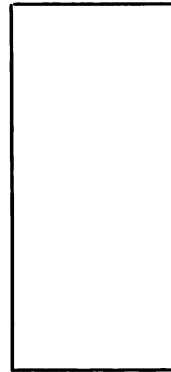
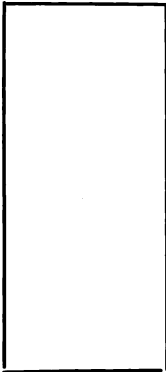
As few meals besides breakfast were taken at home, the little kitchen served admirably for dining-room as well.

Both the girls took their noon meal in lunch-rooms near where they taught, and Sunday dinner in a little café in the neighborhood of the church which they attended. A weekly concert and lecture course occupied two evenings, and on those nights they took supper down town. Baked beans with brown bread and a custard pie, delivered regularly from the delicatessen store, made an acceptable supper once each week, and soup, usually oyster stew, with fresh crackers, cheese, and fruit, served on another evening. Roast chicken, cold boiled ham, delicious rolls, and nicely made salads could be bought at the delicatessen store and made the other meals possible with but very little cooking.

Breakfast was always a simple meal, and the girls took turns, a month at a time, rising half an hour early to prepare it. A palatable cereal, boiled or poached eggs, fruit, and cocoa with toast or rolls was all that was served, and the one who prepared the meal also cleared it away and rearranged the kitchen while the other aired the rooms, regulated the heat, and attended to the dusting and bed-making. Arrangements were made with the janitor's wife to do the cleaning and laundry work, and goods delivered while Rose and Elisebeth were absent

were left in her care. One of the greatest annoyances in their housekeeping was the irregular hours at which the ice was delivered; and for women who must spend most of every day away from home it would be a great convenience if arrangements could be made with a neighbor to use part of her ice-box and share the expense of the ice in return.

After the furniture was bought the expenses of living were about the same that boarding had been, and might even have been less had a smaller flat or one less desirably located been chosen. Such home-making, however, is not for women who "just hate housework," and would find the simple house duties required irksome, for to keep a maid would begin a series of additional cares and expenses which would destroy all the charm of the little home. Neither is it for very young girls, for they cannot afford to dispense with the protection which a home among older women alone can give. Nor is it for strangers, not only because the location of the desirable residence districts is unknown to them, but because, without a circle of friends and acquaintances, such a mode of life in a city would result in an isolation which could not fail to be both unhealthy and unhappy.



SUCCESSFUL HOUSES



MR. CHARLES H. BEBB has built, in Seattle, for Mr. Daniel Kelleher, a house which is simple in design, admirable in proportion, and original in conception. He faced the problem of a city house in a comparatively small lot, which was yet large enough to admit of light on all sides. Mr. Bebb has solved it with much tact, and produced a house which has absolutely no superfluous ornament. It is at once recognized, however, as a livable house—a house which is a home; and any one seeing it would know in a moment that the owner and his architect must have individuality and character. There is a simple dignity about the exterior which is immediately effective.

The first story is built of brick in Flemish bond, the brick being selected red common brick, with all the headers practically black, as taken from near the

arch in the kiln. This gives a certain variety to the coloring of the brick which is much more attractive than the usual monotony. The second story is of shingle, with mold strips every three courses, giving agreeable shadows, once again to break the monotony. The vertical walls of the shingles on the second floor, on the gables and dormers, are stained with deep brown, and afterwards oiled with boiled oil. The roof is painted a deep moss-green, and the trimmings around the windows and all the finish of the outside are painted white.

The ceiling of the porch is colored a warm yellow, which gives a very cheerful appearance to the entrance, even in the dull weather so common in Seattle. In the photographs, which were taken soon after the house was finished, the place looks rather bare, as the shrubs and vines have had little chance of softening it. Later on, these touches of green



THE HALLWAY

will make a material difference in the effect of the place as a whole.

In entering the house one recognizes at once that the interior was designed for comfort. Here, too, the architect has wisely abandoned ornament, except where it is the natural outgrowth of architectural necessities. The hall is severely plain, yet well proportioned, and with the design of its woodwork carefully thought out. All of the wood is stained old Flemish, and the walls are a deep pumpkin-yellow, while the ceiling here, as in all the rooms, is of a warm ivory tint. The rugs are oriental, with warm tones of reds and browns, which work in admirably with the colors of the background.

The library, which is large and forms the living-room of the house, is comfortable and cheerful. The woodwork is stained a very deep green, finished in shellac and rubbed down, while the walls are covered with a Pompeiian red ingrain paper. The mantel, which is a bit heavy for the character of the room, is of Roman brick, in the deepest shade of red, and it forms a good background for the old pistols and cutlasses which are hung against it. There are touches of brass, also, which relieve its somberness. Here, as in all the rooms of the main floor, there is a wide molding of wood at the cove. The furniture is of mahogany, and the curtains are of delicate muslin.



THE LIVING-ROOM



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LIVING-ROOM



THE DINING-ROOM

The dining-room is quite different in character, inasmuch as the woodwork is enameled in white with a little chrome-yellow in it. There is a high wainscoting in white, and above it the walls are of deep green. The furniture is colonial, in solid mahogany—the real thing, as many of the pieces here and in other rooms are family heirlooms. The sideboard is a particularly beautiful thing, one of those roomy, capacious sideboards that our ancestors, puritan as they were, were fond of. Some of the silver, also,

has stood the test of time, and on the mantel is a row of antique colonial plates, each of which has a history.

The house throughout shows a great deal of thought, and a careful regard for the effect of the thing as a whole. The comfort of the rooms, however, is not sacrificed for this result, and one does not find here a library without books or a dining-room without china. The photographs show that the place is inhabited, and inhabited by a man of character.

FLOORS AND THEIR COVERINGS

THE French while not distinguished for cleanliness in housekeeping, being unwilling to devote life wholly to the interminable scrubbing of the Dutch, yet manage to care for their hard-wood floors to perfection. They are never washed, but after the rugs are removed, every particle of dust is absorbed by the dry soft cloths with which the floors are rubbed. When the high polish becomes dim, it is renewed by an application of wax, but this is carefully applied by a professional, rarely by the house servants. Crude petroleum on a woolen cloth will cleanse any floor more successfully than water, and after it has been applied for several hours, every particle of the oil should be removed by rubbing the floor very thoroughly with an old scrub-brush covered with a woolen cloth. Many excellent preparations may be bought for waxing floors, but a half-pint of paraffine oil to each quart of petroleum makes a simple and excellent polish. Very dirty spots may be removed with turpentine, but an extra coat of wax will be necessary on the places where it has been used.

At this season it is well to avail one's self of the cleansing properties of snow

for oriental rugs, as too frequent beating and shaking is likely to weaken their fabric. A thorough sweeping, out of doors, with a liberal supply of snow, brightens them wonderfully, and if nature is grudging of snow, damp salt is a good substitute. Some use a mixture of cornmeal and salt, but the cornmeal is sometimes thought to attract mice by its odor. For the weekly cleaning of carpets, a half-tumbler of spirits of turpentine in a basin of water is excellent, and should be applied by dipping the broom in the mixture and lightly brushing the carpet after the more vigorous sweeping has been completed. Turpentine is an enemy to moths of all kinds, but when these destroyers of domestic peace have actually appeared, the carpet should at once be removed and thoroughly cleaned, preferably at a steam cleaner's. The floor may be disinfected, and old-fashioned housekeepers sprinkle red pepper over it before the carpet is replaced. This is death to the moths, and incidentally rather wearing on the carpet-layer, who would doubtless prefer a solution of something more scientific and less penetrating—presumably Platt's chlorides.

COMMONPLACE ORIGINALITY IN HOUSE-FURNISHING

BY BENJAMIN ESTEN

ALL our houses are unconventional in precisely the same way. We have the drawing-room done in green, the library in red and mahogany, with an imitation Rookwood lamp on the table, and the dining-room in Flemish oak. We set apart our stuffiest room for a den, with a cozy corner made up of "something Oriental," and two or three dozen small pictures plastering the walls; the Queen Louisas, Countess Potockas, and Gibson Girls have been replaced by Sargent's Hosea, Rembrandt, and the Golden Stairs. In specific cases certain of these details may vary, but I think I have drawn truthfully a type of those houses which we call well furnished and original. Why is it that all our houses can be represented by a type? The reason is not hard to find: mahogany furniture, dens, and picture-plastered walls are the fashion just now, and by one of the dangerous manifestations which attend our peculiarly American strenuous life, we like to be very much, head over ears, in the fashion. Persons have said to me, "But I like Sargent's Hosea; why should I not have it upon my walls?" It may be true that we like Sargent's Hosea, but beyond the likes which we have in common with all our neighbors, we have certain ones not shared by them. It is these peculiar likes of ours that go to make up our individualities, and our houses should, I think, express these individualities.

We all want our houses to be fashionably furnished. But the new fashions in furniture may not at all express these individualities of ours. I know an old couple who would appear utterly out of place in surroundings of mock antique chairs and Burbank Indians. Then again, furniture is rather a permanent thing. We are not expected to change it as we do our clothes; yet that is what we all want to do; we are ashamed of the old tables and chairs. Now, unless we can buy all new furniture, and that of the very best, we had better stick to the old. A weathered oak Morris chair in the same room with a marble-topped center-table is a bit incongruous. I do not mean that when it is necessary to buy a new chair we must buy one made in the twenty-year-old style of our other chairs, but I do mean that we should not buy a chair in the extreme, aggressively new style. Further than this, mock antique and imitation colonial furniture are so obviously a sham, and so aggressively presumptuous, that a house full of them must necessarily appear vulgar. Our old furniture gives a certain air to our houses, which the new, unless it is the genuine article, can never do. In these days, when the new shapes are being made in the cheapest woods, and with the most slovenly workmanship, the old furniture is the truly unconventional.

This common striving after the same sort of originality is also illustrated by

our pictures and china. Since Rookwood and cloisonné, Tiffany glass and brasses, are being widely affected these days, one woman I know has placed upon her piano one article of each of these different kinds; from necessity, two of these articles had to be imitations. Beyond the very questionable taste of placing four large ornaments upon a piano, this illustration shows how, in our desire to have every piece of our furnishings fashionable, we have a piece of every fashion in furnishings, and that in order to do this, we must buy cheap imitations of these fashions. This last difficulty is brought about also by the way in which we hang our pictures. The rule nowadays is dozens of small pictures with the least possible wall space between them. In order to meet the demand, most of us must "fill in" with very poor pictures. Further, so large a mass of pictures is very wearying. Psychologically, it is a fact that we cannot look at any one of these pictures without being distracted by the others, and that if we look at them as a whole, the brain is woefully wearied by having to take in so heterogeneous a field at a glance. These picture-covered walls are also wearying from a physiological point of view. Physiologists and aestheticians agree in the restful effect of certain colors. A large extent of wall done in some soft color, with one good, simply framed picture in the center, has a peculiarly restful influence upon the nerves, which the other sort of wall entirely lacks.

Neither the furniture nor the pictures so aptly illustrates the affirmation that our originality is conventional as do our "dens." We establish a den with the conscious purpose that it shall be rest-

ful, original, and representative of ourselves, and yet the "den" or cozy corner or study of each one of us is precisely like the "den" of his neighbor. If any room should exercise the restful influence, it is the "den," the room with the cozy corner; yet, in no room in the house do we find such a profusion of worthless pictures and knickknacks. Every den I have ever seen aspires to be oriental in suggestion. I can see reason in having an oriental room only in the many-chambered mansion of a widely traveled man; there is certainly no reason in having a bad imitation of one in a five-room flat done in quarter-sawed oak; it's just a bit incongruous.

I can best sum up what I have said by describing a truly individual room. It is the bedroom of a man. The room is perhaps ten feet square, with one small window and dull red walls. There are an iron bedstead, two chairs, and a dressing-stand of bird's-eye maple, and a low bookcase of four shelves, about three feet wide. The two lower shelves are filled with college text-books, the two upper by volumes of Stevenson, Browning, Carlyle, Whitman, Tolstoi, and a few others. On the wall above the bookcase are three small portraits of Stevenson, Browning, and Carlyle. The dresser, standing next to the bookcase, is covered with a few toilet articles and five or six photographs. From one of the dresser-posts hang some dance-programs and foot-ball score-cards. On the wall opposite the bed are hung three framed portraits of certain members of the man's family. There is nothing more in the room, and yet the room appears restful, unconventional, and above all, distinctly indicative of the owner's personality.

LINES TO A NEWCOMB VASE

BY JANE GREY ROGERS

Upon a standard Japanese,
With dower but the charm to please,
O Newcomb vase, wilt thou reveal
That secret strength I somehow feel?

Teach me those subtle harmonies,
That I may tune my life's harsh keys
To gentler motives, sweeter themes,
And quicken nobler thoughts and
dreams;

For oh! thy very presence seems
Alive with feeling—sordid schemes
Sink back abashed, and lo! instead,
The full, free faith of days long dead.
Soft shadows tremble as I pass
With light step o'er the dewy grass
Into the land of nevermore
And hear my heart sing as of yore.

I feel again the balmy breeze,
Breathe deep of fragrant piney trees,
And hear the bayou murmur low
Its calm content to lakeward flow.
The twilight veil of misty haze,
The tender glimpse of far-off ways
Of peace, speak from thy cool, green
glaze

Like verdant verse of fresh fair days.

Perchance some slender Creole maid
In shaping thee hath somehow laid
A spell upon thee ere, half-sad,
She sent thee forth to make men glad.
I seem to see her earnest face,
Her pliant fingers as they trace
Thy form with sweet, unconscious
grace;

The soft dark eyes that watchful
burned

While fast the wizard wheel was
turned.

I catch the gentle words she sung,
A dream-song in her mother-tongue,
A song that sank to silent prayer
Awhile she worked with holiest care
And placed her superscription there.

What tender yearnings fashioned
thee,
Thou keepest these a mystery;

What deep heart-throbs of weal or
woe

I know not, nor would wish to know;
I feel that through her loving breast
There shot a pang, though uncon-
fessed,

When to the ordeal's fiery test
She offered thee, spite nature's cries
To art's stern laws, her sacrifice.



Ah! purged indeed of self's gross
thought,

Her fancy's image purely wrought,
Thou art to me a holy thing,
Love's highest laws interpreting.

Yea, Newcomb vase, not merely earth,
But stamped with a diviner birth,
Thou art a spirit shrined in clay,
Thy gospel beauty, and thy way
Leads onward under faith's clear ray.

The Paintings of Cecilia Beaux

BY PAULINE KING

THE power of the art of the portrait-painter is one that successive generations are obliged to acknowledge, and while certain forms of painting appeal much more to the tastes of one time than another, there can be but little change of attitude toward the living likenesses that the great artists have imprinted upon their canvases. Outside of the favorite topic of the mother and child, many of the ambitious religious paintings by famous hands are quite out of sympathy with the feeling of the present generation. Yet this cannot possibly be said of the portraits of the same epochs. One needs not be very deeply versed in art to find one's self fairly captivated by Moroni's wonderful "Sailor" in the National Gallery; and the record that Holbein's marvelous pencil made of Henry VIII. and the men and women of his time is more vivid than any page of history; while across the channel Van Dyck, Hals, Titian, Rembrandt, Velasquez, all add to the great human pageant that seems as real and living in all the qualities of soul and spirit as of form.

The nineteenth century, though it has acknowledged limitations in religious and imaginative painting, has not been found lacking in this particular field, and amongst the most distinguished contemporary portrait-painters must be included certain Americans, than

whom, led by Mr. Whistler, none rank higher.

In this very exclusive order Cecilia Beaux must be included. Amongst women who devote themselves to the brush, she is the leader; and waiving all thought of sex distinction, her brother artists are proud to acknowledge that her talents carry her into the first rank.

The writer, who is very familiar with the facts of the artist's career, can think of nothing pleasanter than the appreciation and recognition that have been accorded at every step onward that she has made. The attitude of the art world has been to hail with enthusiasm the exhibition of such striking talents. The honors, prizes, and dignities awarded to her both in this country and Europe make a formidable list, and the criticisms of a most flattering nature, printed in American and Parisian journals, would fill a good-sized scrap-book. The best of all is, that there is no advertisement about this: it is the genuine expression of the art societies, critics, and others whose opinions are of value. It is no more than is due. One never hears any one suggesting that Miss Beaux has had more than her share of praise. And when it is remembered how many a talented soul has gone to his grave unrecognized, unrequited, heartbroken, when the bitter struggles endured by women who desired to become profes-

sional artists only a few decades ago are recalled, what a beautiful contrast this is! what a matter for thankfulness!

Miss Beaux's style waits upon that of no greater artist in halting imitation, as is so markedly to be noted of women who follow the arts. The lessons taught by this or that old master or contemporary have been taken in a perfectly legitimate way, and molded into a fresh individual form. Literature and art are an endless mass of subtle influences, and while Miss Beaux shares this common heritage, her personality is not absorbed by it.

In speaking of her as being identified with the broad and liberal methods that impressionism has inaugurated, this does not mean that the term is accepted in the limitations set by any one master's work, but by the progressive intention that lay behind the achievement that has been carried on and developed, and will be so carried on and developed by many another talented hand in the future.

As Manet owed a great deal to Velasquez, Whistler to Manet, and Sargent to Whistler, so Miss Beaux is probably more indebted to Sargent than to any one else for a searching light upon character, and the intention of gaining this regardless of sacrifices. While her study of character is too profound to have elements of prettifying or idealization, it does not go to the opposite extreme, and by undue emphasis give a likeness that is so lacking in beauty as to be rather repellent—too often the case, alas! in the search for truth, and yet as distinctly sinning against the canons and proprieties of art as do the formless repetitions that result from a too superficial study of nature.

Even the plainest person has a charm,

an atmosphere, a relieving human something that keeps him from being a monster. This human quality is eminently characteristic of the manner in which Miss Beaux presents a likeness. One sees in her conceptions that her mind is too well poised to allow exaggeration, too sane for eccentricity, too full of watchful dignity to be trivial; and one guesses at the strong, fine woman who is as interesting as the talented artist. In an exhibition where one of Miss Beaux's portraits is hung, it is one of the first things that is seen on entering, one of the last before leaving. That it is prominently placed to honor the distinguished painter does not account for this in any great measure. Wherever it would be hung it would attract attention, so strong, interesting, and vital are her impressions. The freedom of brush-work is astonishing, pigments and strokes are used in any way that will give the desired effect. Every canvas displays a remarkably unhampered technique, changing and varying for purposes of expression, giving breadth and force, united with exquisite delicacy.

So thorough a lover of natural appearances does not rely upon the elegance of fine clothes or stately and unusual surroundings to give the understanding that she is painting gentlemen, gentlewomen, and their children. The air of good breeding is unmistakable; and Miss Beaux's girls in their simple muslins, matrons in the usual garb of home life, little boys with their rough every-day suits, and tiny folks with their plain white frocks and odd little hats and bonnets have a finer distinction than rich garments could give them. The artist prefers what is usual, becoming, and characteristic; and painting the face with

the most vivid realization, she makes all else on the canvas subservient to this with a sense of compositional quality that is exceptionally satisfying. The delicacy that is added to this cannot be too greatly insisted upon. The little lovable characters of small children are imprinted on their faces. The intellectual charm that distinguishes American women has never been more charmingly translated.

Of course, as the preference in costume lies mainly with the taste of the sitter, Miss Beaux cannot always confine herself to the simplicity that she pre-

fers; then, her splendid technique is nothing daunted by textures of gleaming satin and soft velvet, patterns of rich lace, and the garniture of evening toilettes. Of this side of Miss Beaux's skill one recalls the portrait of Mrs. Robert Abbe, typical grand dame, with

her great natural charm and beautiful coloring heightened by her magnificent costume.

While Miss Beaux is never idle and fin-

ishes a number of pictures every season, the illustrations to this article are not of very recent date, nor could such be obtained; for very often these have gone from the studio to be the treasured possessions of the families which ordered them, and their owners will not allow exhibition or reproduction.

But though familiar, the five illustrations are of such an order of excellence that they can be seen again and again without be-



PORTRAIT

coming wearisome: rather, there is an added pleasure in the repetition. Their beauties unfold; what one thought of them at the first view continues to be the opinion, strengthened into deeper conviction.

It is a pleasant task to follow the steps

by which this eminent woman has attained such an enviable position. The reserve, the quiet force, the strength of purpose in her work, are repeated in her career. Born in Philadelphia, her first instruction was given by her aunt, Mrs. Thomas A. Janvier, the practical results of which was drawing upon stone for illustrating United States geographical reports, and later, when painting with Mr. William Sartain, an advance was made to children's portraits, copied on porcelain from photographs. By these slow and hampered ways a beginning in artistic work was at last made, and a canvas called "The Last Days of Infancy" received the Mary Smith prize at the Philadelphia Academy, and was

exhibited in other cities. Later, when the opportunity came for studying in Paris, Miss Beaux's unflagging energy and earnestness, as well as the remarkable merit of her class-work, awakened the greatest interest amongst the artists to whose ateliers she belonged, and she also met with most flattering encouragement from the American artists resident in France.

It was in 1892 that the portrait of Dr. Grier, remarkable delineation of a clever professional man, made a distinct sensation.

When "Ernesta" appeared, in 1899, the interest deepened into assurance. Miss Beaux's place near the top of the ladder was unassailable. Not only every form of appreciation to which she is eligible in this country has since been offered to her, but the recognition with which she has been met abroad has been quite as flattering. At the Salon of the Champs de Mars, 1896, her work was accorded the coveted privilege of an ample space where her whole exhibit could be seen together. This group included the portrait of Dr. Grier, "A New England Woman," now owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, "Cynthia," "Ernesta," "Sita and Sarita," and the very beautiful canvas called "The Dreamer," distinguished by its atmosphere of the ideal.

The distinction of the seven canvases roused a storm of criticism and flattering comment; too often, to the French mind, even our most notable artists but reproduce the clever mannerisms



ERNESTA

gained by years of study in Paris, and there is nothing behind that is temperamental, original, or sincere. These three qualities were too apparently the very essence of Miss Beaux's art to be called into question.

Amongst a number of most quotable opinions of leading critics which appeared in the journals at the time, one cannot forbear repeating the so often repeated comment made by M. Henri Rochefort, so truthfully do his words convey the enthusiasm felt by the mass of his colleagues. "I am compelled to admit," writes Mr. Rochefort, "not without some chagrin, that not one of our female artists, Mlle. Abbema included, is strong enough to compete with the lady who has given us this year the portrait of Dr. Grier. Composition, flesh, texture, even drawing—everything is there, without affectation and without seeking for effect."

The simplicity of surroundings and detail, dwelt upon earlier in this article, was a source of the most naïve astonishment to the nation accustomed to the display of the rich traveling American.

Our artist did her country loyal service in introducing finer types, with the ordinary every-day appearance of persons of good family the world over. Her muslin-clad maidens, with their fresh, intellectual faces, did much to dispel the extraordinary illusions indulged in by people on the Continent, who seem to think that from birth



SITA AND SARITA

American girls wear velvet and diamonds. How delightfully the small "Ernesta" refutes any such nonsensical ideas. The simplest plain frock, her little starched bonnet pushed back from her forehead, the delicate tones of white, and of her colorless, large-eyed face, set against the slightly deepening tones of the nurse's white apron. Of all bewildering personalities in children, who can fail to love her adorable childishness?

What admirable art that could invest a likeness of this most difficult age with

the indefinable and elusive suggestions that touch the heart of the spectator, and make one feel glad, seeing the picture in exhibitions, that the little maid, so helpless and appealing, has not been sent out into the world alone to face the multitude, but can cling to the protecting hand of her faithful nurse.

"Cynthia," a vivacious likeness of an older child, with greater pronouncement of color, shows Miss Beaux's mastery of clever technique, carried to such an extent that it seems almost a satisfactory end in itself. Yet, as a fact worthy of remark, the child's family is not more proud of it as a work of art than as a most speaking and truthful likeness.

In "Sita and Sarita" there is again a fine study in effects of white. The dark-haired girl has a most charming, artistic relation with the black cat perched upon her shoulder. There is here, in character, pose, composition, every part that goes to make up the effect, something so harmonious that any alteration or improvement would seem to be a grievous fault. This feeling of wholeness of the artist's conception strongly rendered into one perfect impression is one of the most difficult as it is one of the most satisfying and enduring of artistic qualities—a quality which the old masters enjoyed in a marvelous degree. When to these portraits—the descriptions of which the reader can follow in the illustrations—memory adds three more equally important, the impression made at the French capital is not to be wondered at; the final court of appeal as it is in art matters to-day,

how could the judgment have been otherwise?

Since that time how carefully Miss Beaux has continued to be the earnest worker, the untiring student, the artistic soul, devoted to her art and living for its ends. Though no one child portrait has ever eclipsed "Ernesta," yet so happy have been many others that the comparison seems scarcely necessary, and the artist stands almost unrivaled in this field. Of later achievement that the world has seen and admired, the notable "Dorothea and Francesca" (1898) is an illustrious example. This shows a tall girl with her curls still hanging around her face, yet with a long gown, the ample folds of which hang in graceful lines around her young form. She is gracefully poised, dancing some kind of a fancy measure with her little sister, who is earnestly attending to her steps. The canvas excels in beauty of composition, in decorative impression, in æsthetic charm. The difficult momentary action has been met in a most artistic way, and the rhythmic lines of the figures give the sense of harmony of some utterly sweet chord of music.

Writing of this painting at the time, the author expressed her belief that if the work of any American woman was added to the few examples of American art in the great collection in the Luxembourg gallery, this would surely be Cecilia Beaux's. Matured judgment does not make this prophecy seem too enthusiastic, but rather has brought the conviction that it is three years nearer its fulfilment.





MOTHER AND SON
From the painting by Cecilia Beaux

COLLECTORS' INTERESTS



THE VALUE OF OLD CHINA

BY RALPH WARREN BURNHAM

MANY inquiries frequently appear in *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL* relative to the value of old china and ceramics, and especially in the line of historic pieces; i. e., those bearing designs of historic buildings, landscapes, ships, etc., which appear chiefly on blue Staffordshire and Liverpool ware.

I have always found that in reply to such inquiries no definite price has been given; nor can it be. It depends upon many things. I have often found old, rare, historic plates in some little town in New Hampshire or Maine, for which a few cents was all that their owners asked, while these same plates could not be purchased in Salem or Boston for as many dollars.

There is no fixed value for such plates, and many will pay the large prices of the city dealer, while others will wait in hope of finding in some obscure village, while on a summer vacation, the much desired design.

It is true, nevertheless, that in city antique stores an average price prevails, and it is seldom we find in such shops much variance in the price of the same design. These prices have been established "under the hammer," as collections came upon the market.

At a sale in Boston, a month or two ago, the following prices were realized, and will in the future be conceded as values for each design. The sale consisted largely of listed Staffordshire blues, Liverpool jugs, both Masonic and historic, and other rare pieces.

A State House Platter, with cows on Common and eagle border, by John Stubbs, brought \$55.

Washington Apotheosis Pitcher, with States border, by Clews, brought \$60, the highest price realized. The jug was of Liverpool, twelve inches high, condition perfect.

Pitcher five inches high, New York City Hall on one side, reverse side Massachusetts state capitol, brought \$28.

Other pitchers went for \$27, \$30, \$37, and \$56 each.

One Liverpool Jug, repaired with new handle, brought \$8.

A Masonic Pitcher, with the Knights Templars' design, eight and one-half inches high, repaired by riveting and supplied with new handle, brought, in this condition, \$28.

A Masonic Punch-Bowl went for \$10, and another Masonic Pitcher brought \$25, and four others \$10 each.

A States Platter, by Clews, fourteen inches long, view of Washington's

home, Mount Vernon, with Washington in medallion, and allegorical and Masonic designs, was knocked down for \$46; others at \$10.50 and \$12.50 each.

Nahant Hotel Plate, by Stubbs, eagle border, \$18.

Fairmount Park Platter, by Stubbs, eagle border, \$16.

Landing of Lafayette Platter, by Clews, brought \$15.50.

Harvard College Soup Plate, \$28.

Plate with New York coat of arms, by T. Mayer, brought \$31.

Two Plates, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, by Wood, \$26.

Plates—Landing of the Pilgrims, by Enoch Wood, \$14.50; City Hall, New York, by Stubbs, \$17.50; Landing of Lafayette, by Clews, \$18; Union Line Hudson River Steamboat, by Wood, \$15.25; Chatham Street, Boston, \$15; Boston State House, by Stubbs, \$15; Octagon Church, Boston, by Ridgway, \$15; Table Rock, Niagara, by Wood, \$14.50; LaGrange, the residence of the Marquis Lafayette, \$11; Pittsfield Elm, winter view, small size, by Clews, \$14;

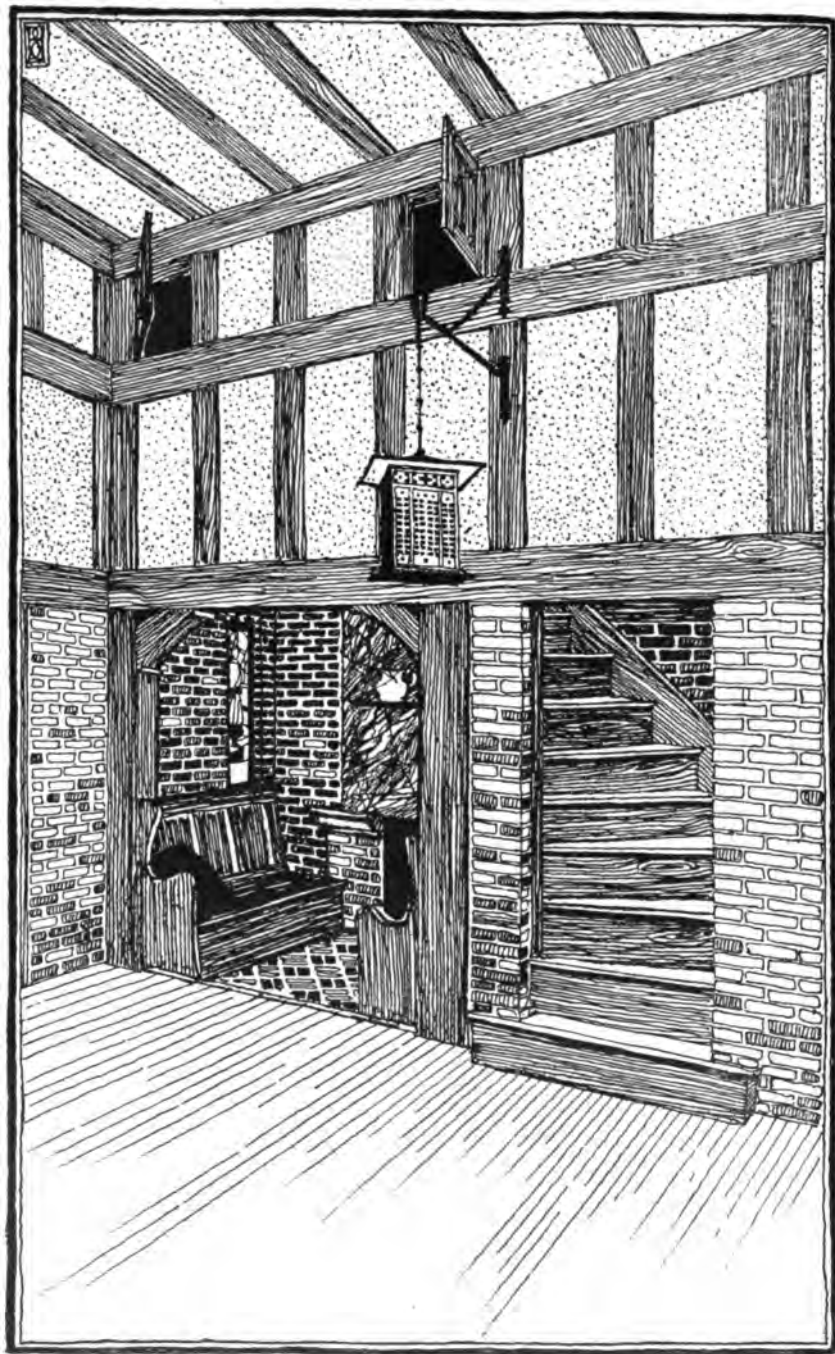
Sally, of Boston, a full rigged brig, \$10.50; Marine Hospital, Louisville, Kentucky, by Woods, \$10.50; Gilpins' Mills on the Brandywine Creek, by Woods, \$12.50; State House, Boston, Chaise, by Rodgers, \$12; Hancock House, Boston, in black, by J. and J. Jackson, \$12.

Pitchers—Wolfe Pitcher, death of General Wolfe, ten and one-half inches high, \$25; Commodore Preble Pitcher, portrait in oval and Preble's squadron attacking Tripoli, August 3, 1804, \$28; Commodore Perry's victory, the Constitution in close action with the Guerriere, seven and one-half inches high, \$25; Old English Teapot, printed in colors, \$21, and a Leeds Pitcher, by George Walker, 1778, eight inches high, \$13.

Many of the foregoing pieces were in perfect condition; some, however, had blemishes, being chipped, cracked, or indented by knife marks.

At the sale many distinguished buyers were present, and an eagerness to buy was clearly perceptible. Old china never loses its charm for collectors.





ADAPTATION OF AN INGLENOOK IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE

The solid constructional beams and posts and brackets give simplicity as well as strength. The upper portion of the hall is in oak and plaster, while the lower part is built of red sand-faced brick, very rich and varied in color.

Drawn by Birch Burlette Long

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

THE cricket on the hearth of **THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL** greets all good people who have read the past numbers of the magazine; greetings to those who are now reading it; and also greetings to those who contemplate the reading of it in the good times to come.

And here is a story: Once upon a time a good, gray clergyman, who had grown old in the faith, met a modern young man, in whom belief was neither spontaneous nor cultivated; the young man made a skeptical remark; the clergyman drew himself up to an impressive height, and delivered himself thus, "Young man, there is no attitude in all the world so easy to assume as that of the cricket."

Inspired slip of the tongue! Truly there is a happy ease in the attitude of the cheerful cricket. It is agility in repose; within a domestic environment it still betrays an aptitude for speedy disappearance. The interchangeability of critic and cricket suggests innumerable opportunities.

Hereafter, then, from the hearth of **THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL** the cricket will chirp forth his cheerful mind, and the critic will carp his carplings, each happy in the knowledge that at a wink the one can become the other, so that the burden of responsibility will fall to the ground between them. And in this duality the editorial "we" will find a fitting excuse. Hearths are the hearts of houses beautiful. There is the mud hearth trodden into smooth hollows by the pressure of

many feet, some of them bare—the feet of babes—some rough-shod, hobnailed and heavy, some uncertain in their tread—the feet of those that must have a staff to guide them. These mud hearths are permeated with history.

The corn-cob pipe, smoked before the fire that flickers on the mud hearth, has a flavor of contentment not surpassed by that of the carved seafoam, that is gathering its coffee and amber hue smoked before glazed tiles and the asbestos log.

The cricket loves best the brick hearth. There, lurking in the warmed crannies, seeing but unseen, he chirps forth his contentment. Pardon us, O Anacreon, if we substitute cricket for grasshopper and read you thus:

Cricket, "oh happier far
Than the happy gods you are;
They share not their heaven, while you,
Happy, make us happy, too."

Give us neither poverty nor riches, but if possible give us one little, black coated, tuneful cricket for our hearth.

We have never heard a cricket's monologue issuing forth from a glazed tile hearth. Why could not some one invent an automatic cricket, with an electric attachment, worked by a button with the foot (the button should be inconspicuous), and at its pressure the cricket would chirp, and chirp, or be unchirped at the will of the hearth-keeper.

A little, shiny, agile cricket is not a humble nobody; his pedigree is so long that it would make that of the proudest

Colonial Dame seem like a 1902 calendar." Another distinction is his: he is said to attain in his musical range the highest note in nature. And not all unorganized are his efforts, either; his concerts, directed by some Thomas of a cricket genius, may be listened to by the silent-footed one on any sunny, late autumn day. Some one has written of

"A MUSICAL MOMENT

"A night of frost, and then there chanced a day
Of garnered sweetness, ripened like old wine.
The summer sounds as echoes came again,
With interludes of rustling, sunburnt leaves
Down-whirled through air upon their pivot stems.
Ranged on my threshold's narrow, wooden ledge,
Did sun itself, in line, a mimic band
Of half a hundred tuneful crickets, who
Did thrill and fill the air with tremolo
Of shrill, sweet orchestrated song.

"Alas!

At my approach the music quickly ceased;
The orchestra, in coats of black, so quaintly
Prim, with shy and silent speed did vanish
Neath the step.

"I could not call the music
Back, nor could I win by my applause,
From pipe or flute of cricket band, another
Note of Autumn's wistful overture."

Leigh Hunt calls the grasshopper
"green little vaulter in the sunny grass,"
and the cricket's praise he sings thus:

"And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass."

And Markham calls the twilight the
morning of the crickets' day; then—

"Sleep, little brother, sleep; I am astir,
We worship song, and servants are of her—

I in the bright hours, thou in shadow-time;
Lead thou the starlit night with merry notes,
And I will lead the clamoring day
With rhyme."

Each summer, alas! has its last cricket,
to be mourned by poet of our own day.
John Vance Cheney laments in verse the
closing of his summer hours:

"All faded! all his little bowers brown,
The things he lived in, weeds and grasses fair,
All withered, naught but blight and silence
there,
And shadow slowly folding up and down."

It was of our little field brother that
the poet sang, it was his bowers that
grew brown, his the grasses that with-
ered, his the ending of summer. We
on the hearth care not for seasons, nor
for outward conditions. To-day, to-mor-
row, at our own good time, we propose
to vibrate. Not over the housetops shall
our "barbaric yawp" be sounded, that
all may, nay must, hear; but forth from
cranny of brick, now and then, with cer-
tain or uncertain sound, shall the critic
cricket's voice be heard.

The multitudinous paths of the new
year are but surveyed, they are unbroken
as yet; the fields are dedicated to their
crops, but the seed is not yet dropped
into the furrow, and the persistent weed
lies in its potency in the richest and in
the poorest hollows. The nests are not
built, and the foundations of homes
await the thawing out of the winter's
frosts. Behind us is the pressure of the
ages of endeavor, of success, and of
failure. One thing is, however, indu-
bitably certain: on many hearths in many
lands the cricket will sing, and pause,
and sing again.

LAMPS AND LAMP-SHADES

BY JUDITH CHAFFEE

IT seems a curious exchange of ideas of the desirable that, while lamps were used by country people long after gas and electricity had increased the comfort of living in cities, now that as electricity has reached the remote corners of the country, city people are taking an interest keener than ever before in the subject of lamps. Even in out-of-the-way villages of Vermont, where the locomotive has not yet penetrated, the extensive water-power of the country has been utilized to produce electricity, so that the very barns of well-to-do farmers are fitted with electric lights, while many a New England householder has banished with scorn the humble kerosene lamp. But lamps hold their own among people who delight in refinement more than in brilliancy, and there is always in their favor the fact that nothing is so desirable for reading at night as the reliable duplex or Argand burner with kerosene to feed it.

We are, of course, in the United States, still far from the time when each handicraftsman longs, like the Japanese artisan, to produce at least one perfect work of art before he dies; yet this idea is surely in the air. The demand for artistic lamps was never so great as now. Dealers say that the improvement in the taste of the buying public has been very marked in the past five years. While much of the change may be owing to an increase of prosperity, it is yet true that people are understanding better and better that the beauty of a lamp lies not in the amount it costs, but in simplicity, beauty of outline, and fitness for its destined use. A low, concentrated light for the student's table, a high, spreading one where a large room or dark stairway

must be lighted—between these two extremes lies every demand which good taste makes of utility.

Infinite as are the possibilities of grace of form, it is unlikely that the elegance of the Pompeian lamp will ever be excelled, yet the fumes of that far-away period must have smelled to heaven, till high Olympus was offended. It was indeed nearly eighteen hundred years before methods of illuminating improved. The best that even the latter part of the eighteenth century could show was the use of tallow dips for the very poor, molded candles for the middle class, and wax candles for the rich. For lighting streets and stairways, lamps were arranged supplied with ill-smelling whale or fish oil. But with the discovery of the uses of gas, of oil wells in newly developed lands, further augmented by the successful experiments of Argand, of Paris, as to burners, the attention could well be turned from utilitarian to æsthetic ends.

While attempts to improve lamps as to beauty are usually the result of conscious effort, improvements in their utility have more often been the result of accident. The experience of Argand was not only that of the accidental discoverer, but it was of the pathetic character so often associated with the name of inventor. He worked for years to answer the problem, "Why should a larger wick proportionately decrease the brilliancy of the light?" He tried first a row of small wicks, with less smoke but not much more light as the result. He next put his wicks in the form of a circle. The light was brighter, though not yet bright enough for his satisfaction. Argand's young brother was in

the room, an interested and sympathetic observer of these experiments. The broken-off neck of a flask lay on the chimney-piece, and the brother idly picked it up and fitted it on the circular flame Argand had arranged, when the flame at once became very brilliant. Argand was in ecstasy. "A hollow wick fed by a current of air drawn upward by a glass chimney will yield a brilliant and smokeless light." This was the answer to his earlier problem. But in spite of his every effort to profit by the results of his discovery, Argand,

in part owing to the troublous times of the French Revolution, in part owing to the cupidity of others, gained no money reward, and except in England, had not even the name of the important invention. He died in penury and disappointment, in Switzerland, in 1803.

The variety in lamps is now well-nigh infinite, and one turns with relief from the average electric or gas fixture to the beautiful materials, shapes, and colors used as reservoirs for oil. Though the extent of their manufacture has made iron standards a trifle common, if a good design can be found it is a safe purchase by reason of a certain air of stability and dignity which wrought iron possesses. But individuality in design is rarely to be found in wrought-iron standards, though the use of iron in manual training schools has developed occasional artistic efforts in that direction. New York City has a colony of Russians, the excellence of whose work in wrought iron has created a market for their wares. The designs are for the most part oriental in character, a favorite one being a dragon supporting the light standard in his mouth.

Excellent shades for iron lamps are those imported from Japan in eight-paneled screen effects. The framework of black bamboo is well suited to the base in tone, the exquisite thin paper panels showing a multiplicity of designs, now some simple floral effects in delicate but effective colors, again a bit of summer sky, across whose soft, white clouds two or three light-winged birds are flitting. Charming as are these Japanese shades by day, they have an effect of flatness of tone by night, and seem to absorb rather than throw out the light. For comfort to the eye, they should be used only on low lamps, as they leave an unshaded ray below their base, very trying if the lamp is at a height much above the head. They are quite perishable and are now being imitated by home producers, though the imitation may usually be detected by a careful purchaser.

The black of the iron standard has the virtue of reserve as to color, and a touch



THE WAVE. AN ELECTRIC-LIGHT STAND
Designed by Miss Preston



A GROUP OF LAMPS

of black in a room is rarely offensive. Quite contrasting in tone are the new lamps in the metal known as Kayserzinn, whose silvery surface has much beauty. Showing usually reservoirs of excellent, substantial form, the surface pressed in simple flowing designs of blossoms or leaves, they could be used with good effect in a room not unsuited to hard, brilliant bits of reflecting metal. A daring shade was shown with one of them, whose effect, if startling, was certainly very fit. Such a shade might be made at home by dextrous fingers, coupled with considerable patience. It was of the empire style. A cover of silvered cardboard was first shaped to fit the frame; over this an openwork white cardboard cover fitted exactly, the under shade of silver forming a background to display the open pattern

above it. The thick edges of the openwork were heavily silvered, a narrow silver line on the upper white surface outlining still more clearly the open design, so connecting it with the silver background as to do away with any hint of stiffness or of the prentice-hand. The design was large, and had much distinction, and the lower edge of the shade was finished with a soft silver fringe. The whole effect, if a trifle hard and cold, was very clean and pure, suggesting the dainty blue and white boudoir of some vestal virgin of the twentieth century—a latter-day saint, whose luxurious necessities in the way of lamps would doubtless startle greatly the classic simplicity of her earlier prototype.

Reproductions of the antique are now so cleverly made that he must be a purchaser wise as a serpent who can distin-

guish them from the genuine. There is, of course, not the slightest objection to a correct, well-made reproduction, unless the buyer is a collector, and the imitations of Pompeiian lamps are beautiful and often reasonable as to price. A quaintly designed standard lamp of moderate height, in black metal, ornamented with dull brass decoration in delicate tracery, and said to be a genuine antique, is fitted with a very modern and artistic shade in dull Pompeiian red cardboard. Running up from its base is an outlined pattern of rich, dull gold, which suggests the leaping flame of a torch. Nothing could be better for one of the many side-lights necessary in a large room, and the whole may be purchased for about ten dollars. Much more costly are the tall brass colonial lamps. These run up a long, rather

slender shaft, supporting a circular shelf, from which depend those clear cut-glass prisms, to maintain whose crystal brightness was one of the objects in life of our great-grandmothers. The whole is surmounted by a shade of ground glass, a design in clear glass relieving the dull translucent background. These lamps are distinguished more by quaintness than actual beauty, and speak plainly of care to the ear of the burdened dame of to-day, yet they are almost indispensable if one wishes to furnish an entire room in harmony with colonial ideals.

All tastes may be gratified in the many sorts of brass lamps to be found ranging from the simple, perfectly plain brass standard through all the possibilities of hammering, cutting, perforating, and twisting of the tortured metal until shapes well-nigh grotesque are brought forth. A soft finish is sometimes produced, smooth and velvety, really appealing to sense of touch, and these in simple shapes are often very beautiful. Excellent, also, are the copper cans to which lamp fixtures are fitted. Even the Russian samovar has been diverted from its fragrant purpose to minister to the insatiable demand for novelty in lamps.

More elaborate, and well suited to an oriental room, are some interesting brass lamps from Maradabad, India, the groundwork incrustated with an intricate design in dull blue and red enamel. The most remarkable of these is in the form of a hooded cobra in the natural size, reared and spread for striking, in a manner so lifelike that it might well have stolen but recently from the too human jungle of Kipling. The curves of the tail support the slender, graceful head, which in turn balances a small brass bowl holding the oil. Had this but been the mythical apple, fruit of the tree of knowledge, one could well sympathize with Eve's original weakness in yielding to the serpent's tempting.

Ornate lamps are shown of Benares brass in many styles. The story of their evolution is remarkable. We do not, for example, commonly associate student-lamps with the artisans of East



ELECTRIC-LIGHT STAND
Designed by Miss Preston



A LAMP AND A CANDLESTICK—BY MISS PRESTON

India; and we are right, for those shown in Benares brass are made up in this country from incongruous bits of imported material. Yet the result is far from inharmonious, and has the practical perfections of the occident as to the way it works. Every part of the lamp is made of elaborately perforated brass. The large central reservoir for oil was once an Indian vase; the two smaller bowls beneath the lights were once twin coffee-pots, while the shades were made of a spherical lantern cut in half. Beneath them thin silk of any preferred shade could be used to soften the light. Such lamps, if a trifle heavy, have an effect of substantial comfort. They need decidedly luxurious surroundings, and suggest wealth, middle age, domestic habits, and possibly a hint of Philistine tastes.

Lovers of Turkish effects may realize their most extravagant dreams in hanging-lamps, shaped like the dome of a Mohammedan mosque, or the state crown of the czar of all the Russias, and decorated with a truly barbaric splendor of wrought brass, heavy old-rose silk, and gold fringe. Lest all this should not appeal, their charms are further enhanced by large and elaborately cut jewels, presumably designed to transmit an occasional ray of light.

Flemish pottery in various designs is effectively used in lamps, and a bright bit of sunset is concentrated in the flaming red and yellow of a small Japanese lamp, whose gorgeous color would vivify the darkest corner, but makes the choice of a suitable shade difficult. The Japanese lamps are indeed among the most beautiful to be found. One of stunning

proportions shows no decoration, but depends for effect upon the shape of its massive bronze bowl. Another graceful lamp of Corosaki ware is of two tones, the lower half an exquisite creamy tint with crackle finish, the upper half the brilliant dark green of Spanish vases, which, by the way, are often fitted out to serve as lamps by their fortunate possessors.

From these complicated effects of an older civilization, it is a pleasure to turn to the contemplation of the efforts of our Western World. Clays and glass from many parts of the United States are being utilized in the manufacture of lamps, both in simple pottery and in connection with metal, either incrustated upon it as in faience, or blown through the openwork of a metal foundation as in some of the Tiffany lamps. A well-colored clay, known as Teco, comes from Terra Cotta, Illinois. From New Orleans is shown the Newcomb pottery, an American faience, of which a particularly good example has a soft, pale green bowl, showing at its base the ground leaves of a plant in low relief, and in paler tint the stiff decorative blossom appearing at the top. With this lamp is shown a somewhat inadequate shade in opalescent glass.

Another American faience, Grueby ware, comes from Boston, and its use in lamps is particularly satisfactory. Here, too, the prevailing tint is green, of a peculiarly soft, inviting quality, resulting not from acid or sand-blast, but characteristic of the enamel itself, and not found in any ware produced since the manufacture of old Korean pottery. The touch of the individual artist is seen on every piece of this unique ware. The designer, Mr. George Prentiss Kendrick, utilizing the glazes of Mr. Grueby, makes no two pieces exactly alike, and has used the conventionalized forms of nature with a discrimination truly Japanese. Surmounted usually by dull green shades, which pretend to no more than the simple task of shading the light, and therefore do not detract from the exquisite beauty of the bowls, these

lamps fulfil a high ideal of grace, simplicity, and fitness for their purpose.

The marked preference for green in this year's lamps may be in part the result of a fashionable freak, in part of the satisfactory effect of green upon the eye. In any case, green is everywhere. Even the Rookwood works, departing from their sturdy browns and yellows, show, among several other new tints, this light shade of green, and have produced at least one lamp of the utmost beauty in that tint. The basic leaves of a mullein-plant throw out a slender spike of flowers above, the design being dark, against a lighter ground. The shade, carrying out the tints of green, introduces still higher tones of a golden luster. Metal is used successfully around the base of another Rookwood lamp, a great lily-pad of dull silver.

The merits of the Tiffany bronze and glass lamps are perhaps so well known as to need no detailed description. There are this year some developments in design more odd than strictly beautiful. A combination of white metal and glass is perhaps the most extraordinary. Really beautiful when illuminated is an electric lamp for which a veritable nautilus shell forms the shade. The base is of bronze, jeweled at regular intervals with opals of Tiffany glass, reproducing the pearly tints of the shade above.

Among the best designers of lamps and lamp-shades is Miss Jessie Preston, whose work shows not only individuality but genuine feeling and beauty. The accompanying illustrations show several designs, among them one for oil and one for electric lamps, known respectively as the Narcissus and the Wave. In the former the bulbs of the plant form the base of the reservoir, and the stems are well-nigh lost in its graceful roundness, but reappear in great vigor and beauty toward the top. The Wave might well be named the birth of Venus, so perfectly does it suggest the careless beauty of the goddess surging upward from the foamy crest of the wave.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

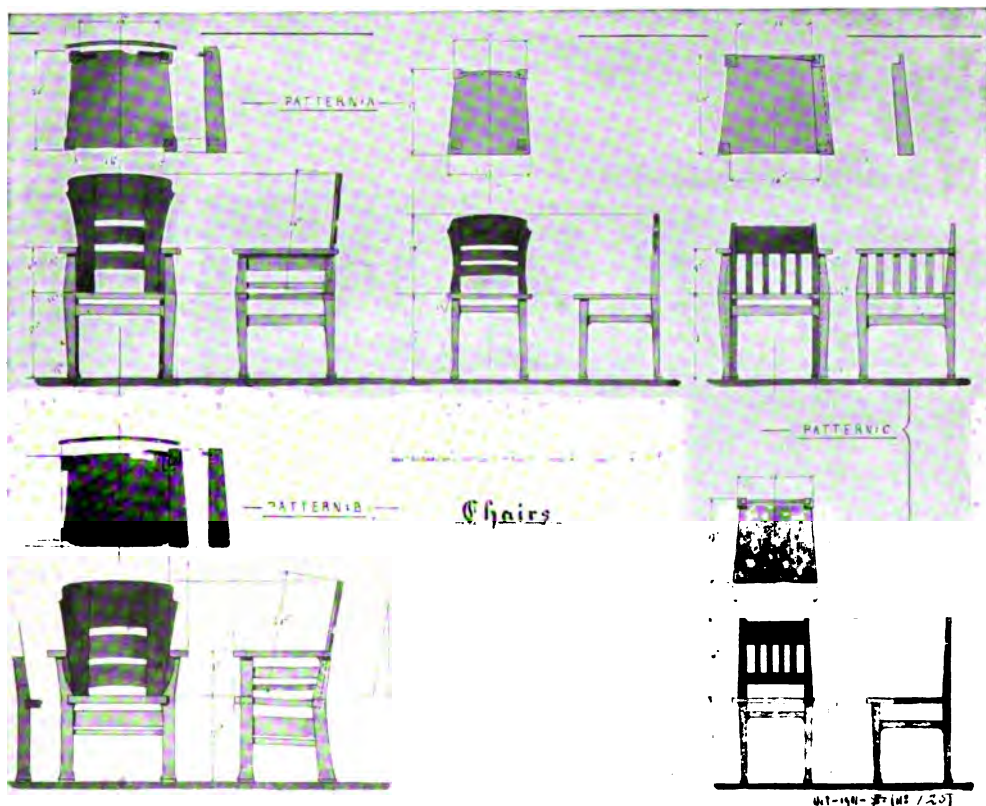
THE QUISISANA FURNITURE—BY ANNE MCD. POWERS

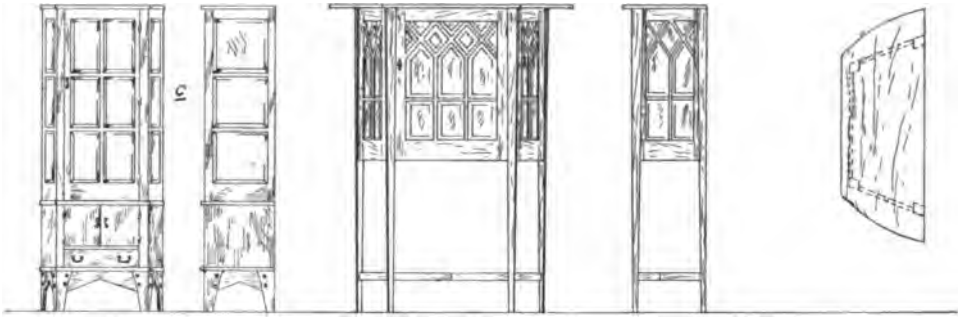
ILLUSTRATED FROM WORKING-DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

IN the Industrial Art League exhibit and salesroom is a fair example of the awakening of the craftsmen to a realization of the fact that we are looking for simple, dignified, and thoroughly well-made furniture for our homes—furniture that will stand the test of time, both in the quality of the materials used and in the strong, never-tiring lines on which the furniture should be made—the easiest possible for

the housewife to care for—stuff that will not conceal dust and grime.

There is beautiful hand-carved and elaborate furniture for the so-called leisure class—there is an imitation of the beautiful, shoddy and badly made, a distress all the time to simple-minded folk. Praise be Allah! there is sweeping over the land an impetus to simple living, and with it a desire for the best and truest for the brightening of our homes.

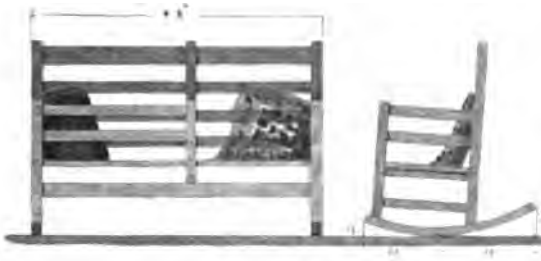




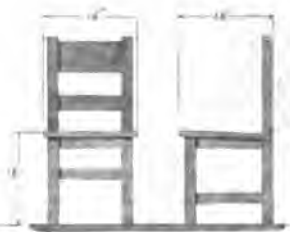
The furniture on exhibition is the natural outcome of the training given a guild of young men in La Porte. This guild is banded together to make money incidentally, but with the firm principle deeply rooted to make it by placing the best possible product on the market.

A dining-room set seen at the shop is made of walnut, thoroughly seasoned, not filled nor stained, but rubbed down and waxed. The chairs are exceptional, with rush bottom seats, no two of which are of the same shade, varying in the beautiful natural tints of the rushes.

CRADLE ROCKER.



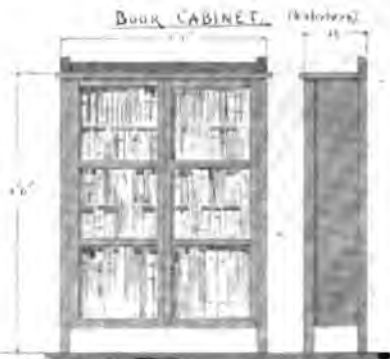
CHAIR.



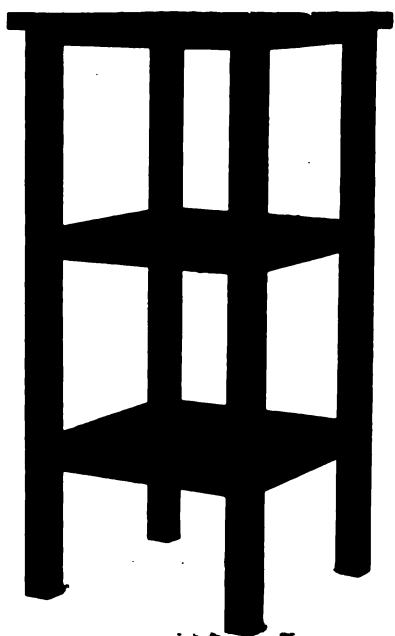
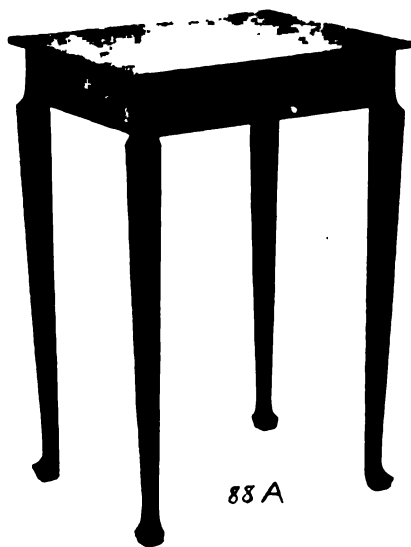
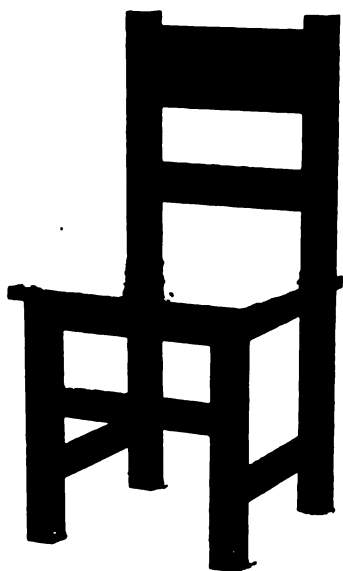
WRITING TABLE.

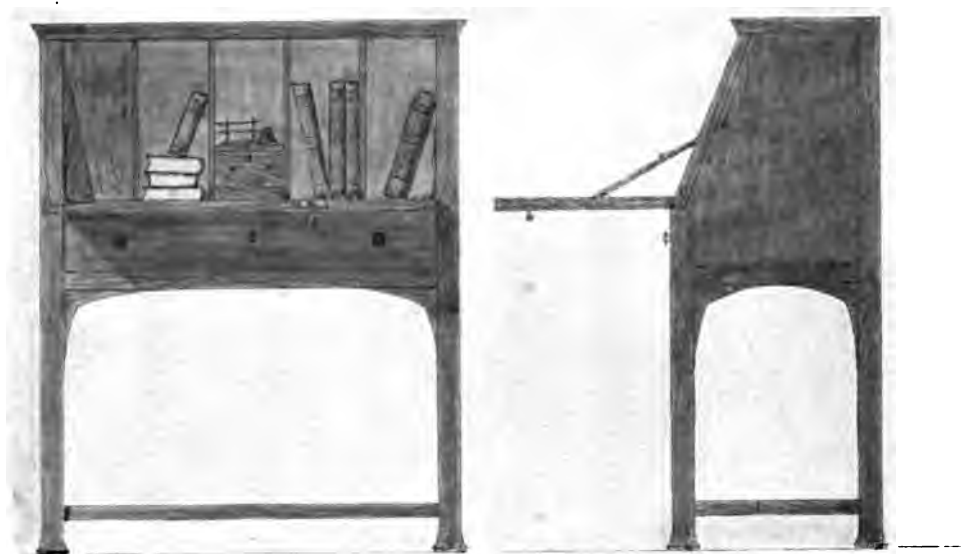


BOOK CABINET.

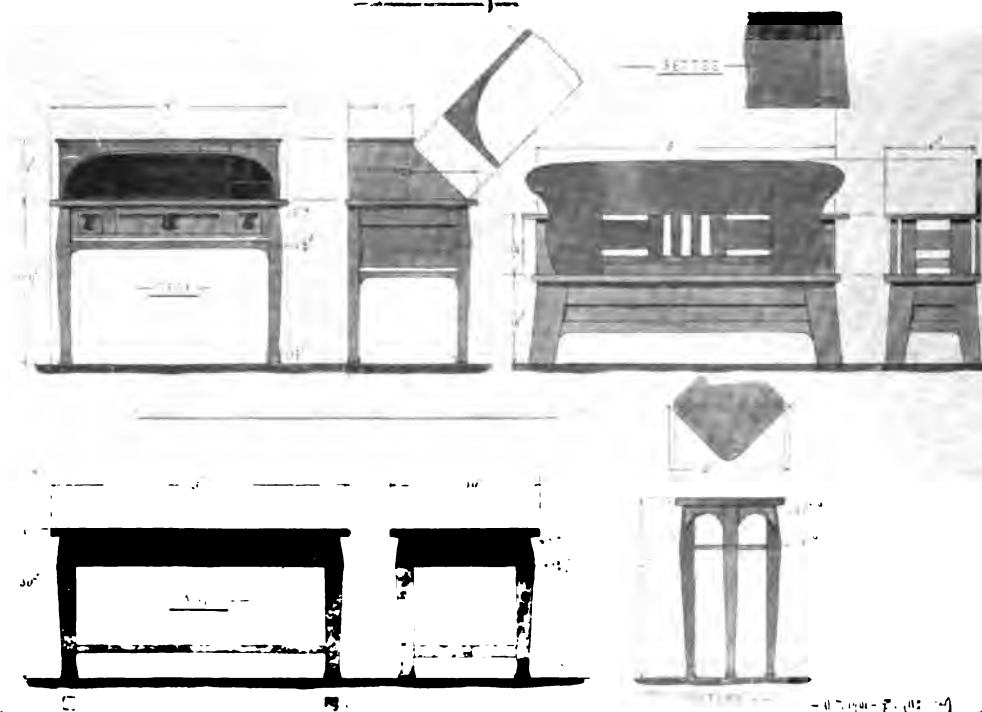


May-1901-5. (11561.)





Library



The table is surely for hospitality, and defies time; the joints are beautifully mortised, and in the sideboard is the same treatment of the joints and seams. One may see by the working-drawings how carefully it is all planned. The china cabinet is not in the dining-set above referred to, but is by itself, made of mahogany or of the real English oak, with leaded or beveled glass.

The cupboard stands on solid foundations, which will never swerve from duty, however often it is moved.

The desk was made for a North Shore home, where very little money was to be expended. Plenty of room and an assured wearing quality were desired. A piano-bench, carved by one of the guild, a university man, who is untiring in his work, is a beautiful thing, firmly and honestly made. The brace between the legs is keyed.

A photograph of a work-desk, built for Mr. Ralph Fletcher Seymour, shows it to be constructed on the simplest and most graceful lines; it is seven feet long and three feet wide, made of oak, stained English.

In this Quisisana workshop each piece is supposed to be built from top to bottom by one man; each man is told to put his best into it, and make it as if it were the gem of all. The workers have their shop in a deserted carriage factory. They hope some time soon to have congenial surroundings, the proper amount of leisure, and sympathetic co-laborers.



THE INDUSTRIAL ART LEAGUE

BY OSCAR L. TRIGGS

Industrial art is a name given to a form of art that is grounded in life and industry, and is distinguished, therefore, from the "fine" arts, which are leisuristic in their appeal, represent special status, and require genius for their development. The term "arts and crafts" has also come into general use as indicating the same association of art and labor. When these two elements—art and labor—come into association, each loses something of its special character, but art gains in so far as it is vitalized by use, and labor gains in that it is refined by beauty and energized by pleasure.

The Industrial Art League was organized in Chicago in 1899, and was subsequently incorporated as a non-pecuniary corporation, with the object of promoting the industrial arts. The convictions which prompted the organization were that art in a democracy is naturally industrial, and that the democratization of art means the return of art to the people, and the establishment of life upon the basis of art. The ultimate ground of such an art is pleasure—the pleasure which springs from free and skilful labor. After various formulations the “object” of the league came to be stated in the articles of incorporation in the following terms:

The league aims: 1. To provide workshops and tools for the use of guilds of artists and craftsmen, and means for the exhibition and sale of their products; 2. To give instruction in the industrial arts; 3. To establish in Chicago and in other cities in Illinois industrial art libraries and museums; 4. By publications and other appropriate means to promote the arts and crafts.

It will be noticed that these four propositions involve four functions: that of work, instruction, exhibition, and publication; and that these functions require at least three separate institutions: workshops in which manufacture and instruction may be carried on in association, exhibition and sales rooms where products from the workshops may be sold or permanently exhibited, and special means of spreading and enforcing the doctrine of work so as to build up a united community of workers and patrons.

The Industrial Art League is now well established, with a considerable membership and a popular and efficient board of trustees, and the first steps in carrying out the original plans have been taken. The officers for the present year are Frank O. Lowden, president; Emil G. Hirsch, vice-president; Newton A. Partridge, treasurer; Oscar L. Triggs, secretary; and E. P. Rosenthal, manager. The executive committee includes, besides the president and secretary,

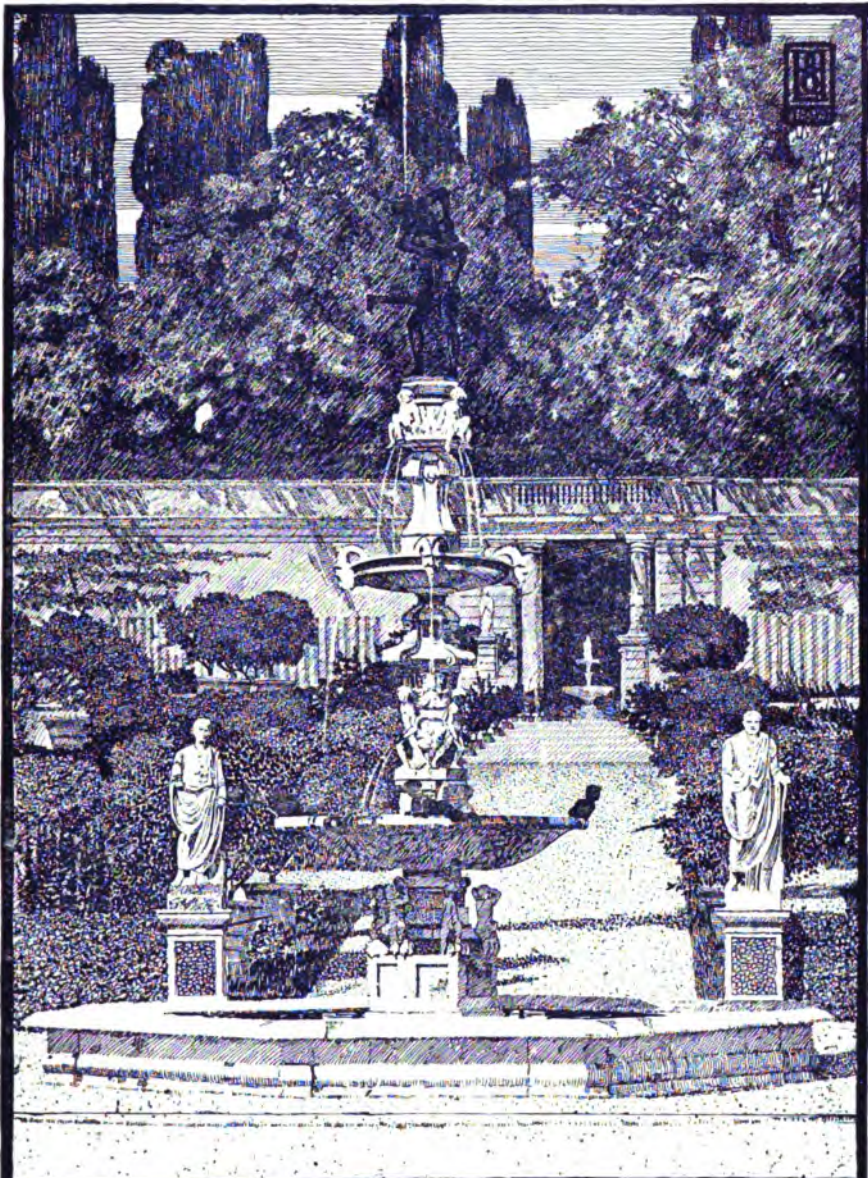
Herbert S. Stone, chairman, Alfred H. Granger, William R. Harper, Marguerite W. Springer, and Charles F. Browne.

The league, while not conducting any workshop directly, is giving assistance to several groups of workers, and is associated with a number of co-operating shops. Among these are Visconti's shop in Chicago, the Schreiber shop in Longwood, and the “Quisisana” shop at La Porte. It is the intention of the league to build as soon as possible a central workshop for the accommodation of all the crafts—a place where work may be conducted with commercial, artistic, and educational motives, which shall also serve as a sort of industrial laboratory where new materials and processes may be experimented with, and special invention encouraged. So far as practicable, the old guild system will be established in workshops.

An exhibition and salesroom is located in Chicago, at present at 264 Michigan Avenue. Here in a suite of four rooms are put on sale selected products from the shops already mentioned, whose specialty is furniture, colonial and modern, and the work also of individuals. The Atlan Ceramic Club has a very attractive permanent exhibit. A recent accession is the Herbert A. Coffeen collection of Indian goods, consisting of blankets, baskets, pottery, moccasins, etc., all of genuine native manufacture, and illustrating one phase of handicraft. The league does not purchase goods, but simply exhibits, receiving a small percentage of sales to cover expenses.

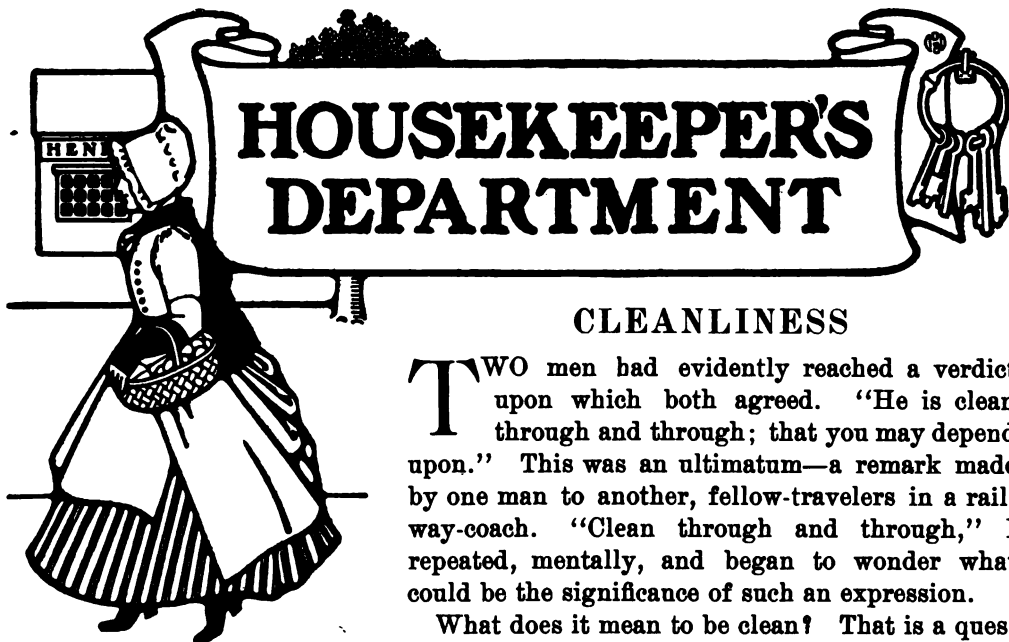
Circulars and pamphlets, special articles on industrial themes contributed to magazines, and more comprehensive studies in volume form represent the activity of the league in respect to publication.

The league is also collecting books for an Industrial Art Library. This library will be built up on three lines: It will include: 1. Books of general sociological and industrial import; 2. Books treating technically of the arts and crafts; 3. Books illustrating the history of printing and book-making.



*The Central Fountain in the
Garden of the VILLA CASTELLO*

Drawn by Birch Burdette Long



CLEANLINESS

TWO men had evidently reached a verdict upon which both agreed. "He is clean through and through; that you may depend upon." This was an ultimatum—a remark made by one man to another, fellow-travelers in a railway-coach. "Clean through and through," I repeated, mentally, and began to wonder what could be the significance of such an expression.

What does it mean to be clean? That is a question of vast dimensions, and not answered in one paragraph. That "clean through and through"

means volumes from the viewpoint of the cultivation of those qualities of mind and heart that develop a well-rounded and substantial character.

We are accustomed to associate the want of cleanliness—in plain terms, real dirt and filth—with very poor and ignorant creatures—dwellers in tenements and slums; but stories of those engaged in philanthropic work, who come in contact with rich and poor alike, reveal conditions almost incredible. Mattresses, bed linen, and soiled clothing have been found that would cause your soul to revolt in horror. On beds of servants? Not there alone, by any means, but in sleeping-rooms of the children and—"in my lady's chamber." In places where these discoveries have been found people do not feel well and appetites need stimulating.

Conditions of uncleanness are a menace to health and to life itself. Life in many instances has been saved by strict adherence to sanitary observances. Compare the treatment of the sick in our hospitals to-day with that of the medical world of less than half a century ago! With the advance of civilization and the growth of large cities new forms of disease are continually presenting themselves for the science and skill of the physician to combat. More and greater emphasis is daily being given to cleanliness, and its importance in maintenance of health and life. The cleaning of our cities is a tremendous problem of expense. Unquestionably all cities might be cleaner if the residents, each and every man, woman, and child, would appoint themselves committees of one to be responsible for their share in the prevention of the unavoidable dissemination of waste and dirt. In some cities women have organized movements toward improving conditions and beautifying public parks, and enlisted the interest of the children in promoting cleanliness of the streets with most excellent results.

Along both general and definite lines clubs and schools are extending a knowledge of the science of the home. I visited a school recently in one of our large cities where domestic science is taught, to observe the methods of teacher and the interest of pupils. To those familiar with these schools it is known that no respect of person can be indulged in the assignment of duties. Some duties are more pleasant than others, but all are equally important. With one exception every pupil seemed to perform the tasks assigned most cheerfully. The one rebellious member shirked the cleaning of the sink, declaring it "made her sick to do such work." The situation between teacher and pupil became interesting. The sink was one of those white enameled, free from odor or waste. It was, in this instance, more form than labor required in the task of the pupil. Argument and persuasion finally made the young woman obedient, and some wholesome advice to the over-nice was administered.

The sense of smell is indispensable to the best housekeeping. Odors more ancient than honorable are not confined exclusively to the kitchen. One of those elusive, persistent odors brought a plumber to the house, floors were taken up and plumbing overhauled, and the odor still remained. Diligent search located it at last in the parlor, in a handsomely decorated Easter egg that had lain too long for ornament. It had been boiled instead of having the interior blown out.

There are a lot of offensive things about a house. We are not expected to love them nor to despise them. A garbage-pail is not a work of art, but of necessity, and we have a thorough re-

spect for the woman who can make a vigorous attack on the enemy if she must. "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." This applies to garbage-pails, and it would redound to a woman's credit far more to be able to restore the pail to some semblance of respectability than to blush with shame that it had been permitted to become disreputably offensive. Children have a right to be well born; garbage-pails have a right to be well cleaned. Every human being has a right to health and happiness.

"Eternal vigilance" is the price of cleanliness, and the labor required to maintain cleanliness is unceasing. To the housekeeper of limited means the problem is a serious one, and she is compelled to choose between essentials and non-essentials. She may desire to keep an immaculate home, and would enjoy such a one, and to this woman we must extend a measure of charity if having done her utmost she be not able to execute her desires. There is, we fear, a class of women who have but little love of home, detest the "drudgery" of housekeeping, and fail utterly in home-making. To this discontented class, "Thou art inexcusable, O woman," if indifference and gross neglect be thy only plea for conditions that "smell loud unto heaven"!

A relative of the family, who did not approve of "women wasting time in clubs," told of a young matron, attractive and beautifully gowned on one occasion, who was delivering an address before a meeting of women on sanitation or a kindred subject, when, at the selfsame hour, in her own pantry and in her own bread-box, were left-over biscuits so enveloped in mold that only a scientist of

eminent degree could have told the age and composition of them. The almost unpardonable fact in this connection was, that this woman had ample time at her command and knew full well the incompetency of her maid. It was more agreeable to her to talk to others and instruct them in the ways of hygiene than to become familiar with the conditions in her own home.

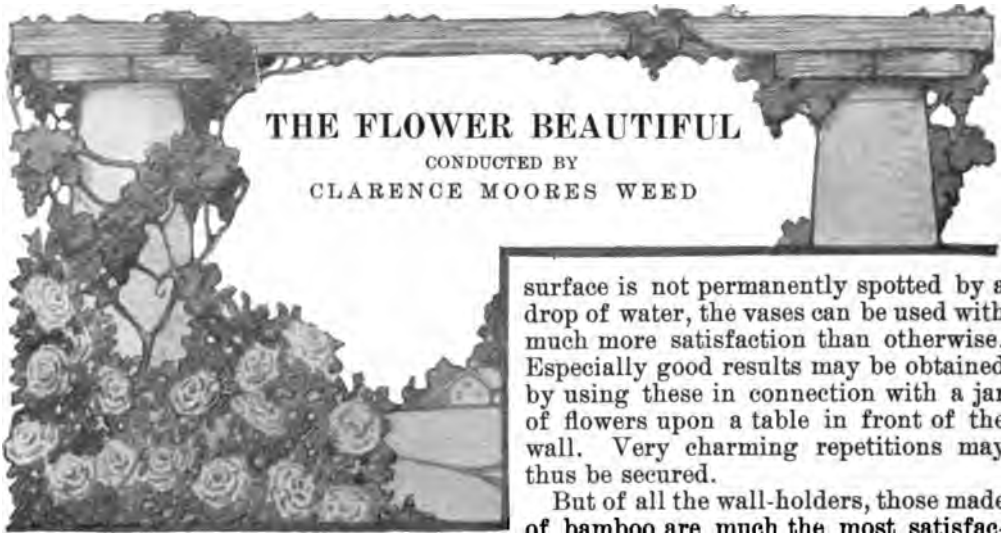
Dirt is the Banquo's ghost in the drama of housekeeping. It will not vanish like a dream, nor in some forms will it remain inactive or idle. It collects assiduously in the best regulated families, but the accumulation can be limited and managed. If simplicity in construction prevail in appointments, if surroundings be new and modern, dark closets unknown, sunlight and air have access to every nook and corner, the task of cleaning will be comparatively easy of accomplishment. General cleaning should be pursued with a daily law-and-order system that would practically banish that annual and semi-annual upheaval, clearance terror from the calendar, to the peace and comfort of family and neighborhood.

Cleanliness and the food question! This means intelligent care not only of the materials themselves, but of utensils, receptacles, pantry, cellar, refrigerator, and everything associated with preparation and disposal of food. Uncleanliness means financial loss in the manufacture of many food products, and upon general principles, a better state of cleanliness obtains in manufactories than in the kitchen of the average household.

Who should be held responsible for some conditions that exist is a serious question, and demands a lenient judg-

ment. Here is an instance from real life that is not the only one of its kind, for the refrigerator problem is by no means an uncommon one. The scene of the story was in the home of well-to-do people in a large city. There was a guest in the house—a very intimate friend of the family. She was of a practical turn of mind, and was a thorough housekeeper, who could make herself useful should an extra occasion require volunteer services. The freedom of the house was accorded her. A cook, nursery-maid, and man of affairs seemed to keep the machinery of the house running smoothly. Meat was served one day for dinner that had a suspicious taste; it was condemned, and sent from the table with instructions to censure the butcher severely. At the time no thought was given to the matter. Two days later the guest had access to the refrigerator. What a revolting state of affairs! The refrigerator was so out of repair as to be in the last stages of decay, and food was piled up there that should never have been placed on a table. The refrigerator, and not the butcher, was responsible for the tainted meat. Many times the blame is cast upon others that does not belong there. Few cooks have any intelligent idea of the dangers of carelessness in handling food or of hygiene and bacteria. It is chiefly a question of so much wage per week, and not of interest. Would it not seem that a devoted wife and mother, would feel it to be her duty to make an occasional tour of inspection over her own premises, to be assured that the conditions were sound and right? For our comfort and those about us, let us endeavor to be "clean through and through."

ALICE CARY WATERMAN.



WALL-VASES AND RECEPTACLES

NOVEL and attractive displays of flowers may readily be made by the use of the various forms of wall receptacles to be found in the Japanese shops. The special feature of these lies in the fact that each is provided with a hole on one side near the top, by means of which it may be hung on a nail or hook in the wall, and thus serve to hold upon the wall an attractive arrangement of flowers. Three distinct types of these wall-vases are shown in the accompanying pictures. They may be found in a considerable variety of Japanese pottery. Some of those more recently placed upon the market unfortunately show the decadence which has come to Japan through catering to the occidental taste: these, with their brilliant hues and realistic bouquets, will of course be passed over by the discriminating purchaser.

For use with these wall-vases flowers of rather good size are desirable. And for good results it is quite essential that the background be plain rather than adorned with figures. If it is a painted wall, or finished in such a way that the

surface is not permanently spotted by a drop of water, the vases can be used with much more satisfaction than otherwise. Especially good results may be obtained by using these in connection with a jar of flowers upon a table in front of the wall. Very charming repetitions may thus be secured.

But of all the wall-holders, those made of bamboo are much the most satisfactory. I know of no way in which one may learn of the possibilities in awakening the interest and stimulating the appreciation of children in the school-room by means of flowers better than by the use of these Japanese wall-sticks. And they are so cheap in price—costing at the Japanese shops but twenty-five or fifty cents—that they are available for every school-room as well as every home where any attention is paid to the inherent love of beauty. One of them will certainly afford much gratification to any lover of flowers.

During recent years we have heard a great deal about the art of the Japanese, especially about their use of flowers, and it has frequently been suggested that we might adopt their systems to advantage. These systems, however, as I have already said in a previous article, are the result of centuries of development, and are so closely linked with the history, mythology, and genius of the people that it were folly to attempt to transplant their systems to our soil. But we may learn from them lessons of asymmetry, harmony, and simplicity, and adapt these to our conditions.

As a help in learning these lessons,

the bamboo holders have a unique value. In no other receptacles are the stems and blossoms of many sorts of flowers likely to show themselves to greater advantage, with little or no care in their arrangement; while with slight attention to the placing of the blossoms they will yield Japanesque effects that will be a revelation to many who behold them for the first time.

These bamboo holders are made from the natural stalks of the bamboo, and consequently no two are exactly alike. They vary in color and in length of internodes, as well as in the places where the side is cut out to make a hole for the insertion of the flower stems. The color may vary from a pale straw to a rich yellowish brown. It is well worth while to have more than one on hand, selecting those that differ considerably from each other. In some the holes are directly in

line vertically, while in others they are slightly to the right and left of the vertical line; this latter arrangement permits a greater variation in display than the other. In selecting the stick, look it over carefully as to these three points: first, see that there are no cracks in the



COSMOS IN A WALL-VASE



CHINA ASTERS IN A BAMBOO HOLDER



PERENNIAL PHLOX IN A WALL-VASE
PINKS IN A BAMBOO HOLDER

wood anywhere, to leak and to sadly interfere with its usefulness; second, see that there is room below each opening for sufficient water; and third, see that the hole for hanging is placed so near the top that there is room below it for considerable water. It seems probable that some of the holders would crack if exposed with no water in them for long periods of time to the very dry atmosphere of many of our superheated rooms.

After you have purchased the bamboo holder, select, if possible, a clear wall space, where there is nothing to interfere with the display of the flowers. If it is so situated that you can, upon occasion, put a small table in front of it, so much the better. It is very desirable that this wall be of a good color for a background—a deep yellowish buff or a delicate greenish gray are perhaps the best colors, as these harmonize well with the color of many flowers. The buff color has the advantage of blending prettily with the yellowish brown of the bamboo. It is a decided advantage to have the wall painted so that drops of water do not discolor it.

Having selected the wall space, insert a nail or straight gilt hanger in a suitable place, and hang the bamboo on this through the hole in the back near the top. Before doing this, however, it is well to pour water into each compartment of the holder, not quite filling it; by so doing you are less likely to splash the water upon the wall.

A great variety of flowers can be used to advantage in these receptacles. The results are most striking when the blossoms are of good size, with the stems rather long. White daisies, China asters, marigolds, chrysanthemums, fleur-de-lis, marguerites, roses, carnations, and many other flowers are excellent for the purpose. The pictures will suggest some ways in which the blossoms may be arranged in the holder, but endless variations are easily possible. One of the most satisfactory displays I ever saw consisted simply of the leaves and stems of the Virginia creeper, held by one of these bamboo wall-sticks.

NARCISSUS—THE POET'S FLOWER

No flowers which one may enjoy during the weeks of late winter and early spring are more delightful than the various sorts of narcissus. Those who were wise in planning last November now have these blossoms in abundance, for

no flowers are easier to grow to perfection under the conditions of the ordinary American home. I have had good success in growing the bulbs in small Japan-

These bulbs have been developed into a great variety of forms. The most striking in appearance are the various sorts of large-trumpet narcissus, one of



THE TRUMPET NARCISSUS

ese jars containing gravel and water in the same way that the so-called Chinese sacred lily, which is simply a variety of the polyanthus narcissus, is commonly grown. By selecting bulbs of large size, one can adapt this method to most varieties of the group.

which is represented in the accompanying picture. In these the long trumpet stands out from the perianth for a considerable distance, giving opportunity for wonderful displays of yellow and gold. Among the best varieties of this type are the emperor, empress, golden

spur, and Horsefieldi. Princeps and rugilobus are two good sorts often grown indoors.

The varieties of the medium trumpet type have the trumpet only about half as long as those just named, so that the petals of the perianth appear much longer proportionately. For personal adornment or decorative use as cut flowers, these are perhaps more desirable than the large trumpet sorts. Cynosure, Stella, Sir Watkin, and Leedsii are among the best sorts. In the poet's narcissus the trumpet is very short in comparison with the perianth. This is the type familiar to every one. Among the best modern sorts are the poeticus ornatus, Burbridgei, and biflorus.

The lovely daffodils are forms of double narcissus, of which Von Sion is the leading variety. The jonquils are small but delightful single flowers, while the various sorts of polyanthus narcissus have many flowers with short petals branching from a single stalk.

Mrs. Margaret Deland has begun a delightful custom during recent years. She grows large numbers of bulbous flowers, especially narcissus, bringing them into bloom late in winter or early in spring. Then she opens her Boston home to her friends and sells the blossoming plants for the benefit of a charitable institution. There is no prettier prophecy of spring than a pot of these flowers.

THE JAPANESE LOVE OF FLOWERS

In the introduction to his admirable book on "The Flowers of Japan," Mr. Josiah Conder defines the relation of flowers to the Japanese people in these words: "The flower charm which exists in Japan is not, however, mainly one of pastoral associations, but is closely connected with the national customs and the national art. The artistic character of the Japanese people is most strikingly displayed in their methods of interpreting the simpler of natural beauties. The extravagant taste is little shared by the masses of the people. The common flowers of the seasons have been given a prominent place in the fête-day calendar. Almost every month is known by its special blossoms, and all the important cities have groves and gardens devoted to their public display. Treasured chiefly as heralds of the seasons, and

as inseparable from the favorite pursuits and pastimes of out-door life, Japanese flowers are by no means esteemed in proportion to their scarcity or difficulty of production. The isolated merit of rarity, so much sought after in the west, has here little or no attraction. The florists of the country are not deficient in floricultural skill, and produce in certain blossoms forms of considerable artificial exuberance, but the popular taste shows a partiality for the more ordinary and familiar flowers, endeared by custom and association."



MARIGOLDS IN A WALL-VASE

THE ROYAL PORCELAIN MANUFACTORY AT COPENHAGEN

BY MARGARET THOMAS

Author of "Two Years in Palestine and Syria," "A Scamper through Spain and Tangier,"
"A Hero of the Workshop," etc.

THE originality and elegance of Danish porcelain have deservedly gained for it a world-wide reputation; in fact, it is the best and most characteristic production of the country. "To understand the glorification of which pure porcelain as a material is capable, one has only to examine the display of the Royal Copenhagen Manufactory, consisting exclusively of hard porcelain. The ware is a dazzling white, the glaze perfectly tender and clear, the forms are simple to severity, and the colors delicate and sweet. Gold is absolutely ignored. The charm of this ware is its perfect simplicity and artistic truth. Upon some pieces the colors have been allowed to flow at the caprice of the fire, others have a wonderfully crystalline effect, as of frost upon a window-pane."

Permission to visit the factory is not easily obtained; a slight description of it may therefore prove of interest, for few can look at this beautiful porcelain without being interested in the process by which these quiet and simple forms, so delicately decorated, are produced.

The principle upon which the art directors work is that no more should be demanded of the material than it is capable of producing—one style of work is proper to the goldsmith, another to

the jeweler, and so forth—but that little must be of the best possible quality. The designers execute their own designs, which are never repeated, but carefully signed and numbered; the manufactory, therefore, rather resembles a vast studio than a manufactory, and the employees are artists rather than workmen. Every pattern is copied from nature by hand. I saw one girl diligently modeling the claws of a frog, another copying the folds in the skin of a lizard; conventional ornament and printing by machinery are utterly ignored. The Germans have tried to imitate this ware by machinery, but unsuccessfully, as even the ordinary blue-fluted household crockery is painted by hand in Denmark.

Many women, among them students of the Royal Academy, are happily employed here; they have a good position in society, are paid, comparatively speaking, well, and are at liberty to choose their own designs. While they work, one of their number reads aloud; around them are objects of utility in their art—flowers, birds, fish, casts, and other such things. They study in the garden belonging to the establishment and in the Zoölogical Gardens almost adjoining, and every year enjoy from one to two months' holiday, during

which they travel to Italy, Spain, etc., to examine the faïence of those countries. Their hours are from nine to three, and as the girls sit at their work, copying the natural objects before them, it is apparent that their lives are happy, and that here at least some women have found their right places in life.

As the courteous director, whose heart and soul seemed in his work, led me from room to room, saluting and being saluted, and introducing each of his numerous employees by name, it was easy to realize the social life of the workers of mediæval Italy, which rendered possible their wonderful art productions, and which is so far removed from the factory system of the present day.

The substance of which this porcelain is made is a mixture of feldspar and quartz, found at Kaolin in Norway, ground together. The objects are baked in terra-cotta forms in an oven heated to 800° Cent. The design is painted on them before glazing, never after; then they are again put in a furnace heated to 2000° Cent. Under this tremendous heat many pieces warp or crack. It is considered fortunate if, out of twenty, two or three only are quite perfect; the imperfect ones are always destroyed. Three colors only survive the last baking, and even they change a little. From them are produced all the soft gray hues which distinguish this kind of pottery. The secret of the coloring has not been discovered.

As I have said, the very finest specimens cannot be repeated, but there is an

inferior quality of which several copies are made, always by hand; the little reproductions of Thorvaldsen's works, so common in Denmark, are also hand-made. Every piece when finished is numbered and valued. A little vase of the best workmanship is worth about fifty crowns; I saw a coffee-service of eight or ten pieces which it had taken five years to bring to perfection, and which was valued at 150 crowns. For fifteen years new effects, produced by the crystallization of portions of the *pâte*, have been studied, which when brought to perfection will be at once novel and beautiful.

One magnificent set of porcelain is called the *Flora Danica*, because on each piece a different Danish flower is painted and named. China, resembling Dresden, is also manufactured here. The common blue-fluted or muschel ware, called by the Danes Copenhagen china, is, as I have before remarked, also painted by hand; the pattern is an adaptation of a Japanese design.

The mark of the Royal Danish porcelain is three waving lines, which represent the Greater and Lesser Belts and the Sound.

The Royal Manufactory is not alone in producing beautiful specimens of the ceramic art. Kähler, of Næstved, has brought to perfection a faïence whose characteristic luster-glare rivals in depth and coloring the metallic glow of the old Spanish-Moorish pottery, and which is original as well as of genuine artistic value.

FURNITURE OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE—II

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE

THE differences between the wood-work of the Italian room of the sixteenth century and that of the French room have been mentioned. The divisions of the side walls, the arrangements of the tapestries, and the treatment of the ceilings were equally unlike. The interiors of Fontainebleau and of the Luxembourg show a scheme of decoration wholly unknown in the palaces of Italy.

Three rooms in Fontainebleau are reproduced here in part, the gallery of Henry II., the Louis XIII. salon, and the bedchamber of Anne of Austria. Each illustrates the point in hand. The first contains the beautiful fireplace to which reference is made in the *JANUARY HOUSE BEAUTIFUL*. The room is over thirty yards in length, and is one of the most remarkable in Fontainebleau. The frescoes were originally painted by Primaticcio and his pupil Abbate, and later restored by Jean Alaux. Henry's initial inclosed in a crescent, the emblem of Diane de Poitiers, is a frequent motive in the decorations. Four crescents encircling fleur-de-lis adorn the fireplace, and are repeated over the doors. In the Louis XIII. salon the walls are divided into small panels painted with flowers and landscapes, and separated by carved borders. The large pictures form a permanent part of the decoration, and are the work of Ambroise Du Bois. These huge canvases were painted for Henry IV., and represent scenes from the story of Theagenes and Chariclea. Between the pictures are carved arabesques of fruit and flowers picked out in gold. The room does not equal the gallery just described, nor can it approach in simple grandeur the large

apartment built by Francis I. There is a freshness about the early work that later decorators could not grasp.

The bedchamber of Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII., forms part of the suite once occupied by Catherine de Medici. The room is hung with gobelin tapestries, and is sumptuously furnished. The chairs are upholstered in Beauvais. The tables and cabinets are inlaid in elaborate patterns, and ornamented with delicate carvings. Rare vases and urns are scattered through the apartment. The effect is bewildering. Everything is figured, everything is full of motion and color. The tapestries and paintings depict the most stirring events. There is nothing restful about the room, except the bed, which against a quieter background would arouse enthusiasm. The design is excellent, superior to many Italian beds of the period, and equaled by few French ones. Many royal heads have rested beneath its canopy, and one papal one. Between the years 1812 and 1814, Pius VII. was imprisoned in Fontainebleau. Many objects of interest belonging to him are exhibited in another room, the most interesting being a bronze reliquary, a gold and ivory crucifix, and a small clock studded with cameos, given by the pope to Napoleon. The chandelier in Anne's bedchamber belongs to the later Louis XIII. period, and is oppressively gorgeous. Beneath each candle-holder is a huge pendant of rock crystal, which glitters like a mammoth diamond. Small mirrors inserted in the metal framework reflect over and over again the dazzling crystals. A comparison of the French chandelier with the Italian one of the day shows how superior the latter is in design and



FIREPLACE IN THE GALLERY OF HENRY II.—FONTAINEBLEAU



FIREPLACE BUILT FOR CLAUDE, WIFE OF FRANCIS I.—CHÂTEAU DE BLOIS

workmanship. Some of the interiors reproduced in a previous article show the strength and beauty of the Italian chandelier. The Italian candlestick was often too ornate, but the massing of lights was usually well handled.

Louis XIV. carried the golden glitter of the chandelier a point farther than did Louis XIII., and Louis XV. made it an excuse for every fantastic bit of distorted ornament. Louis XVI. restored it to an earlier simplicity, and Napoleon gave to it a Spartan severity. These styles may be carefully studied in Fontainebleau. From Francis I. to Louis Philippe the palace is an epitome of the history of interior decoration. Seven historic periods, covering four centuries, are represented within its walls.

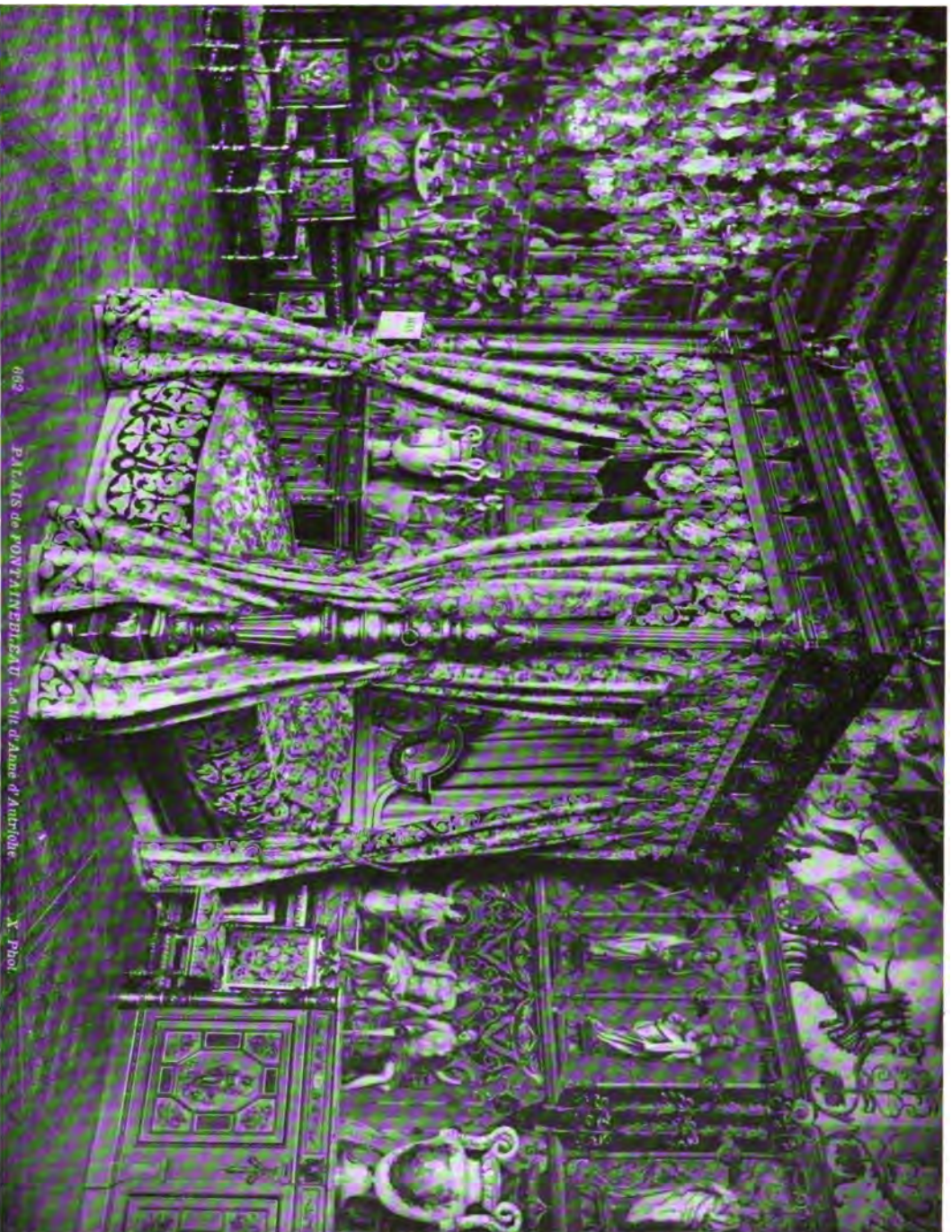
Much of the early furniture of Fontainebleau has been removed to the Cluny Museum, but enough remains of the Francis I. and Henry II. epochs to show how beautiful were the designs of the early Renaissance. The Henry II. pieces deserve special mention. Italian furniture was imported in great quantities by Henry II. to please Catherine de Medici, who hated everything French. There were, however, a few pieces at court that were not of Italian workmanship, nor were they influenced in the slightest degree by Italian standards.

Less remarkable in an architectural way than the Francis I. period, the Henry II. surpassed it in the industrial arts. Designing received a fresh impetus from Jean Grolier, whose beautiful bookbindings revived a neglected form of ornament. Grolier used as a motive the interlacing bands of the old Celtic patterns, retaining the boldest part of the design and discarding the countless fine lines. This scheme of decoration exercised a brief but powerful hold on the arts of the day. The intersecting ribbon ornamentation of the exquisite Orion porcelains, better known as Henri Deux ware, was a frank copy of the bookbindings. Furniture makers yielded to the Grolier influence, and produced pieces that were solely orna-

mented with interlacing lines. Sometimes the decoration was carved, sometimes painted, occasionally inlaid. The Grolier movement is interesting, inasmuch as it shows that for a brief period one man was strong enough to turn the tide of Renaissance ornament. — In the Cluny Museum is a mourning cabinet belonging to Diane de Poitiers, which has bands of interlacing ribbons painted in dull colors. Another cabinet with similar decorations came from Clairvaux Abbey. A chest with Henry's monogram has narrow lines of marquetry in a pattern that might have been a direct copy of a book-cover. There are three cabinets in the Louvre that display this handling, and two in Fontainebleau. This form of ornament ran its course quickly. When Henry IV. came to the throne a reaction had set in in favor of the old standards. The furniture of Henry's time was exceedingly good, but rooms as a whole were too elaborately decorated.

In the Luxembourg, which was built for Henry's widow, Maria de Medici, by Jacques Debrosse, is one room which has very fine woodwork. This is the old throne salon, the doors of which are very beautiful. The exterior of Luxembourg was planned after the Pitti palace of Florence, the queen's early home. The interior is wholly French in treatment, as may be seen by the photograph reproduced in the January HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. This shows the central door of the apartment, and a bit of the fine cornice.

During the Henry IV. period the shell, as a motive in wood-carving, came into prominence. At first its use was confined to finials of chairs and cabinets, where it was extremely effective. During Louis XIII.'s reign the shell passed into another stage of its existence. It formed a part of nearly every piece of furniture, and was repeated in the decoration of doors and mantels. With the abuse of the shell began the long reign of the rococo ornament—literally rock and shell—*rocaille et coquille*—which was one of the most remarkable in the his-



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PALAIS de FONTAINEBLEAU, la chambre d'Autriche

X. Phot.

BEDSTEAD BELONGING TO ANNE OF AUSTRIA—FONTAINEBLEAU

MARCH, 1902

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

VOL. IX

No. 4

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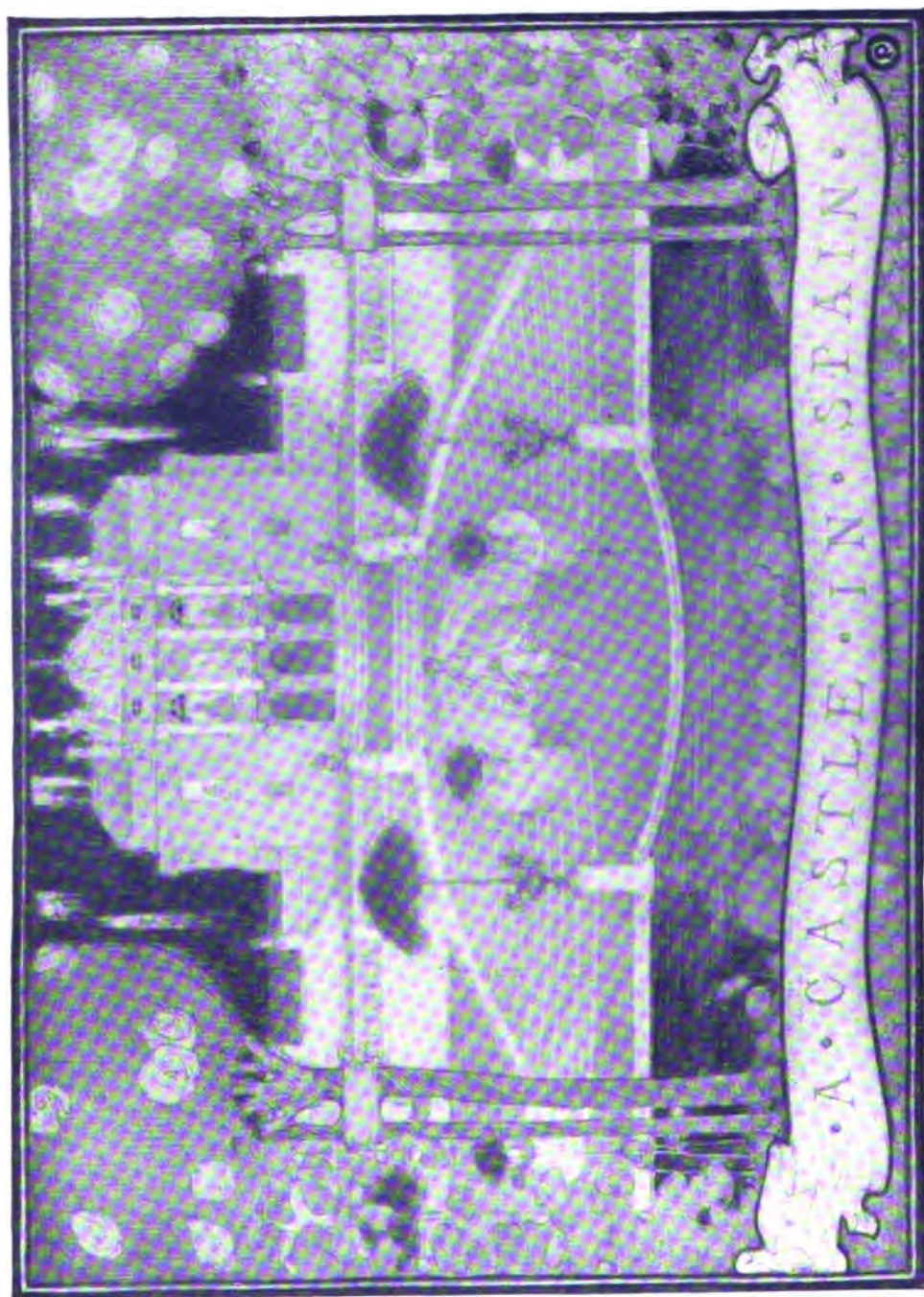
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The House Beautiful

VOLUME ELEVEN

MARCH, 1902

NUMBER FOUR

A CASTLE IN SPAIN



PLEASING land of drowsyhed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the
half-shut eye;

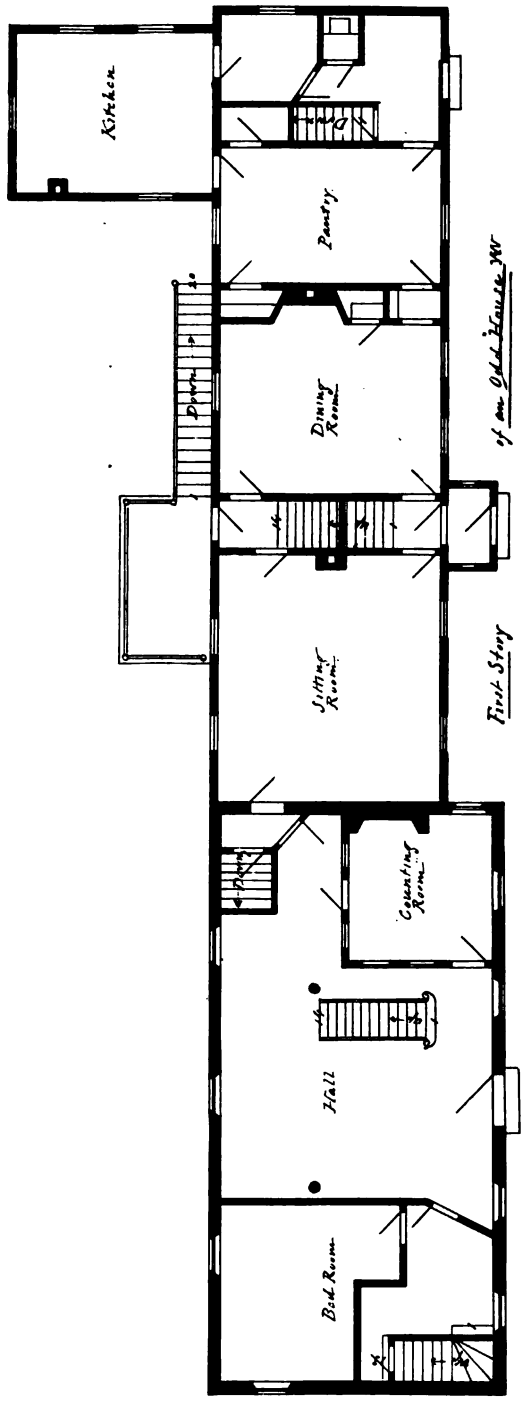
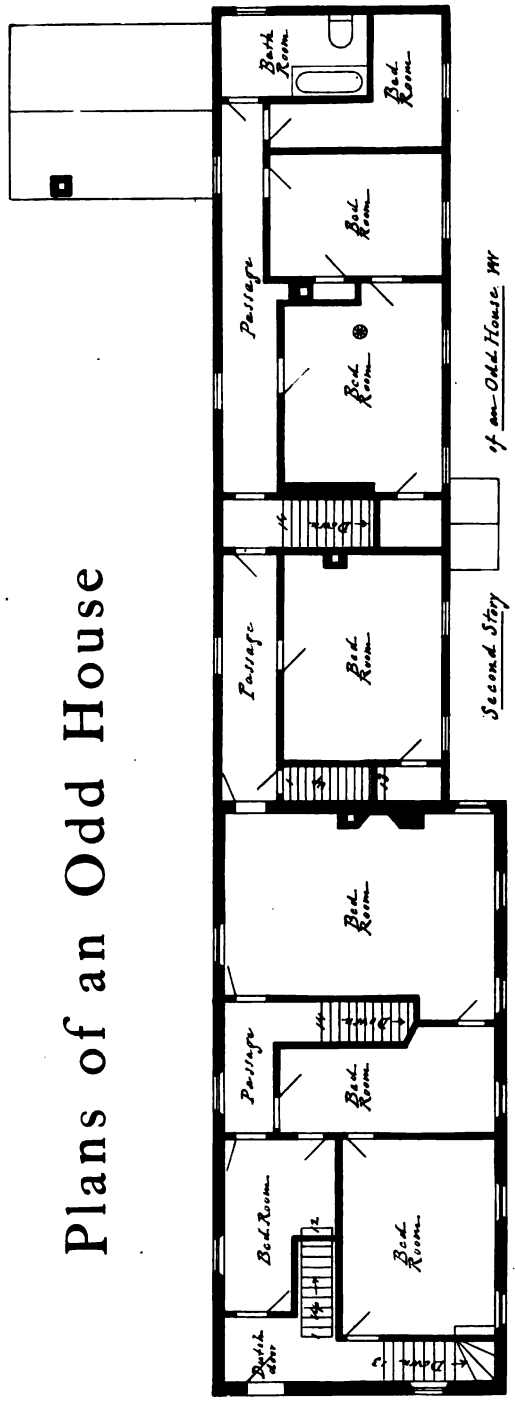
And of gay castles in the clouds
that pass,

Forever flushing round a summer sky;
There eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instill a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
But whatever smack'd of noyance or unrest
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

James Thomson—The Castle of Indolence.



Plans of an Odd House





AN ODD HOUSE IN NEW ENGLAND

BY W. HENRY WINSLOW

EVERYBODY knows of the grant to the Plymouth Company, in 1620, of a strip of land extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, through eight degrees of latitude, and of its grant to the Massachusetts Bay Company; but the latter's grant, in 1655, to Governor Winthrop's son and others, of sixty-four square miles beside the affluent of a river which touches the sea near New Hampshire, is little known beyond the township's present boundaries.

Within it is the odd house of which I write. The town has had more than its share of Indian conflict, being directly concerned in King Philip's and King

William's wars, getting a quitclaim of its territory, after nearly thirty years' stormy possession, at a very moderate consideration, from "Mr. Little James Fox, Mr. Jacob Patatuck, and Thomas Waban."

In March, 1676, the town was three times attacked by Indians, several of the townsmen being killed or wounded, and after the last attack, when the inhabitants fled to their five fortified garrison-houses, and forty houses were burned, they were forced to retreat to the adjoining township, remaining there two years, their taxes being remitted by the general court.

In May, 1725, seven men of the town

took part in the famous "Piggwacket [Pequawket] fight," near Ossipee Pond, in Maine, where thirty-four settlers, commanded by Captain Lovewell, skirmished all day with twice their number of Indians, one of the seven killing the chief, after a parley and duel at close quarters, the Indian's bullet humming by his opponent's head at the instant the former fell shot through the heart.

A story is told of this Indian fighter characteristic of the men and the times. When he had become an old man, having lost wife and children, he lived alone beside his solitary sawmill. One evening the village idlers were gossiping in the inn, a low-lying, rambling building, still standing, with many alterations, nearly opposite the old house of this article. To their surprise—for Indian braves had become rarities—an athletic figure, carrying gun, belt, and tomahawk, silently came among them, greeting them with a grunt, and seated himself in a corner, where he stayed until none but the innkeeper and a grizzled trapper remained and the day drew to its close. Then he carelessly asked the landlord where the owner of the sawmill was to be found, and went his way with the information given him. But the trapper's suspicions were aroused as he remembered the Indians' hereditary blood feuds, and following the young brave, he quickly reached the miller's house by a short cut, and put him on his guard.

The sun was setting, when, taking down his long flint-lock gun and powder-horn, relics of the Lovewell fight, the miller ran the ramrod down the gun-barrel, tried the flint, and sent home powder and slug. Then raising the mill-gate, he set the mill going, hanging

his working-day clothes near the saw-gate so as to look in the dusk like himself. Through the dim wood came the savage, and peering about him, caught sight of the slouching form, and quickly fired, striking his mark, as afterward appeared. But almost as quickly the miller's bullet struck him dead, and leaping into the air, his body plunged into the swirling mill-stream, and was borne away. The old duel with the father was repeated with the son, and the same weapon killed both.

When the first fighting of the Revolution began at Lexington and Concord, news of it came to the town, and a company of minute-men hurried to the scene of conflict, but arrived too late to overtake the panic-stricken British column. Meanwhile some of the women, putting on their husbands' clothes, and arming themselves as best they could, held a bridge commanding one of the approaches to the place, taking a Tory prisoner and seizing his dispatches. A stone by the roadside now tells the story.

In 1786, that uprising headed by Captain Daniel Shays, known as Shays' Rebellion, brought the old town renewed notoriety through the contingent of a hundred men of the place, who, following the example set at Worcester and Springfield, broke up the session of the court in the neighboring town by seizing the court-house, their leader being afterward arrested and put in jail, not without a struggle, during which he was wounded. The house was not long since standing where he lay in hiding.

These are some of the events which give the neighborhood its associations, and to-day, as one walks through the quiet main street, lined with great spreading trees, and here and there a

sturdy white dwelling and grass plat set well back from the roadway, it is easy to imagine something of what they have seen. On one side the ground slopes up gradually to a long line of ridgy pastures, and on the other it falls rather suddenly to rich, black meadow-land, whose drainage ditches are fringed with willows, swamp-maple, elderberry, and clethra, thence rising to a plateau of good farms, from which one looks upon a ring of blue mountain profiles and a landscape of little hills, streams, fertile valleys, and scattered woodland.

Beyond the odd house, on the same side of the way as the inn, is the meeting-house, of which architecturally little can be said, as its quaint New England features were destroyed and afterward classicized in the wooden fashion of fifty years ago. Its earliest predecessor, of 1666, was thatched, the frame perhaps filled in with rough masonry, and then clapboarded. The windows were probably of diamond-shaped sash. Its whole cost as we know was about fifty pounds sterling, provincial money.

If my introduction has served to suggest the local and historical setting of the old house, it is time to describe it. It is not architecture—fine building—but simply sensible building. Yet if intelligent purpose is the root of architecture, here is a good root, though arrested in growth for want of nourishment. The house is twenty feet or so from the flagged sidewalk, with nothing between but grass and three tall maple-trees screening the windows from the sun. There is a main brick building, three low stories in height, with a low-pitched roof, and a two-storied extension of wood, both of a warm, neutral tint. Its long frontage, with twenty-five win-

dows and three doors, gives it an expression of expansive friendliness, and as none of its features are for show, the porch, thick window-sash, heavy blinds, and small panes seem all the more to emphasize substance. The quick pitch of the ground from front to rear adds the cellar story to the rear view.

Entering the main building, whose door, more than four feet wide, has the box-lock and hinges of a church door, one sees a shapeless room or hall not nine feet high, but about twenty-two by thirty feet, running from the front to the rear of the house, which is five times as long as it is wide. A straight and by no means beautiful stairway on the right of the front door runs straight to the second story, and two turned hard-wood posts support a girder which drops below the ceiling. The windows are recessed with window-seats, and the front angle of the hall next the staircase is partitioned off, making what looks like a ten-by-twelve-foot cabin or state-room, containing a fireplace, two doors, two outside and four inside windows. This is the "counting-room." Opposite the front door, as an accompanying illustration shows, is a plain stained case with shelves and glass doors, containing old china and crockery. Mahogany furniture of severe cut and a painted leather fire-bucket bear witness to their age. A rear angle of the hall is partitioned off to cover cellar-stairs, and from another, a door gives upon a vestibule, whence opens an unexpected bedroom, and other stairways to the second and cellar story. A study or sitting-room, a front entry with a third stairway, a diningroom, large pantry, and storeroom occupy the lower story of the wooden extension.

As a part of an architect's education,

he is required to solve more or less difficult "problems" of internal arrangement and external adaptation for definite ends. It is his mature amusement to continue this exercise of invention, though he is seldom called upon to build such a dwelling as the triangular Tresham house, in Northamptonshire, England, symbolizing the Trinity, or even octagonal houses with trapezoidal closets, such as one sees occasionally. In view of the cheerfulness of rooms having windows on opposite sides, with a pleasant outlook, the writer once planned a country house, facing south, in which the rooms, side by side, extending from north to south, should open upon a north corridor with a stairway at each end. This corridor was to be inclosed in winter, with double windows on the north, and sliding sash doors opposite, but in summer was to become practically a part of each room. He was, therefore, interested to recognize in the odd house the substantial realization of his idea, and to learn how it had been brought about. Referring to the plan herewith, it will be seen that four adjoining chambers and a landing of the extension or wing open upon a long passage rather more than four feet wide; while two chambers and a short passage in the main house continue a vista of more than one hundred and six feet, which may be seen in one of the accompanying illustrations. It will be observed that doors and windows are generally in a line from front to rear to secure air in summer, though the closing of certain doors precludes thoroughfare through the second story. The rooms contain good specimens of canopy bedsteads, old bureaus, and bedside chairs, some of which are contemporary with the house, all bearing witness to the law

of the survival of the fittest. Anachronisms may be seen in the furnishing, but such as pleasantly suggest continuous occupation by generations, and care for personal convenience rather than harmony or a museum-like interior. Consequently the house is one which everybody likes.

The upper story of the main building, filled with low windows, and commanding a prospect of the plateau of farms, an agreeable group of well-known school buildings, and the hilly horizon, has never been partitioned off or finished, and is in fact a vast attic containing the lumbering remnants of every occupant; trunks, and chest of papers, and account-books; shaky furniture, tools, and farm implements, including a plow and a clumsy old box-sleigh, whose size suggests that the house may have been built over it.

It has been implied that the building is an expression of the intelligent purpose which is the foundation of good architecture. But it may be objected that its form, long and shallow, with much outer wall area in proportion to the space inclosed, and its consequent lack of compactness, does not seem intelligent, nor the multiplication of stairways, nor the shapelessness of the entrance hall, to say nothing of the unfinished condition of its upper story, and the number of windows and doors. A desire for a panoramic view, considering the man who built it, will not explain the peculiarities of the house.

The name of "counting-room" given to the inclosed space in one corner of the hall is the key to its apparent eccentricities. It was not built primarily for a dwelling-house, but was converted into one from a country store, the origi-



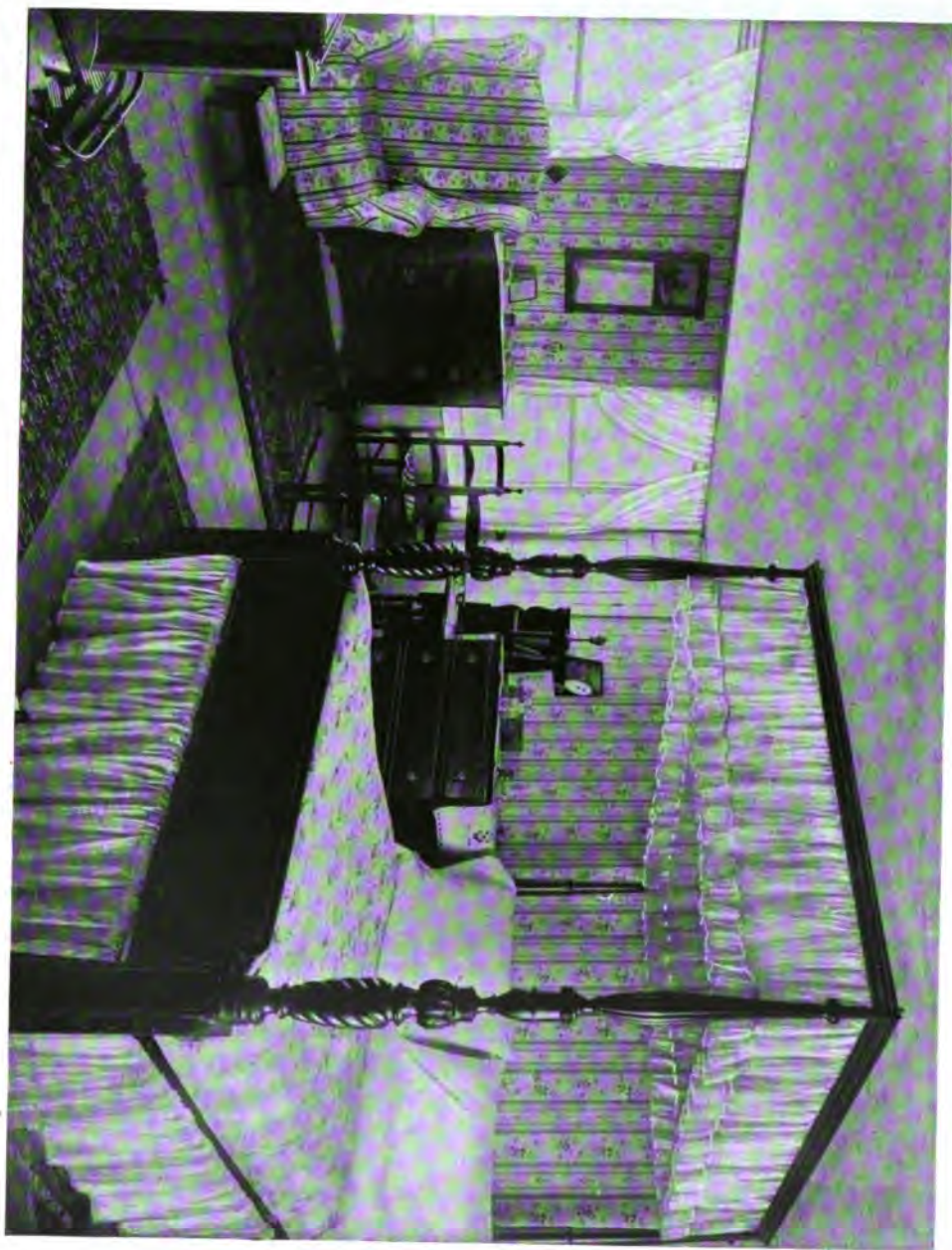
THE "COUNTING ROOM"

nal counting-room being the chrysalis of the present white-painted snugger. The courts once sat in the old town, and the storekeeping major and town constable planned his building more than a century ago for lawyer's offices on the second story, to be reached through the store and second-story passage, or outside stairs, now removed, and a Dutch door, serving as a window at present, at the end of the passage. The shape and lay of the land, with a long frontage on the street, and dipping abruptly to the lower level north of it, account for the elongated building, considering the old-time cheapness of labor and material, and the fact that the extension was required at an early date for the major's or his successor's family, while the offices of the main house became useless on the removal of the courts. The three stairways and the numerous doors and windows are due to the shape of the house.

It may be noted here that the sturdy major excited the enmity of Shays's followers, who it was supposed burned his potash factory some time before the building of his house, in fact in the very year of the rebellion. Perhaps in his rôle of constable he may have arrested the leader of the town rebels. This item of local history suggests another in connection with a still living inhabitant, a noble New England public figure, who recalls with interest his apprenticeship behind the counter of the store. Lately he pointed out the shelves I have referred to, now containing china, as the original show-case where the storekeeper who succeeded the major kept his best "piece goods." It is his account-book, packed in the attic, which records the simple annals of the village, so

far as concerns its thrifty business. His masterful traits are illustrated by traditional anecdotes. One son remained at home, the stay of his last years, a gentle, absent-minded minister, but in the eyes of the father always an inefficient child. One day the old man was seen running into the street, while he shouted, "H——, you fool! come back! You have forgotten that basket of apples!" The father chose for himself a chamber in the extension over the present dining-room, with which, when bedridden, he was in communication by means of a register in the floor, serving also to warm his room. His wiry constitution resisted repeated attacks of illness, and more than once the scattered sons were hastily summoned in view of his approaching end, only to find him laughing at them like Mother Hubbard's dog, or as he put it, "The boys have had me dead several times, but I thwarted 'em." Finally death would be held off no longer, and H—— met his brothers at the door on their arrival, and in mournful whispers suggested that they should eat something before going upstairs to father's room. The silence of the grave was in the house, and the meal went on only interrupted by necessary talk, when all at once came an outcry—a strenuous voice from above, exclaiming, "H——! H——! has A—— got his cider?"

The present sketch of the old-time country store and its adaptation for its different uses may seem trivial, but the straightforwardness with which this was accomplished and made evident is worth consideration, now that so many of our houses show no reason—and in fact have none—for being what or where they are—childish futilities, they and their



A BEDROOM

towers, turrets, verandas, porches, bays, and overhangs. A cubical box with a hallway, and eight rooms of equal size for the most economical shelter of a household, is more respectable and has more of the promise of architecture.

Common sense, the use of the best means for individual ends, must be the basis of every work of art; genuine art being, as I have implied architecture to

be, the fine flower which springs from the root of rational needs. The root does not necessarily lead to flowers, but there can be no flower independent of the root. Clothed with the authority of that supreme intelligence, von Helmholtz, come these words of his which are to the point: "The great characteristic of good art is its reasonableness in all its parts."

A CHAMBER OF HORRORS

BY EMILY BELL

MY earliest recollection of a guest-room is of a chamber of horrors. The construction of the house and the size of the family relegated guests to the fourth story. Although the outlook was not agreeable, the room was a pleasant size, and with a bright wall-paper and an open fire might have been given a cozy appearance, but for some reason or other the fireplace was never used, and the dull neutral tint of the walls was dismally unsuited to a room into which the sun never penetrated. An effort had been made to counteract the chilling effect of the paper by a red carpet and window hangings of the same color, and the furniture, which belonged to its time, though somewhat ponderous, was dark and rich in tone. As for ornaments, I remember an antique walnut watch-case with branches to hold rings and trinkets, several hideous vases on an undraped marble mantel-piece, and a framed sampler with its orthodox weeping-willow, and the fol-

lowing unique tribute in verse to the unusual mental endowments of the youthful needlewoman:

As from the unsoil'd canvas hath thy hand
With labored care the beauteous sampler
wrought,
So too thy mind hath education's wand,
From childhood's vacancy to science brought;
And should mischance thy sampler's hue deface,
Thou knowest that Art will purify it, Jane;
But should neglect thy cultured mind disgrace,
No chymic power will wash away the stain.

—1825

But the crowning horrors were two pictures. Where they came from no one ever knew, except that they belonged to a bachelor uncle, long since dead, who was supposed to have bought them at an auction. He must have been ill at the time and a vision of the future life before him, for there was no merit in the pictures, nothing to recommend them but the gruesomeness of the subject.

Both represented faded angels carrying dead bodies to heaven; one group

bore on their wings a pallid child, the other, of rather more vigorous build, supported a female figure, presumably the mother of the child. I should not have said presumably, because I distinctly recall a lengthy inscription bearing testimony to the relationship. A black border inclosed the pictures, and a broad frame of dull gold, so that each horror covered about three feet square of wall.

Occasionally it fell to my lot to occupy this room, and my childish sympathy never tired of enveloping in a warm embrace the cold form of the emaciated little girl. It might do for angels to fly through damp clouds in gauze, but I could not reconcile myself to the scanty little night-gown, and I wondered if heaven could not be reached by another and more comfortable route.

How cruel it seemed to separate the two! Why could not many angels have joined their wings and on a bed of down borne both frail bodies together to the upper realm? Then, as though in sympathy with my protest, the branches of the weeping-willow of the sampler began to sigh and moan over the tomb of precocious Jane, who in 1825 wrought with uncanny art such mystic words, a watch in its gaunt receptacle ticked furiously, the rain on a tin roof dripped dolefully, and in an agony of dull fear I fell asleep.

Haunted by these early recollections of a guest-room, I have made a study of the matter, and this is the conclusion at which I have arrived: Above every other consideration, the room should be cheerful, and to accomplish that purpose never allow it to be used as a place to store discarded ornaments and pieces of furniture. A room that is lived in par-

takes of the nature of its occupant, but one that is used only at intervals and by people of varying tastes can have no such individuality, and if it is made a receptacle for cast-off articles, it becomes a nightmare such as I have described.

Cover the floor of your guest's room with felting or Japanese matting of an unobtrusive color, or stain it, as you may prefer. If your means will permit, buy two or three Turkish rugs; otherwise less expensive ones serve the same purpose. I should recommend two single brass beds, but if too expensive, painted iron ones are pretty and are easily kept clean. Should you wish to spend even less money, spring cot-beds are just as comfortable, and in the event of the room being used by one guest, the second cot may have a piece of drapery thrown over it, and with a cushion or two be transformed into a divan. Buy a wicker chair, rocker, or otherwise as you please, and two or three others, one of which should have a straight back. Select a cheerful wall-paper to accord with your rugs, choose a few prettily framed photographs or etchings, suggestive of life and beauty, thin muslin sash curtains, wash-stand, bureau, and small table. Should you wish to be very economical, a pine table with muslin drapery and looking-glass takes the place of a bureau, and a smaller table covered in the same way makes an excellent wash-stand. Both these pieces of furniture may have shelves arranged below which are concealed by the drapery and are useful for all sorts of toilet accessories. Finally, have some readable books at hand, a scrap-basket, and a writing-tablet; for you have no idea how much satisfaction is given by these trifling details.

THE ABUSE OF THE COLONIAL

BY ISABEL McDOUGALL

LET it be admitted at the outset that the furniture of our forefathers has certain undeniable qualities. Old mahogany is beautiful in color and in grain; sometimes it is beautiful in design. The common mistake lies in believing that it is so always. Sometimes its generous proportions impart an air of stability that is restful to an unstable and restless generation. Moreover, a sort of glamour from out the past endears colonial pieces to our fond eyes. Those fiddle backed chairs, those oaken settles, those pewter tankards, those low-boys, belong to a romantic period of our history. Some of us remember grandfather's clock treasured in the parlor of our childhood, and some of us believe that our blue dishes came over in the Mayflower. Those of us whose Connemara grandfathers kept the pig in the parlor, or whose German parents reached these shores in an emigrant-ship thirty years ago, set an even higher value on everything that speaks of deep-rooted Americanism. And this is most praiseworthy.

But, O friends, it is a wearisome thing to visit living-room after living-room and find each aping the same period. It is worse than wearisome to behold the windows of every antique shop filled with duplications of objects you have been seeing in every other antique shop for the last ten years. The living-room itself, which no self-respecting family will now do without, is a revival of times when economy of heat and light forced the entire household, with its varied avocations, to cluster in one spot. If we must have living-rooms, why not

give each the stamp of our own individuality, instead of following one another monotonously in a style that is often unsuited to the architecture of our houses and the customs of modern times? Said a well-known decorator recently: "I prefer a colonial desk to any other. I like a few colonial chairs, but not all. I delight in some of the simple, graceful dressing-tables, candle-stands, and so on—not early colonial, mind you, but the Georgian ones with graduated legs; the kind you see in Dendy-Sadler's pictures of Darby and Joan in an ancestral English country-house, or fox-hunting squires gathered around the mahogany tree of a favorite inn. Sometimes those small cupboards or drawers with mirror, intended to set upon some larger piece of furniture, are sufficiently charming to be their own excuse for being. Often, however, they are neither good in line nor is their utility apparent. In any case, the mistress of the house is sure to require a long mirror, and the master, even for shaving purposes, finds a modern shaving-stand more practical. I do not think a cumbersome colonial press an ornament to any room, and it is far less convenient than the every-day clothes-closet built in the wall. There are many heavy tables and chests of drawers that I heartily dislike even if they are colonial. Colonial seems to be a word to conjure with. I see women frantically buying up bad colonial pieces as well as good ones. New England has been raked as with a fine-tooth comb for the furniture that forty years ago every woman of fashion was discarding. Baltimore and most of the Southern states have been

thoroughly searched; stray pieces still come from the old planters' mansions in Louisiana, and these are generally graceful, but most of the colonial furniture now is found in Canada, and it is usually bulky and ill designed. Of course, when there are family associations with an article, its accustomed ugliness is more precious than beauty. Also even a bad example of old cabinet-making often has to recommend it the rich tone of time-mellowed mahogany and the sincerity of the workmanship."

Sincere workmanship reminds one of Frank Stockton's amusing Philistine, who said of his "honest" bedstead, "I can't see why you call it an honest bed unless it is because a man can't lie comfortably in it."

The high four-post bedstead, by the way, rightly belongs in a vast chamber with a ceiling fourteen feet high. Add curtains and tester and valance, and it becomes a tent, a solemn catafalque. In the days of unheated, draughty houses this had a reason for being; so had the high-backed settle that shut people snugly into the ingle-nook, the only inhabitable spot in a frigid apartment; so had the hooded chair, that protected the aged or infirm from all the airs the wind did blow. But we live in a sanitary era. We require single bedsteads, light, airy, easy to move and to clean. We want rockers on our chairs and casters on our tables. By the same token posterity will know twentieth-century Americans for the most nervous and migratory of people. In the good old colony times, when we lived under the king, a few weighty objects were ranged along the walls of large rooms and stayed there except at annual house-cleaning times. Modern taste runs to the multiplication of small objects. Now, when you multiply things as big

as pianos, the result is overwhelming.

Another objection to old furniture is the constant expense of keeping it in order. *Tempus edaxes everything*. The old glue comes apart, the old wood crumbles, the old screws rust and break. They were put together for other conditions of use and temperature than prevail in the homes of this century.

"What would I substitute for the colonial style?" said the same decorator already quoted. "Understand me, in many respects it suits our houses better than any other. Only I would have people remember that there are other admirable styles. For instance, there is some lovely old French walnut furniture, of a soft brown color, the wood waxed, not polished, which is excellent in line and often delightfully carved. No: it is not gilded; sometimes it is inlaid. It can be upholstered with harmonious old brocades; the walls behind it might be hung with tapestry, in dim blues and greens, a little faded, perhaps, but none the worse for that. Cannot you conceive of the refinement and distinction of such a room? It would have the best points of some of the old palaces, which after all are only good in spots. Would it not be refreshing after a long course of colonial? No: old French pieces are not cheap, but it is not cost, but ignorance, that keeps people from using them. You will see double the price of such a room spent by wealthy people in florid gilded Louis XV. furniture, or worse than that—in bad imitations of the florid Louis XV. style. If this suggestion is too expensive, why not have a living-room in weathered oak, or a green stained wood, or in cane or wicker with plenty of cushions and Indian cotton hangings? All that I plead for is a deliverance from monotony."

Every-day Life of Leo XIII.

BY ELLA R.

HUBBARD.



THE PAPAL ARMS

THE Vatican is generally mentioned as the palace of the Pope, but in reality the term means a collection of buildings on one of the Seven Hills of Rome, which covers a space of one thousand two hundred feet in length and one thousand feet in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the Gardens of Nero.

The Pope's palace, besides containing the private living apartments and garden of the Pope, has, in connection with it, immense reception-halls, with a series of chapels, libraries, picture-galleries, and museums of sculpture, many of them unequaled in the world.

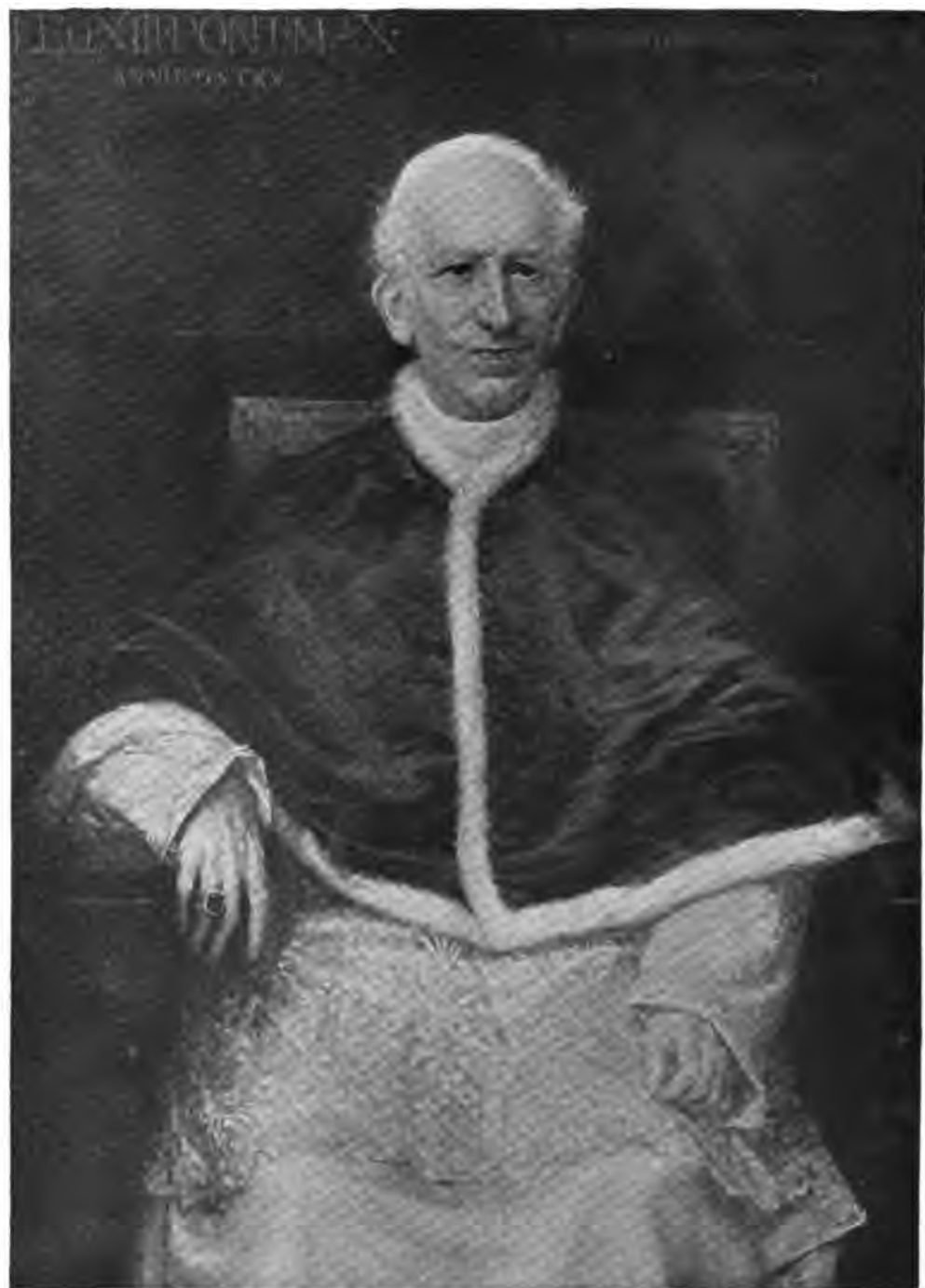
The Pope's home life is regular and simple. Every morning, summer and winter, six o'clock sees Pope Leo XIII. up and doing. He begins the day by saying mass, generally in the chapel in his private apartments, but on Sundays and holidays of obligation in a room that is large enough to accommodate the visitors who have received permission to be present. After the mass he blesses, with holy water, the assembled worshippers. He is dressed in a cassock of pure white, a circle of snow-white hair shows beneath the white skull-cap, and it is all so much in harmony with his environment that it has led his latest biographer to say, "It is as if one of Fra Angelico's glorified saints had walked

out of the canvas or come down from the frescoes on the wall and shone on us."

His Holiness always hears a second mass as a thanksgiving, then follows his frugal breakfast of coffee, a bun, and some goat's milk. This milk is supplied from the goats kept in the Vatican gardens and guarded carefully. The only recreations of the Pontiff are his walks in the gardens of the Vatican, his Latin studies, to which he remains devotedly attached, and the composition of those Latin verses, in which he excels.

After breakfast, during the warmest part of the summer, the Pope invariably goes into the garden, where he spends perhaps two hours in the fresh air. To Leo XIII. nature is an ever-present friend. He loves trees and plants and flowers. In this walk he is accompanied by his favorite nephew, Count Camillo Pecci, a member of the Noble Guard. During the trip his Holiness leans upon an ivory-headed cane, and in his other hand he carries an old-fashioned silver snuff-box.

The Pope enjoys looking up the head gardener, whose name is Cesare Balzani, and conversing with him on all that pertains to the ornamentation or improvement of the garden. The subject of flower-raising is very dear to the heart of the Pope, and he expresses



LEO XIII.

From the Painting by F. M. Guardabassi

interest in the growth of the smallest shrub. He devotes great attention to a small vineyard which he has planted with his own hands. The vines he examines carefully during the morning walk, adjusting them properly, and picking off the dead leaves with tender solicitude. Next he bestows his care upon the roses, to which a large portion of the garden is devoted. The far-famed Vatican rose is a peculiar type of the queen of flowers, in size it is above the average, and in shade a brilliant scarlet. The rose-field presents a spectacle of color and gives an air of fragrance which have never yet been equaled. The flowers grow not only as bushes, but to great heights when trailed on the walls and lattice-work. For years the brilliancy of their color has been an object of admiration to tourists. The secret was discovered one day by a visitor who watched the gardener watering the roses, and found that he used beef tea instead of water to nourish the plants. This, with the strong Italian sun, it is claimed, produces an almost glittering red.

The birds are to the Pope as they were to St. Francis of Assisi, an earnest study and a great delight. He listens with interest to the song of the plainest little bird that flies. The Pope maintains that besides training the power of observation this study uplifts the heart to God. Although very fond of birds he will not allow a single caged one in his apartments. Between breakfast and dinner the Pope takes a cup of broth and he dines an hour after midday. It is commonly stated that Leo XIII. has not changed his simple life since he was a bishop, and indeed the strictest economy prevails in all the details of his

vast household expenses, the Pope himself frequently inspecting the accounts. It is a well-known fact that his table expenses for the month do not exceed two hundred and fifty lire, which would be in our money one dollar and fifty cents per day. Leo XIII. eats alone, and according to his valet, Pio Centra, his Holiness has a hearty appetite. The Holy Pontiff never expresses a choice of food, but accepts with simplicity whatever his cook takes a fancy to prepare for him. In addition to the five hours of sleep at night, the Pope allows himself a siesta or nap after dinner in a little room containing a lounge and an easy chair.

Ceremony sometimes requires that the Pontiff should give a dinner to a distinguished guest, perhaps to an emperor or a king; then two tables are arranged in the same room, but the Pope is served separately, and under no circumstances whatever is it allowed that a woman should be a guest at his table.

At ten o'clock Cardinal Rampolla, the secretary of state, goes in consultation with the Pope, and this lasts until eleven o'clock. On Tuesdays and Fridays there is always the duty of receiving distinguished Italians and foreigners. The Vatican is very conservative in giving out news. Cardinal Rampolla, the Pontifical secretary, is alone competent to give information. He it is who must be approached when a private audience is to be granted. The cardinal is a tall, ascetic man, of superb build, with rather youthful features, and much affability of manner.

When the visitor is introduced by the private chamberlain in the chamber of special audience, he first of all notices the ascetic emaciation of this white



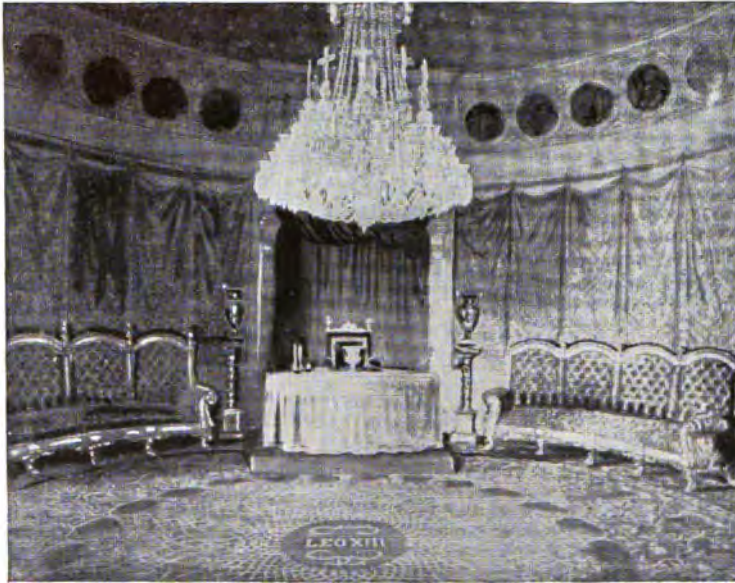
THE PAPAL STUDY IN THE VATICAN



THE PRIVATE AUDIENCE CHAMBER

phantom, by the transparent attenuation of this delicately sculptured face. Recalling the age of the Pontiff, he expects to find in him all its weaknesses. The Pontiff speaks, his eyes brighten, and the first impression soon gives place to a delightful astonishment, in presence of the youthful vigor which persists in

tiff (which is ninety-two years), and the persistent dampness of the season in Rome, his Holiness still continues robust and vigorous. Recently his faithful adviser, the physician, cautioned him more emphatically than usual, when the Pope replied: "I have not got to that point, Lapponi, where I shall take orders



IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE LEONINE TOWER

this weak frame. All his vital energies are concentrated in his voice which is so strong, and in his look which is so piercing. His Holiness speaks three languages, Latin, Italian, and French. His choice, however, is always Latin.

At half-past two the mail bag is sorted for him, when he and his secretaries give their undivided attention to this responsible work. The Pope is an indefatigable worker, and his physician, Dr. Lapponi, is constantly warning him not to be so energetic. Making allowance for the great age of the Holy Pon-

from you. If you really want me to live, let me do as I please."

The Pope displays an energetic interest in everything pertaining to American politics. During the last administration of Cleveland, the President sent to the Pope, through Cardinal Gibbons, a magnificently bound copy of the Constitution, which was presented by an American deputation. His Holiness said: "In your country men enjoy liberty in the true sense of the word, guaranteed as it is by that Constitution, of which you have given me a copy. In your



CARDINAL RAMPOLLA

country religion is free to extend every day the empire of Christianity, and the church is free to develop its beneficent action. Your country has before it a future full of hope, and your government is strong."

During the Pontificate of Leo XIII., no fewer than one hundred and twenty-four cardinals have died. Indeed, only three of the cardinals created by Pius IX. survive, and should they precede the aged Pontiff into the tomb, Leo XIII. will be able to say to his cardinals, as Urban VIII. did, "It is not you who chose me, but I who chose you." It has long been the unwritten law of the Pontifical court that when a Pope dies the cost of erecting a suitable monu-

ment over his remains shall be defrayed in equal proportions by such of the cardinals he created during his Pontificate as may survive him; and Leo XIII. decided long ago that he should be buried in that famous sacred edifice outside the walls of Rome, known as the Church of St. John Lateran. He has even approved the design for his sepulchral monument, which the official Vatican architect drew up at his order; so the

cardinals will not have any trouble in settling the details.

At four o'clock every afternoon the Pope recites the rosary, with all the servants and attendants assisting. At seven o'clock his evening repast is served to him, after which he makes

his spiritual reading. He is not exact as to retiring hours, frequently burning the midnight oil, and indulging in his favorite pastime of composing Latin verses. During the great heat of the summer months the Pope uses the bedroom in Leonine tower. The walls of this miniature palace are very thick, which makes the interior cool. To the Pope's bedroom only his private valet, Pio Centra, and the Pope's secretary have ac-



THE POPE'S BED

cess. The room is of small dimensions, and contains only a bed, in an alcove adorned with graceful marble columns, a writing-table, an arm-chair, and a kneeling-stool.

A fine portrait of the aged Pope has been painted by August Benziger; the Pope gave him two sittings. The last, and perhaps the best, portrait of his Holiness is that painted by Guardabassi, which is here reproduced.

COLLECTORS' INTERESTS

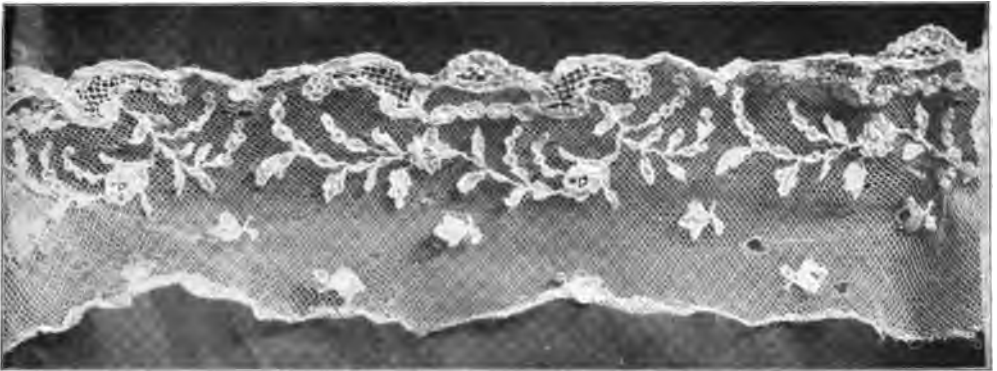
OLD LACES

BY LILY MELDRUM REDMOND

THE appreciation of lace is more of an expression of artistic sense than the love of jewels. The gleam of the diamond, the red glow of the ruby, and the yellow fire of the topaz challenge admiration even from the barbarian, but the love of this fairy web of "such stuff that dreams are made on" voices a deeper and truer feeling. We cannot all have that sense developed to the degree of the connoisseur who handles these delicate fabrics lovingly. Never were the fingers of a mother caressing her babe more tender than the touch of a woman, "silver crowned," who laid reverent hand on some precious bits of old lace that had survived through generations, and now mellow with the touch of

time, were shown to her. You can see the heart of the maker in these patiently wrought meshes—the days when she was blithe and gay, or the days when she was sad—much the same as in the sonatas of a master musician, when tones ring out triumphant or fade into faint minors.

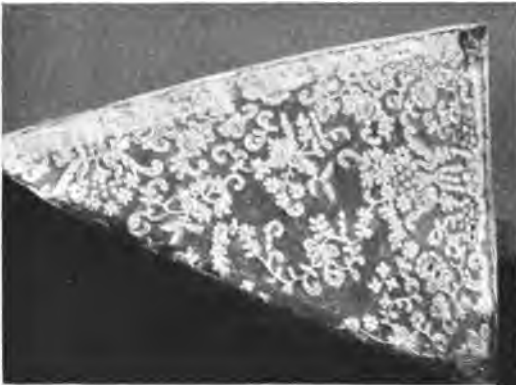
Palliser seems to have given us as much of the history of lace as we have. She mentions the needlework of the Bible, a species of colored embroidery. This was also much esteemed by the Greeks. Then followed cut-work and gold and silver thread-work. During the fourteenth century, laces were chiefly used for ecclesiastical vestments, and were a sort of passement, later becoming a braid-work. Nuns were the makers,



FROM THE SLEEVE OF A BAPTISMAL ROBE

and in going from one convent to another, the knowledge of the art was distributed. Patterns were designed by monks. In 1587 Vinciola issued a book of designs that ran through various editions to 1623. Italians claim the invention of point or needle-made lace. The sixteenth-century laces were done on a ground or spider work (*réseau*). The darned netting ground began with a single stitch, increasing a stitch on each side until the required dimensions were obtained.

Lace is divided into point or pillow, the first made by the needle. Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV., desiring to have the immense amount of money that was yearly paid to the Venetians for lace expended in France, at the instance of Le Grand Monarque, found some one to copy their patterns, and design new ones. These were called Point d'Alençon,



PART OF AN UNDERSLEEVE

from the province of the maker. A royal edict made this the court lace, and the old noblesse at the most extravagant court in Europe adorned themselves with it. During the emigration much of this lace was put on the market.

The Tambour muslins affected by Marie Antoinette at the Little Trianon injured the lace trade almost to extinction. Thirty different fabrics entirely disappeared. During the First Empire the taste was revived. Napoleon was a lover of laces. Among the early patterns of French lace was the daisy of Queen Margaret, or after her divorce, Marguerite Reine, Duchesse de Valois. Queens and princesses and the ladies of their courts wrought with the needle. Catherine de Medici was an unrivaled needlewoman, as were Catherine of Aragon, Mary of Scotland, and Mary Tudor. Bacon says: "Our English women are much given to the wearing of fine laces." The French say Mechlin can never be used as a *dentelle de grande toilette*, but for *garniture de corset*, etc. This was the favorite lace of Queen Charlotte. During the reign of Charles I., a great deal of lace was used. The flowing wig of Cromwell's time hid the lace collar, and it gradually gave place to the pointed cravat. Whatever his Puritan followers did, Cromwell used much rich lace, preferring the



A BERTHA

Flemish. During the reigns of the Georges the Brussels point was much in favor. The English laces copied the designs of the Flemish lace-makers. "Spanish laces were little known to the commercial world until after the dissolution of the monasteries in 1830, when the most splendid specimens of nun's work came suddenly into the market." Guipure was long called Parchment lace in England. The term, like Brussels, is now used in a general way. One authority says: "The only silk Guipure is made in the harems of Turkey, is little known and costly in price." Blond, a light, fine pillow lace, called Blond de Fil, never exceeding three or four inches in width, was made first at Caen in 1750 with silk of the natural cream color and afterwards in other provinces, and in Spanish convents up to 1830. This lace went out of fashion in 1840.

In 1845 a nun of ninety told how Burano lace was formerly made in the convents, and most needle point of later days has been the work of aged women. It is fast becoming a lost art. Formerly the patterns were handed down, and the work taught by mother to daughter. Machine net came in 1768, and later the entire fabric was executed by machine. The women of later generations found more profitable employment than the tedious one of lace-making, when patient hands toiled through the years to create garnitures for the courts of kings and adornments for beauty that never



BORDERS OF TWO FLOUNCES

shone so resplendent, but it received an added charm from these delicate meshes, as did the rose when clothed in moss.

The laces photographed for this article have an interest for the Chicago antiquarian, for most of them were worn by Chicago women of the early days. Their biographers have assured us of their grace and charm of manner, and we may be certain that they wore these laces worthily. The woman who wears laces for their intrinsic value only, commits a



A FERN PATTERN, BELONGING TO MRS. ROBERT KINZIE

crime against good taste. Unless their beauty appeals to you as a sentient thing, choose other garniture.

In one photograph is a bit of lace worn on the sleeve of a baptismal robe. The net is machine made, but the design put in with the needle after a Mechlin pattern.

And this exquisite bit, colored like old ivory, has the slightly irregular network of the needle, *réseau à l'aiguille*, and the design is darned in with silk point à l'aiguille, a fern pattern. It is a fairy's web in texture, and belonged to Mrs. Robert Kinzie, beautiful Gwenthelin Whistler, whose father, Colonel Whistler, superintended the construction of Fort Dearborn. This lace was worn on

the white satin wedding gown of Anne Meldrum in old St. Louis during the time in which the scene of "The Crisis" was laid. It once graced a ball dress for Margaret Helm, wife of Captain Helm, spoken of in "Alice of Old Vincennes." She was a petite woman, as one may judge from the central figure in the Massacre monument in Eighteenth Street, which shows her rescue by Black Partridge, August 15, 1812.

Part of a beautiful old bertha is shown in another photograph, an elaborate design showing garlands of daisies.

Still another is a pair of undersleeves, a toilet adjunct much affected by our grandmothers, as was the veil which is also reproduced.

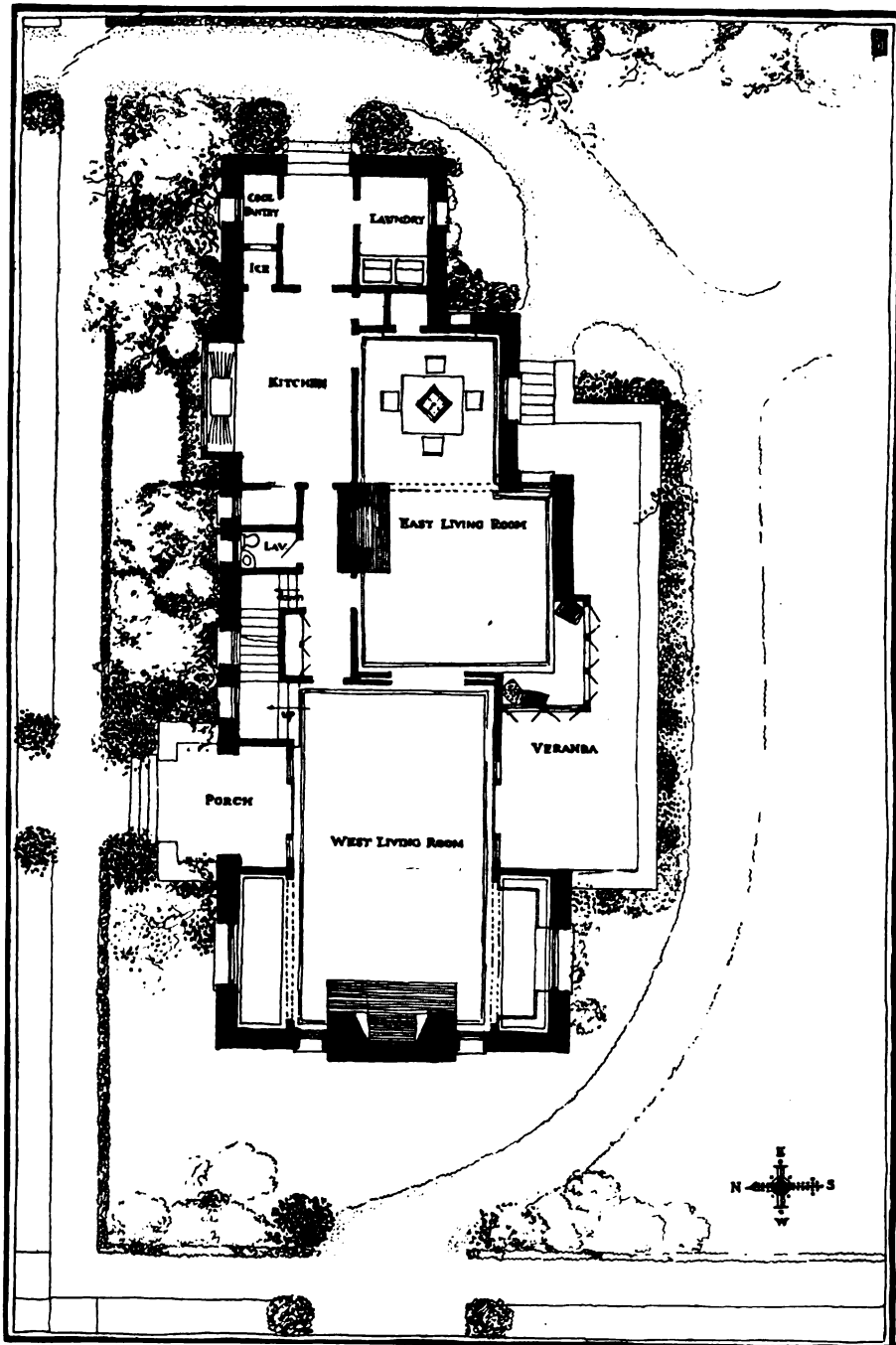
But oh, how my heart beat high with hope when the next piece used to come out of the deep drawers of the old mahogany bureau, when as a child I eagerly looked at these treasures that spoke eloquently of the old days! It is a flounce, eloquent of the great world, heavy with richness, hand run on net in an intricate and beautiful pattern. The grace of spring is in these branches and blossoms; they grew in fairy land and have the faint, sweet odor of sandal-wood, the perfume of the past. Words of mine lack eloquence to pay tribute to this lovely specimen of the lace-maker's art. I cannot tell you of the cunning stitches of the border; how the heart of the flower is woven or the stem curved, and unless you love lace you will not care to know.

The collar shown in another picture is similar to the conventual work of the eighteenth century, but was wrought by Juliette Kinzie, and shows what a needlewoman of the old school could accomplish. Mrs. Kinzie's talents were many and varied. Inasmuch as she traced her ancestry to Edward I., it is interesting to note the following item in the wardrobe account of Edward's daughter Margaret: "A charge of eight shillings for silk for embroidery work."

There will be no renaissance of needlework. Patience has no place in our modern life, therefore these treasures, growing daily more rare, are to be carefully hoarded—gifts for christening robe and wedding gown, or to lie with tender touch o'er folded hands whose work is done.



THE KINZIE COLLAR



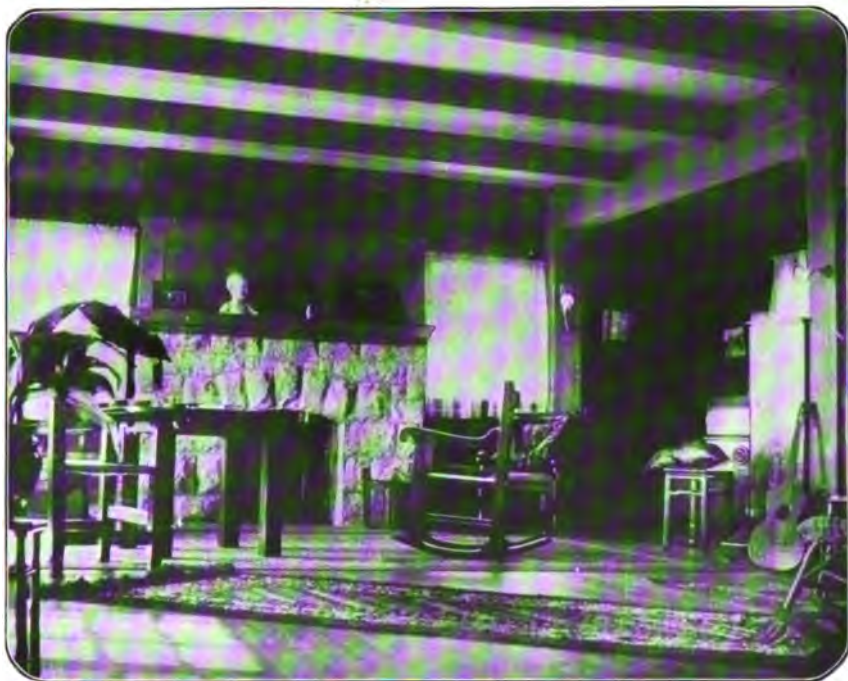
PLAN OF GRANITE COTTAGE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

A GRANITE COTTAGE IN CALIFORNIA

BY HAZEL W. WATERMAN

OUR lack of true winter weather and our cool summer incline us to an open-air life. Even when within doors the eyes are constantly tempted to wander to the beauty

without and within. Accordingly, garden, veranda, balcony, and windows, "here as inlets for the sun and air, there as outlets for tired eyes," form the cardinal features of my design.



IN THE WEST LIVING-ROOM

without, spread in limitless effect over bay and ocean and mountains, or to rest on the near shadows of our semi-tropical gardens. Our climate, our view, our shrubs and flowers are our great privileges here in San Diego, and I desired my home to express them, both

The house is placed on the northern part of the lot, a corner, the front entrance being directly off the street on the north side. This is merely a porch vestibule, and there is but a bit of grass between us and the street on the north, with few living and no sleeping room

windows opening on that side; while the southern porch veranda and garden are a kind of out-of-door rooms which seem to form a part of the arrangement of the house itself. You are aware of this the moment you enter. The four French windows opening from the living-room upon the porch are directly opposite the

are if given a little consideration! Since ours is an all-the-year-round home, the living-rooms are flooded with sunshine from the low southern sun in winter. In summer, when its course is high, the broad eaves shield us from its rays, the clearness of the atmosphere making their deep shadows acceptable—porch,



LOOKING INTO THE WEST LIVING-ROOM FROM THE EAST LIVING-ROOM

front door, and at the right a broad picture window frames a charming view. A few months' growth will add to the joy of the garden that seclusion so necessary to frank and independent living. It is on the south, southwest, and southeast that the view spreads out before us, so the cottage has the full southern aspect.

Some say our skies are too clear, our sun too glaring, our breeze occasionally too damp; but how friendly to us they

doors, and windows having been placed with that in mind. Charitable, too, is the fresh breeze from the sea.

The main structure is of granite, a beautiful gray of excellent quality, such as the quarries about here are favored with. It is put together as roughly as I could persuade the masons to do it, with little mortar showing. How lovingly vines cling to it, and will, in time, to the long line of the green roof. The gables and the three southern dormers



A SKETCH OF THE LIVING-ROOM AND VERANDA

are of half-timber construction, all exterior woodwork being stained a dark bark color.

Within, the use of natural material and color still suggests the out-of-door life, with an added sense of being protected and of refuge in wet weather. The soft yet strong green of the living-room walls merges harmoniously into the greenery without. It is the woodwork that gives the sense of strength and protection. We have used our own California redwood, in heavy beams overhead with supporting posts beneath them, in the plainest of panels for the doors, in the massive mantel-shelf, built-in bookcases, and sideboard. There is no carving, no ornament of any kind, except that of the grain of the wood, which is sandpapered and left as nature made it, without wax or shellac. The relatedness between the interior and exterior is felt when we turn to the granite fireplace with its broad hearth and iron crane.

In a small house, one's rooms should all be rooms to "live in." My first living-room has its music and its library alcoves. Beyond is the second living-room with its dining space. The walls of the latter are of russet, a charming background for potted plants. The communion between the living-rooms, including as they do the porch veranda, gives the effect of space, increased by the simplicity of treatment. With them, unostentatious hospitality is a genuine pleasure. By closing the folding doors, the two rooms become separate, and the privacy of either the one or the other is insured.

It was hard not to yield to the temptation of a stair just peeping out in the west living-room. But finances and economy of space and labor both sug-

gested one stair, providing it be accessible alike to all parts of the house. Our stair is within a few steps of both living-rooms and kitchen. Each of these rooms communicates directly with the stair hall, which is well lighted, ample but not wasteful in space. A small lavatory and a cloak-closet add to its convenience. The stair itself is attractive in its simple design, in keeping with that of the living-rooms, and so easy to mount that you are surprised when you find yourself at the top.

Our bedrooms are arranged for health and comfort, for rest and privacy. They are large enough to stretch in, high enough to breathe in, sunny at some time during the day, and fortunate in commanding the view of a pleasant landscape. Each is provided with one or two closets or a dressing-room. The woodwork is painted ivory, the walls are restful in color. Simple furniture, for which ample space was allowed in the plan, large rugs, and dainty, washable draperies are the rule. A trunk and store room, making no extra climbing to an attic necessary, linen closets, and a shaft from the upper back hall to the kitchen door save time, steps, and disorder. The bath-room is sunny, well ventilated, and fitted up from the modern sanitary point of view.

I am greatly delighted with my balcony. It is on the southeast corner, where the sun pours in upon it all the morning. Of good size, with solid railing, and overlooking the back garden, it forms an upper out-of-door room, and fills many domestic purposes. In the morning it is just the place to air bedding and brush dusty clothing; in the afternoon, if I am in an industrious mood, I sew there. When the ground



IN THE DINING ALCOVE



IN THE LIBRARY ALCOVE, WEST LIVING-ROOM LOOKING OUT OVER THE SHRUBS
AND TOWN TO BAY AND OCEAN BEYOND

is damp, the children claim it as a nursery. But best of all, during these warm, lovely summer nights, I make up two little cots on the balcony, and there the children sleep with God's best air all about them.

However much my inclinations may have been in other directions, I have

steps, waste of time, or useless energy is exacted.

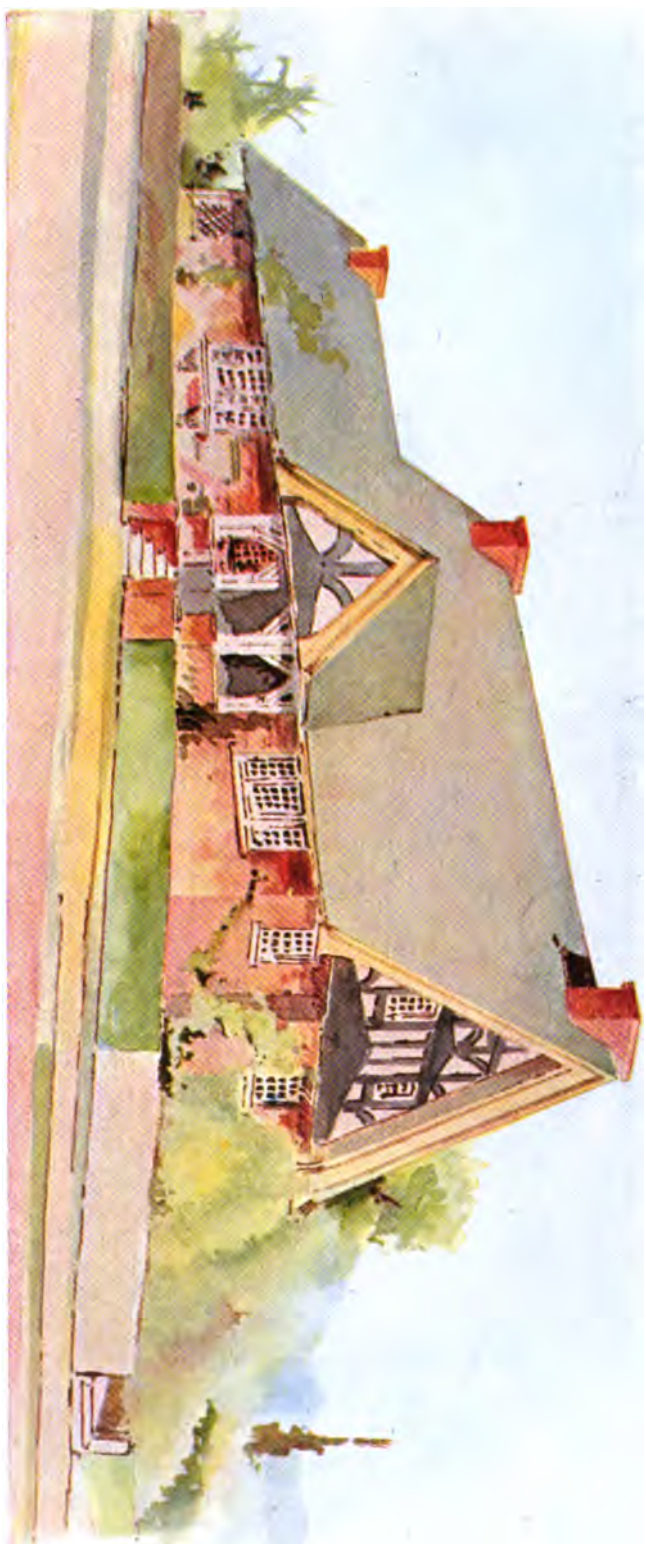
The kitchen is large enough for convenience, but small for this domestic economy's sake. Placed on the north side of the house, it is therefore cool. Plenty of windows for good circulation of air and a ventilating flue are pro-



THE STAIRWAY

had much experience in practical channels, and have learned many lessons. Next to liking this side of life, none has been of greater importance to me than to economize steps, care, and labor in all domestic affairs. In our cottage there is very little friction, the servant question has become much simpler, or I can do my own work. No needless

vided. Its oblong shape makes but a short distance from range to serving table and sink, while convenient cupboards leave the kitchen space free. A gas-range, an admirable contrivance for heating water within a few minutes after turning the faucets, a built-in refrigerator and cool pantry, and a small laundry complete our domestic arrangements.



A GRANITE COTTAGE IN CALIFORNIA.

We are not what many would consider fully equipped, but our housekeeping is easily done, and we have what is essential to our special family needs, living consistently without pretension and without apology.

Besides the financial there are so many imposed conditions in the building of a home, that it requires much ingenuity and strength of will to determine just what degree of convenience, comfort, and sentiment is essential. It is not an easy lesson to learn just how much one need not have.

To-day as I write here in the sun-window, made cozy with cushioned seat and magazine cabinet, on its broad sill a jardinière filled with California poppies, I feel that ours is a livable, loveable home—a home in which “to love,

and to work, and to play, and to look up at the stars,” a home for the children to enjoy and to thrive in, mentally and physically, and where my husband finds repose and courage.

When I look up from my paper, my eye rests on greenery of many shades, the acacia, the palm, orange, magnolia, and eucalyptus. Through and beyond I see the blue water of our beautiful bay, where a man-of-war rests at anchor, and many small sails dot its surface. Coronado Beach, with its gay hotel, separate it from the ocean. Point Lorna boldly guards it against the encroachments of the sea. In the distance the Coronado Islands dimly break the sky-line. Stretching away to the east, in panoramic effect, are the town, the coast, the mountains, and the table-lands of Old Mexico.

HANS HOLBEIN

BORN 1497; DIED 1543

BY JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

Class Lecturer on the Collections of the Art Institute of Chicago

JOHANNES (HANS) HOLBEIN, whose history we are now considering, is known as “Holbein the younger.” I am not sure that his father, of the same name, has any claims upon our consideration except that he did well in giving us his talented son, and that he exercised the same painstaking care in this that he did in all his work. Probably he builded better than he knew, as young Hans was the block and the father the chip. Another item to be laid to the father’s account is that he painted pictures which careless

or designing people attribute to his son, thereby getting for themselves now glory, now gain. As the two men lived in the same epoch, and as all works of a given period resemble each other in manner, this mistake must not be too seriously criticised.

There was an uncle and also a brother, both painters. All of them seem to have worked in the same studio when the younger Hans was an apprentice. With it all, the family fortunes amounted to little, though there is evidence of modest property-owning by some of them.

After not knowing for a long time and not being perfectly sure now, it seems fairly safe to declare that the family home was at Augsburg, in the rude hill country of Suabia, and that Hans was born there in 1497 (not 1493), but the evidence is purely circumstantial. Leonardo da Vinci was 45, Albrecht Dürer 26, Titian 20, Raphael and Martin Luther 14; America was found five years earlier.

The art of Holbein is very little akin to that of Dürer. Both were on the edge of the Gothic influence and both were still affected by the formalisms of that primitive style, Holbein much less so than the Nuremberg artist, because he lived many years at Basel on the road to Italy, thus coming in contact with Italian engravings, and possibly some paintings. The Italian influence upon Holbein is very evident, especially manifest in his earlier religious pictures. On the other hand, nothing could be more sincerely German than the sentiment in and manner of developing his pictures. Later in life there is scarcely a trace of Italian influence.

At Basel, while still young, he struck the note which resounds through all his art. In common with all Germans, he was remarkably skilful in imitating the shapes and textures of the objects he looked at. His faithfulness was intense and tireless. Upon the top of a table he painted the famous "St. Nobody," represented sitting on a tub, with a disconsolate expression, in the midst of ruins, broken crockery and glass, torn books and other debris, his mouth padlocked. Around this was a border of various realistically rendered objects, some of them so imitative as to deceive the eye of the unwary. This exactness and faithfulness of imitation appears in

everything from first to last. This alone could only prove him a little better than other German painters of the period. But the conception of the theme was rare, and especially marks him as one apart. All his life he invented just such quaint designs, and stands first in this line among character-painters. This faithful imitation and close study of the object before his eyes made him one of the best head-painters in the world. Most important of all, observation was so keen and perceptive faculty so acute that he caught the personality of his sitters. However, it must be admitted that many another has had more largeness of soul in his work, and ability to create more imposing pictures. Dürer was a finer man, Titian nobler, Velasquez immensely greater, though none of them was more exact. Artists would call Holbein "convincing," but those others "great." This studio phraseology seems to express well the contrast.

But we marvel at the things he taught himself, there in unartistic Germany, so far from the Italian art sunshine. He taught himself to draw a head astonishingly well, so that few have done it better during all time.

I wonder if the bells knew; if they knew what it signified to ring out the old. I wonder if the ecclesiastics knew what that New-Year morning of 1500 held in store for them. I wonder if the little boy in Augsburg knew the part he was to play in that glorious new century, that wonderful cinque-cento period, the first half of which was to measure his life; if he knew that he and another in Nuremberg were to stand up like light-houses, the twin shining points in the art darkness of Germany. Before them it was not very light, and after them the

night shut down for more than two hundred years. Were they not wonders?

Thinkers and printers flocked to Basel. The first wanted to talk; the latter to send their original ideas flying like leaves all over Christendom. They liked the free air of the Swiss mountains better than dungeon atmosphere, and preferred a peaceful fireside to the fire's inside chained to a stake. Erasmus gathered with the other learned men at Basel to find a publisher, and Hans Holbein went there to make drawings for the engravers who illustrated books. Engraving on copper and wood had recently been greatly perfected. Many artists turned to it as a means of securing income, as hundreds could buy engravings when only one could buy a picture, and he frequently omitted to do it. Holbein engraved little, if perchance he could engrave at all. But he kept away the wolf by designing for reproduction, just as our own young artists are doing to-day. The pen-and-ink drawings which he made for the celebrated satire by Erasmus, "The Praise of Folly," brought him much reputation, because there were ideas in the pictures as well as in the text. Many things about them prove that the artist understood classical literature; that his education had not been neglected. For the first edition of Luther's Bible, and many and various other editions of it, Holbein made title pages, initial letters, and borders. All these borders, and all the architectural embellishments of his religious pictures, were executed in the pure Renaissance style, showing how entirely the Gothic had been superseded by the revived Græco-Roman forms; that is, classical architecture. The Germans are fond of the grotesque,

as can be seen to-day in their wayside crucifixes. The crucified Christ must show all his agony if the emblem is to win their attention. Since very early times German churches affected a series of pictures called "The Dance of Death," showing the frolics of the grim skeleton as he attends to his professional work. Protestantism changed the doctrines but not the taste. So Holbein drew for the engravers an appropriate series for this comforting display, and made a complete set of initial letters to go with the work. It is the most famous affair of the sort in the world. Each letter of the alphabet was shown in white upon a miniature picture measuring nearly an inch square. In the "A" he shows us several skeletons opening the ball with a fanfare of music. Through the series death plays tricks on all sorts of humanity, snatching the babe from the cradle in spite of the screams of its mother, making love in the most brutally realistic manner to a woman whose living lover he has driven away. In the pictures proper, which are about two by two and one-half inches in size, the same merriment goes on. It is merriment, because the actions are made as ridiculous as possible, while still seriously tragical. Death, clothed as a woman, arrests the queen; he runs away with the abbot's emblems of office; the astrologer and the physician do not escape him; the hypocritical preacher is caught; but the poor priest who administers consolation to the humble is spared. At last he guides the dying man with bell and lantern to his dark retreat. Miser, merchant, knight, peddler, and plowman receive his attentions. All these are beautifully and graphically delineated in these little spaces, but usually gro-

tesquely presented, sparing nobody's feelings.

According to the fashion which came from Italy and prevailed in southern Germany and Switzerland, Holbein decorated the exteriors of houses with large paintings, often making the plainest façade look as if elaborately architectural and paneled with religious or secular pictures. Great fame came to him because of the witty designs in these large works, just as it did to Paul Veronese in Venice.

Religious paintings in churches were by no means done away with in his day, and one of his most famous early works is the "Burgomaster Meyer Madonna,"* in which he represented the worthy patron and his entire family in the act of worshipping the Virgin. Its composition follows the manner of Raphael quite exactly, and it is a much better and more serious following than that of the so-called "School of Raphael," as we see it in the work of Guido and Carlo Dolce. A long, slim panel, now at Basel, painted in oils (as was the greater part of his work), shows us a dead Christ stretched at full length. Nothing Italian clings to this. He did it after the manner of his own German fondness for the literal horror of such an actuality—nothing else but a shocking corpse, and no piety intruded. Matters like this are his glory and his reproach. "The Man of Sorrows" is also anything but charming in treatment. In this, as in most work of the period, the flesh is inclined to yellow with cold lights set in a bluish background. Later, his flesh colors became natural, beautifully clear and tender, without a trace of mannerism.

Everybody traveled in those days;

* Now in Darmstadt.

many respectable people on foot, others who could on horseback. We do not know how Holbein conveyed himself about, but he went to France and returned to Basel. Erasmus wrote letters to Sir Thomas More, then lord chancellor of England, and Holbein took one of them with him on a longer journey, even to London, stopping on the way to visit Quentin Matseys (then sixty-seven) in Flanders. In the streets of London to-day we may see the sign, "Young men taken in and done for," put up by the boarding-house mistresses. That is what Sir Thomas More did for Holbein, and he got him orders for portraits. England had no artists of her own worth mentioning until the middle of the next century, so Holbein found much to keep him busy; and he prospered. One of his most celebrated works is a group of Sir Thomas's family; a trifle formal, but remarkably naturalistic, superb work. There were journeys back and forth from London to Switzerland, ending in a permanent stay in the land of his adoption, leaving his too aggressive wife behind. Sir Thomas lost his position, and eventually his head, but Holbein kept both.

From the confusion of badly recorded history, facts are extracted doubtfully, but it seems to have been at the time that King Henry VIII., having cut off the head of his once beloved second wife, Anne Boleyn (who was the innocent cause of the disestablishment of the Romish Church in England), was about to marry Jane Seymour, that Holbein was admitted to the royal favor, as he assisted in creating the decorations for this glad event, and painted one of his most celebrated portraits, that of the queen (now at Vienna). When Jane died the very-

alive king looked for means to remedy the accident. Holbein was sent to Flanders to paint the portrait of the duchess of Milan; * the witty widow who regretted that she had but one head to place at his majesty's disposal. That was a beautiful picture, the sensitiveness of the artistic temperament well shown in that he saw how much better she looked in widow's weeds than in court regalia, an extraordinary proof of genius in that period of formal art. Every element of the woman's coquetry was brought out by it, much to the delight of the king, who seems to have been a good deal of a man, and of artistic tastes, even if most people do count him somewhat wicked.

As politics broke up this pretty dream of the king's, he sent Holbein to paint the portrait of Anne of Cleves (on Velum, in oils, 1539, now in the Louvre) which vies with all the portraits of the world in its claims to consideration.

"The very honey of all earthly joy
Doth of all meats the soonest cloy;"

and so it happens that repeated presentation of graceful forms creates appetite for quaintness and dignity. This placid young woman, front face, with stiff head-dress exactly balanced on either side, with the square corsage, the ponderous sleeves, the folded hands, and the two beruffled lace wristlets, with these rigid formalisms has pleased the world of connoisseurs because of its strange beauty and wide removal from

* Now the property of Duke of Norfolk.

the commonplace. The German realism and attention to hard, minute detail is not offensive, because so masterful in management. Possibly, the Jane Seymour is somewhat more pleasing, as it reveals the same treatment slightly modified by turning the body a little to one side. For my own part, I love the picture of Anne more and consider it Holbein's masterpiece. Our own artist, Abbey, has used it in one of his best figures, the "Autumn."

Our greatest artists of to-day are again designing beautiful objects of utility, jewelry, golden cups, and emblematic medals, coins and trophies, dagger hilts and book-covers, glass windows and engraved gems, just as all the great men of the Renaissance were accustomed to do. All the articles in this list are strung upon the life of Holbein like precious blossoms in a garland, "The Jane Seymour Cup" counted among the best.

Holbein was not a creative artist like Dürer, but Dürer could not paint in any measure as well as Holbein. But Dürer lifted himself up from a depth of Gothic formalism which never so seriously engulfed Holbein. However, the latter was wonderful enough, standing on his individual pedestal, a monument to originality in art-work. Holbein was forty-six years old, the plague invaded London, and he disappeared.

NOTE.—There is a book of modest dimensions and cost, "Holbein," by H. Knackfuss (translated from the German), published in Leipzig, which contains numerous and admirable illustrations of Holbein's works, the best work that I know within reach of every student.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AFTERNOON TEAS

TO the hostess with an eye to things aesthetic the tea-table napery and service which she utilizes in dispensing the cup that cheers but does not inebriate are far more important than the tea itself.

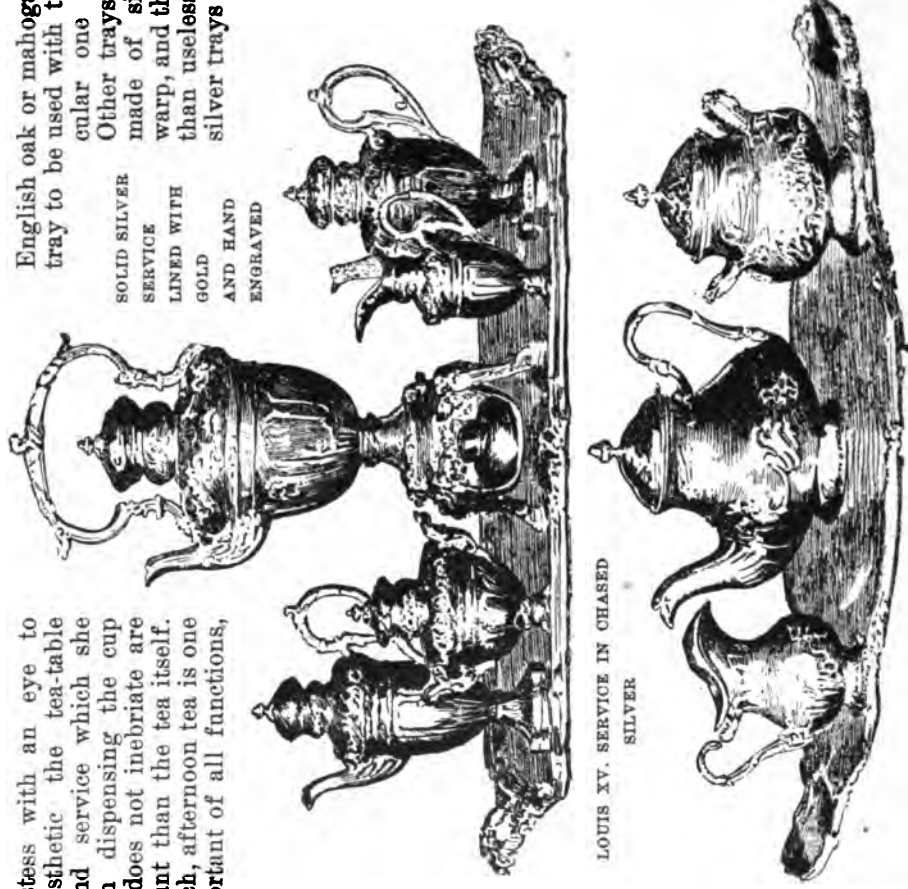
With the French, afternoon tea is one of the most important of all functions, and Parisian artificers lead the world in the production of dainty tea-tables.

A ruling favorite is the table in violet wood. In outline it is very simple; the legs are slightly curved and tapering. The whole effect is very light and dainty.

Much more substantial and somewhat more elaborate in design are the tables made of

English oak or mahogany. The proper tray to be used with this table is a circular one made of glass. Other trays, unless they are made of silver, are apt to warp, and then they are worse than useless. Yet glass and silver trays are very heavy.

Time and art have failed to produce a more effective tea service than that which was the mode in the time of Louis XV. It is made of solid silver and lined with gold, and to be in perfect taste must be delicate in design, with just a suggestion of solidity. There are generally six pieces—the samovar, tea-pot, sugar-bowl, cream-pitcher, hot-water bowl, and tray.



SOLID SILVER
SERVICE
LINED WITH
GOLD
AND HAND
ENGRAVED

LOUIS XV. SERVICE IN CHASED
SILVER

THE PROPER SILVER,
TRAYS AND TABLE



TABLE IN VIOLET WOOD ORNA-
MENTED WITH COPPER FITTINGS

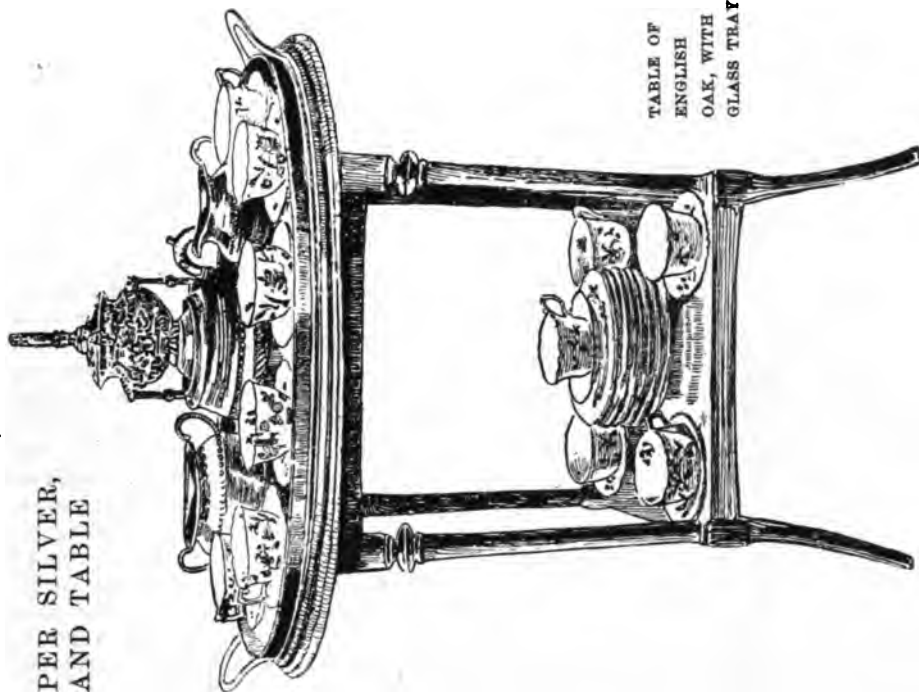


TABLE OF
ENGLISH
OAK, WITH
GLASS TRAY

Louis XIV. Furniture

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE

THE three styles known respectively as Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. form an important chapter in the history of furniture-making. The Louis XIV. was characterized by bold effects, lavish, but not excessive decoration, and faultless execution. Dignity and a certain massive grandeur marked the work of the best "Quatorze" furniture. The Louis XV. was the culmination of the rococo school, when symmetry and harmony were completely effaced by fanciful details. The Louis XVI. was a return to simpler designs and a more restrained type of ornament. This reaction was partly due to the influence of Marie Antoinette, partly to the newly awakened interest in classical forms, prompted by the discoveries at Pompeii, and partly to the inevitable swinging of the pendulum—from an extreme taste to a simpler one.

Louis XIV. reigned seventy-two years, and during that time fashions in costumes and in furniture changed rapidly. There were, however, certain qualities that stamped the handicraft of the period and which render it distinctive. Luxury in all forms appealed to Louis, but it was not the luxury that found favor with Louis XV. and which proved so fatal to artistic development. Under Louis XIV. all the industries of France prospered. This was in a great measure the result of Colbert's able administration. It was Colbert who suggested to the king the wisdom of purchasing the Gobelin manufactory, and of placing Lebrun at the head of it as art director; Colbert who organized the lace industries in the provinces, thus turning into

French coffers the vast sums that had been previously expended on Italian and Flemish laces; Colbert who founded the Academy of Painters and Sculptors—an association that numbered in its ranks masters of all arts. Thus painters, sculptors, architects, designers, decorators, engravers, and wood-carvers were banded together, working under a common impulse. The academy first occupied an apartment in the Louvre, but later centralized its efforts at the Gobelin factory where, under the direction of Lebrun, royal orders were executed. Here the Louis XIV. style was perfected. Previous to this date, 1667, the standards of the preceding reign had influenced ornament.

Louis was five years of age when his father, Louis XIII., died. During his minority the queen regent and Cardinal Mazarin practically ruled. Anne was a woman of luxurious tastes, and did much to foster the increasing desire at court for costly surroundings. In this she was ably assisted by Mazarin, whose love for richly decorated rooms and sumptuous furniture drew heavily on the national exchequer. The regency was brief, for Louis, according to the laws of France, reached his majority at the age of thirteen, but during that period he had learned a lesson in extravagance that was destined to bear fruit at Versailles.

It was not until the death of Mazarin that the young king displayed the qualities of leadership that made him the central figure in Europe. No monarch of France had so dominated other nations. His marriage with Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV., gave

him a hold on Spain and Austria; his invasion of Franche-Comté, a footing in Flanders; his conquest of several Dutch provinces, a grasp on Holland; his purchase of Dunkirk from Charles II., a loophole in England. All these interests had an influence on the arts of the

day. Spanish, Dutch, Italian, and Scotch craftsmen were invited to compete with French artisans. It was the desire of Colbert to limit foreign importations, and to this end he established many native industries. Under his administration visiting designers were encouraged to stay until the secrets of their work had been acquired. They were then politely dispatched to their own country laden with honors and sometimes pensioned. When the palace of Versailles was decorated and

furnished, few foreigners had a part in the work. It was a triumph of French taste and skill, and as such it remains to-day.

Louis XIII. had erected a hunting-lodge at Versailles and later remodeled it into a château. On this site, and keeping intact the older building, the present palace was built. The architect

was Jules Hardouin Mansart, and the landscape gardener André Le Nôtre. The greatest artists of the day were employed in decorating the interior, and the greatest designers in planning the furnishings. The finest products of the silk and tapestry looms of France were utilized for the

hangings. The rarest woods of the world were selected for the furniture. Craftsmen of the kingdom vied with each other in perfecting their art so that the palace of Le Grand Monarque should stand unrivaled.

Madame de Sévigné, who penned so many graphic pictures of court life, wrote, in 1676, to her daughter: "Let me inform you, my child, of a change of scene which will appear to you as agreeable as it does to every one. I went to Versailles on Sat-



CHAIR AT VERSAILLES—REGENCY OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA

urday. This is how things are disposed. You are acquainted with the toilette of the queen, the mass, the dinner; but it is no longer necessary to be bored while their majesties are at table, for at three o'clock, the king, the queen, all the princes and the princesses there are, Madame de Montespan and all her suite, all the courtiers, all the ladies, in a

word, what is called the court of France, find themselves in that fine apartment of the king that you know. All is furnished divinely; all is magnificent—"

We may regret that Madame's daughter was familiar with the "apartment of the king," for otherwise a spirited description would have followed. The writer describes the music and games with which the court is entertained.

"That agreeable confusion without confusion of all that is most select, lasts from three to six. At that hour their majesties enter their carriages. Some go in gondolas on the canal where there is music. At ten o'clock all return, when a comedy is performed; midnight strikes and then all is over."

The apartment to which Madame de Sévigné referred was undoubtedly the Salon de la Guerre, mentioned by Miss Kingley in her fine description of the palace.

"Nowhere," she says, "has interior decoration been carried to a further point of perfection than in Versailles, where we are offered the most splendid examples possible of the Louis XIV. style. It may be all wrong in the eyes of architectural purists, but for sheer magnificence of effect, for actual richness of detail in marble and painting, in gilded stucco, carved wood, superb gilt-bronze, it cannot be surpassed. Take, for example, the Salon de Mars. The modillions of the grand golden cornice are empty casques. And in the coverings of the ceiling are golden trophies and cupids in gilt stucco riding eagles and taming wolves. Golden wreaths frame the paintings of the ceiling by Audran, depicting Mars in his chariot. Or again the Salon d'Appolon, with its ceiling by Lafosse. . . . Its winged muses of extreme beauty on which the great sculptor Coysevox did not refuse to work. But all this glory of decorative art culminates in the Grand Galerie and the Salon de la Guerre. Here decoration with one object ever in view, the glorification of the king, can scarcely be carried further. The coved roof represents

in thirty subjects the history of the Grand Monarque, painted under the direction of Lebrun, from his most carefully prepared designs. Boileau and Racine composed the inscriptions for each of these subjects, which are set in carved and gilded sculpture of indescribable richness and variety. The great trophies of gilt-bronze upon magnificent colored marbles and the twenty-four groups in gilded stucco are due to Coysevox. The capitals of the pilasters, the frames of the Venetian mirrors, all in details of ornament, are by the first artists of the day. In the Salon de la Guerre, in Coysevox's immortal bas-relief, the king, young, radiant, triumphant, tramples nations in chains under his horses' feet. When we add to the decorations that have survived war and revolution all that have been lost, the statues, vases, inlaid tables, carved cabinets, and above all, the famous silver *mobilier* made at the Gobelins to adorn the gallery, we get an idea of splendor almost unequaled. Most of the treasures are dispersed or destroyed. The silver furniture was sent to the mint in 1690 to defray the expenses of the war against the League of Augsburg."

Although many pieces of furniture belonging to Versailles and to other palaces were destroyed at the time of the Revolution, enough remains to show the beauty of the Louis XIV. period. In point of execution no furniture has ever surpassed it. The Renaissance raised furniture-making to the dignity of an art, but it was not until the reign of Louis XIV. that furniture-makers individually ranked as artists. Some of the cabinet-makers of that day were as renowned as the painters, and one at least made a name for himself that has outlived the fame of many of his brothers of the brush. This man was André Charles Boulle. In 1672 he became *ébéniste* to the king, and was granted quarters in the Louvre. The royal patent conferred upon him the title of "Engraver in Ordinary of the Royal Seals," and also designated him as "architect, painter, carver in mosaic,

artist in cabinet work, chaser, inlayer, and designer."

Boullé was a man of many talents, but his fame rests chiefly on a unique marquetry of tortoise shell and brass with which he ornamented his furniture. He was not the inventor of the process, but he carried it to such a point of excellence that the name of the originator has been overlooked.

Doubtless some chest or casket of oriental workmanship suggested to French cabinet-makers this form of decoration. Royal inventories of the late fourteenth century mention Damascus caskets of shell overlaid with silver. Joan, first wife of Louis XII., numbered among her dower chests one of ivory and horn inlaid with copper. Boullé's handiwork was quite unlike oriental marquetry in point of execution, but it bore a slight resemblance to it in general effect. His method was to cover the piece of furni-

ture to be ornamented with a veneer of shell over which brass cuttings were fastened. Small brass nails secured the metal to the shell background and these were deftly engraved to form part of the design. Shells, scrolls, acanthus foliage, and other characteristic bits of ornament were represented in the brass. Metal mounts and moldings were a feature of the work. Masks, satyrs, and cupids were some of the designs used as garnitures. The ram's head was a favorite with Boullé, and may be found on many of his pieces. These mounts were usually of ormolu, a

composition of gold, mercury, and copper that was applied to the brass to give it the appearance of gold. Sometimes the process of veneer was reversed and upon a brass foundation shell was applied. When the shell was overlaid with brass, it was called "first part" or "boulle," and when the brass formed the background with shell ornamenta-

tion, it was termed "second part" or "counter." When both were combined in the same piece of furniture, it was "boulle and counter." Other terms were "new boulle" and "old boulle." The former referred to the practice of placing color beneath the shell. Brilliant effects were obtained by lining the shell with scarlet or gold-leaf. This combination was the work of André's imitators, and found little favor with the master himself. Boullé's own handiwork was marked by a refinement which his followers were unable to copy.

Many of Boullé's designs were furnished by Lebrun and executed under his supervision.

The console in the Louvre, illustrated on page 264, is an example of his work. It exhibits the union of "boulle" and "counter" and is a representative piece. It also shows the massive type of furniture in vogue during the early Quatorze period. The console depends entirely on the marquetry and metal mounts for interest. The outline is heavy to the verge of the cumbersome. The supports are of the pedestal order, and are a survival of the preceding reign. The



LOUIS XIV. CLOCK—BOULLE DECORATION

pedestal support is important as indicating the date of the piece.

Later furniture shows a curving leg, still massive, but more graceful. The supports of the early eighteenth century are of an entirely different character. They are longer, more slender, and approximate the Louis XV. style. The two extremes may be studied in the console first mentioned, and in the bureau on the opposite page.

The chairs reproduced belong to the early Quatorze period. The one in Fontainebleau was made during the regency of Anne of Austria. It has the heavy supports of the Louis XIII. furniture, but the treatment is more simple and the carving less ornate. The acanthus leaf is the chief motive in the decoration, as it is in most of the chairs of that day. The leaf is well modeled and

is in low relief, a marked contrast to its later development, when endless foliations replaced the severer handling. Beauvais tapestry forms the upholstery, and fringe in corresponding colors adds a finish to the seat and back.

The chair in Versailles is a little later in date. This is shown by the bolder treatment of the acanthus and by the general construction of the chair. The pedestal supports are still in evidence, but the lines have changed somewhat. The arms have a deeper curve and have lost something in beauty. It is a point worthy of notice that the arms of the Renaissance chairs were quite straight, and that the curve was of gradual growth. Chair legs in France remained straight until later in the seventeenth century; then the general tendency towards flowing lines altered the supports of chairs, tables, and cabinets. During the last fifteen years of Louis's reign (1700-1715) every article of furniture except the bed conformed to rococo outlines. Rococo ornament had long held sway, but shapes as a whole had been severe.

The bed had undergone several changes. The lower posts were discarded and the canopy was suspended from the cornice. The bed in the king's chamber at Versailles shows to what an extent the decoration of this article of furniture could be carried. The headboard of this royal structure is carved in the best manner of the period. The mask with radiations surrounded with the laurel wreath, the acanthus scrolls, and the shell are all characteristic. The mask represented the sun and the radiations the beams. This was a compliment to his majesty, whose power was without limit. The hangings of the bed are of Gobelin tapestry and Lyons velvet. The wood is ebony with a large amount of gilding.



BOULLE CONSOLE



BUREAU—LATE LOUIS XIV.

Ebony, oak, walnut, and chestnut were the woods most in favor with furniture-makers. Rare woods, like sandal and tulip, were used as panels to give color and variety. When to this combination, onyx, porphyry, and lapis lazuli were added, the whole ornamented with ormolu frames and mounts, only a prophet in furniture could have predicted that a succeeding style would carry decoration a point farther.

Great in many ways, the furniture of Louis XIV.'s time undoubtedly was, but it was the greatness of magnificence rather than beauty. It was suited to the monarch who delighted in being called *le grand*, and who desired to be painted in the character of Jove hurling thunderbolts at trembling Europe. It was fitted for palaces, but hardly for the homes of those born outside of the purple.

That elaborate furniture was not confined to the court may be gathered from

letters and inventories of the celebrated cabinet-makers of the day. Boulle made many pieces for the wealthy citizens of Paris, particularly in the latter years of his life, when the king's fancy had turned to the work of younger men. Boulle lived to be ninety years of age, surviving his royal patron nearly a decade. The list of cabinets, consoles, and armoires designed by him is a long one. Much of his work, like that of his contemporaries, was destroyed at the time of the Revolution. Doubtless many pieces that would throw light on the home life of the people were also demolished. Few examples of this period exist outside of palaces and museums, and these are almost exclusively court pieces. Little mention is made by seventeenth-century writers of the house furnishings of the middle classes. Letters and journals abound, but these are filled with other matters.



DETAIL OF LOUIS XIV. BEDSTEAD—VERSAILLES

THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL

CONDUCTED BY
CLARENCE MOORES WEED

ONE of the most remarkable developments in the world of flowers which has taken place in the last two decades is that of the sweet pea. A quarter of a century ago this plant was grown in comparatively few gardens—chiefly in those of the good old New England kind, where all sorts and conditions of plants found a congenial home. But to-day sweet peas blossom in nearly every garden where flowers are found, and not infrequently they are about the only blossoms that flourish.

In the month of July the sweet pea may justly claim to represent the goddess Flora. No other flower of that month is so generally beloved. Nor is there any other which may be put to so great a variety of uses. Out of doors the blossoming plants are full of grace and beauty, while for indoor decorations they lend themselves to myriads of delightful combinations.

The sweet pea seems to have been first cultivated for ornament in Sicily. In 1753 its Latin name, *Lathyrus odoratus*, was given it by Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist. At that time it was cultivated in Great Britain, though it had only a white and a pale red variety.

SWEET PEAS FOR SPRING PLANTING



BLANCHE FERRY SWEET PEA

The latter even then was called the painted lady sweet pea.

It would appear that our great-great-grandmothers brought seeds of the sweet pea to America with them, and grew the flowers in their primitive gardens. In 1806, white, blue, dark purple, scarlet, and painted lady varieties were known in America. During the first half of this century sweet peas were grown here and there in the borders of old-fashioned gardens, the painted lady being the favorite

sort. But no especial attention was paid to this flower by the general public much before the beginning of the present decade, since when, however, the introduction of imported varieties has rapidly carried them into popular favor.

The structure of the sweet pea blossom is simple and easily comprehended. Like all perfect flowers it consists of four sets of organs. The sepals, which as a whole form the calyx, are thesm all, green, pointed bodies at the base of the flower on the outside. They are more conspicuous in the bud than in the open flower as may be seen from the picture of the Primrose sweet pea shown herewith. The petals, which together form the corolla, constitute what we

usually think of as the flower. The large upright one at the top of the blossom is called the standard; a front and side view of it may be seen in the picture of the Primrose variety (P). In the bud the standard covers the rest of the flower as may be seen in the lower figure of the Primrose picture. The two recurved petals at the middle of the flower are called the wings (W), and the lower small one the keel (K). Within the keel are found the stamens, which contain the

yellow pollen; and the pistil from which the seed develops.

THE VARYING FORMS

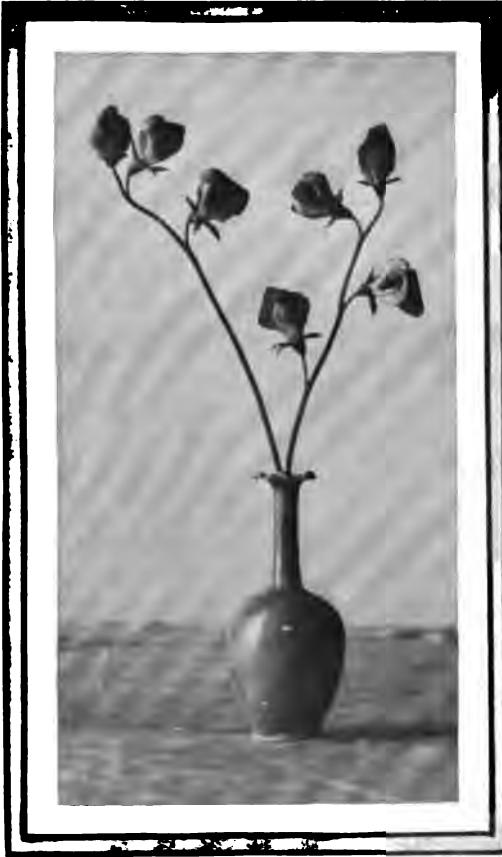
There are several distinct types of form in what we may call the normal sweet pea blossoms. The tendency among the specialists seems to be in favor of a flower with the standard nearly erect. This may be pointed at the top with just a suggestion of the hooded shape, as in the Aurora sweet pea shown in the picture herewith, or it may be more flattened and evenly rounded above. From this type the blossom grades easily into the partially hooded flowers like Her Majesty and Countess of Radnor, and these in turn grade easily into those definitely hooded like the Modesty or Stella Morse varieties. Then there are the recurved varieties in which the standard turns backward on the sides, as in the picture of the Primrose blossoms shown herewith. In addition to these there are various abnormal forms which the seedsmen have introduced as novelties. One such is Red Riding-Hood, two sprays of which in a small vase are shown herewith. Another is the Oddity, another Snapdragon, and still another, offered this year for the first time, is Salvation Lassie. But to a genuine flower-lover with discriminating taste, all these will be put aside along with the double sweet peas as unworthy of serious attention. In all of them the simple beauty of the sweet pea has been sacrificed.

CLASSIFICATION AS TO COLOR

Mr. Walter P. Wright, an English expert on the sweet pea, has proposed what seems to me the best color classification of these flowers that has been suggested. He makes five groups—namely, 1. Selfs; 2. Flakes; 3. Bicolors; 4. Fancies; 5. Picotee Edges—and defines them as follows:



COQUETTE SWEET PEAS IN A GREEN JAPANESE VASE



BEAUTY OF LINE

1. **SELFS.**—This is a large, important, and beautiful class, and perhaps no better example of a pure self could be found than Salopian. Many of the bright red selfs have a distinct tint of magenta in the wings, but Salopian has not. In this section natural subdivisions occur to the mind. Thus we have Countess of Radnor as the type of lavender selfs, Navy Blue of blue selfs, Dorothy Tennant of mauve selfs, and so on.

2. **FLAKES.**—A fairly large class, and one likely to increase in popularity. We have crimson flakes, such as America, mauve flakes like Gaity, rose flakes like Aurora, blue flakes like Gray Friar, and maroon flakes like senator.

3. **BICOLORS.** In one sense flakes are

bicolors, but it would be logical to adopt a system of classifying as bicolors those varieties which have one



A JAPANESE ARRANGEMENT

well defined color in the standard and another in the wings. Subsections come naturally if we take as the distinguishing color that of the standard. For instance, in Little Dorrit and Empress of India (rose standards with white wings) we have rose bicolors; in Orange Prince, Countess of Powis, etc. (salmon standards and pink wings), we have salmon bicolors.

4. **FANCIES.**—There are, and must be,

no inconsiderable number of varieties which refuse to be disposed of so easily as the rest. Take, for example, the lovely Lottie Hutchins, which is lightly splashed with pink on an ivory ground. It is not a true self, nor is it a true flake. Such varieties might be classified as fancies, with the subdivisions white fancy, yellow fancy, etc., taking the ground color as the distinguishing feature.

5. PICOTEE EDGES.—A very small class at present, but one that may increase.

A SELECTION OF VARIETIES

There is much more satisfaction in growing separate varieties of sweet peas than in growing miscellaneous mixtures. The seedsmen offer every year new varieties so that a list of the best sorts soon loses its value. For the present year, however, it seems to me the following list includes the most desirable varieties.

Self-Colored Varieties

White.—Blanche Burpee, Sadie Burpee.

Cream.—Mrs. Eckford.

Light Blush Pink.—Modesty.

Light Pink.—Lovely.

Rose Pink.—Her Majesty.

Scarlet.—Salopian.

Red.—Brilliant.



BLOSSOMS OF THE PRIMROSE SWEET PEA

Lavendar.—New Countess.

Mauve.—Dorothy Tennant.

Blue.—Navy Blue.

Bicolored Varieties

Red and Rose.—Early Blanche Ferry, Coquette, Prince Edward of York.

Salmon and Orange.—Gorgeous, Oriental.

Flake Varieties

Crimson.—America, Daybreak.

Red and Rose.—Aurora, Pink Friar.

Mauve and Blue.—Gayety, Gray Friar, Wawona.

Maroon and Purple.—Princess of Wales, Senator.

Fancies and Picotee Edges

Fancies.—Lottie Hutchins.

Picotee Edges.—Maid of Honor, Lottie Eckford.

In planning for the season's display of sweet peas the two most important things to bear in mind are: first, to plant in new ground where no peas, either sweet or garden, have been for two or three years previous; and second, to get the seed in the ground as early as possible. The reason for the first is that there has been much trouble with sweet peas during the last few years from a blight which seems to be worse on ground in which peas have been grown before, and the reason for the second is that the young plants need to get a good growth of roots during the cool weather of spring before the warmer temperature forces them into blossom.

"OLD-TIME GARDENS"

IT seems eminently fitting that Mrs. Alice Morse Earle should supplement her various volumes upon the homes and customs of our colonial ancestors with a book upon their gardens. For in those early days the garden was an integral part of the home, receiving the loving care of the housewife just as fully as did the interior of the house. How large a part these gardens filled in the lives of the colonial women may be

appreciated by the one who reads this account of "Old-Time Gardens," which the author appropriately calls "A Book of the Sweet of the Year." It is filled from cover to cover with the sweet delights of the gentle art of gardening, while the excellent photographs, many

Garden-making, Front Door-yards, Varied Gardens Fair, Box Edgings, The Herb Garden, In Lilac Tide, Old Flower Favorites, Gardens of the Poets, The Charm of Color, The Blue Flower Border, Tussy-mussies, Childhood in a Garden, Meetin' Seed and Sabbath Day



AURORA SWEET PEAS

of them taken by such experts as Henry Troth and J. Horace McFarland, give glimpses of scores of old gardens where the flowers have had time to make themselves at home and create an atmosphere of their own.

The only way to give even a meager idea of the contents of so unique a book as this is to quote the chapter headings, some of which are these: Colonial

Posies, Sun Dials, Garden Furnishings, A Moonlight Garden, Flowers of Mystery, Roses of Yesterday. Truly a wide range of topics, but treated with an equal breadth of view. For the New England gardens bloom not alone in these pages; those of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and many other states also bloom there.

"After ten wearisome weeks of travel

across an unknown sea, to an equally unknown world," writes Mrs. Earle in her introductory page, "the group of Puritan men and women who were the founders of Boston neared their Land of Promise; and their noble leader, John Winthrop, wrote in his journal that 'we had now fair Sunshine Weather and so pleasant a sweet Aire as did much refresh us, and there came a smell off the Shore like the Smell of a Garden.'

"'A Smell of a Garden' was the first welcome to our ancestors from their new home; and a pleasant and perfect emblem it was of the life that awaited them. They were not to become hunters and rovers, not to be eager to explore quickly the vast wilds beyond; they were to settle down in the most domestic of lives, as tillers of the soil, as makers of gardens.

"What must that sweet air from the land have been to the sea-weary Puritan women on shipboard, laden to them with its promise of a garden! for I doubt not every woman bore with her across seas some little package of seeds and bulbs from her English home garden, and perhaps a tiny slip or plant of some endeared flower; watered each day, I fear, with many tears, as well as from the surprisingly scant water supply which we know was on board that ship."

And it is the story of those seeds and slips and tiny plants brought to our shores by these heroic women that Mrs. Morse has set herself to tell. The result is a garden classic that the flower lover will cherish along with Mrs. Thaxter's *Island Garden*, Mr. Ellwanger's *Garden Story*, and a few others of those precious volumes in which the delight of great literature has entered into the simple chronicles of a garden.

(Old-Time Gardens. Newly set forth by Alice Morse Earle. New York: The Macmillan Co. 500 pages. \$2.50 net.)

Dahlias for the Garden

During recent years there has been a decided revival of interest in the dahlia as a flower for the garden and for interior decoration. In his admirable

bulletin upon these flowers, Mr. Wilhelm Miller, the Cornell University expert, has this to say about their culture:

"Dahlias should be in a place by themselves. Possibly a dahlia can be used now and then 'as an exclamation point,' a flash of color to lighten up other foliage near a house or wherever a cheerful look is desired. The herbageous border is no place for dahlias. Indeed, the big ball type of flowers is rarely furnished by the composites amongst perennial herbs. Bluebells and columbines are typical inhabitants of the herbageous border, and their beauty is of a different sort from the big solid ball-like dahlias.

"In sandy soils dahlias make comparatively few tuberous roots, tend to become dwarf, and flower profusely. In very rich, loamy soils they make more roots and fewer flowers. Too much nitrogenous food makes a rank, coarse growth and few flowers. No amount of added plant-food can ever atone for neglect of the physical condition of the soil. Mr. Peacock is able to have fifteen acres of dahlias in continuous bloom throughout a long summer of drought. Imagine this brilliant spectacle after nine weeks without a rain! And yet dahlias are very sensitive to lack of moisture. While it is true that Mr. Peacock is an expert cultivator and devotes all his time to dahlias, yet like all skilful managers of the highest type, he has no professional secrets. The whole story is one of conservation of moisture already in the soil. Moisture is constantly rising by capillary action and its evaporation must be prevented. Frequent shallow cultivations break off the capillary tubes and prevent this escape of moisture into the air. This earth-mulch is obtained in the garden by lightly stirring the two or three inches of surface soil with a hoe or rake. Below that depth the soil should be constantly moist, not wet, throughout the whole growing season.

"The large-flowering varieties need a space of four feet square to bring them to perfection as individual plants. The best results are gotten from planting

them in rows so that they may be thoroughly cultivated. These rows should be at least five feet wide if a horse is to be driven through frequently."

Mr. Miller gives the following list of the twelve varieties he would choose for garden planting:

Mrs. A. Peart.—Cactus, white.

Nymphæa.—Cactus, pink.

Wm. Agnew.—Cactus, scarlet orange.

Maid of Kent.—Cactus, scarlet and white.

Black Prince.—Cactus, dark red.

Grand Duke Alexis.—Large flowered, chiefly white.

A. D. Livoni or Ethel Vick.—Large flowered, pink.

Rev. C. W. Bolton.—Large flowered, variegated, red and yellow.

Fern Leaved Beauty.—Large flowered, banded, red and white.

Guiding Star.—Pompon, white, imbricated.

Vivid.—Pompon, scarlet orange.

Ami Barillet.—Single, scarlet.

Banish the Incongruous

Discussing the use of flowers to represent "broken columns" and similar things, a writer in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* says: "Let us banish the incongruous, which is often only another word for the over-ingenuous. In the case of flowers a little right feeling is worth all the ingenuity and 'appropriateness' in the world. Let us revolt from the rule of the professional florist, whose taste is usually as bad as that of the professional hairdresser, and whose virtuosity, when allowed its way unchecked, is as far-fetched and intolerable.

"And along with incongruity let us

banish lavishness. Mass, bulk, mixture, pressure—all these are death to the flower. Try, with the Japanese, to consider the flower as an individual, and treat it with the sentiment that an individual may inspire; nobody can care for a mob, not even a mob done up in a flounce of waste paper. If a bouquet is really imperative, then let it follow the slow suavity of an andante; between a scramble of sound and a jumble of color there is but little choice: avoid both. Give each note, each flower, its chance. In brief, the flower asks of us only what the material employed in every art and metier may ask from the shaping and directing hand. The rules are but two—moderation and harmony. 'Do not heap us up, do not join us together; such excess is vulgar. Do not wire us on toothpicks and force us into the similitude of all the "appropriate" objects to be encountered in the heavens above or in the earth beneath; such misplaced and misjudged ingenuity is heinous—a stout negation of any claim to taste, to sentiment, to respect for nature's finest handiwork.'"

A Beautiful Begonia

The Begonia *Gloire de Lorraine* is now one of the most popular varieties of these beautiful plants, being justly esteemed by both florists and amateurs for the beauty and profusion of its blossoms. It has only been known for a decade, having been introduced in 1891 by M. Victor Lemoine of Nancy, France. It originated as a hybrid between the dwarf bushy *Begonia Dregei*, which is an annual, and the tuberous rooted *Begonia Socotrana*. Its flowers are of a beautiful pink color.



SOME ENGLISH GARDENS

GARDENING as a recreation of society women is growing more and more popular each year, both in America and in England, and a recent writer in *Mainly About People*, tells of several beautiful gardens which are the hobbies of certain Englishwomen.

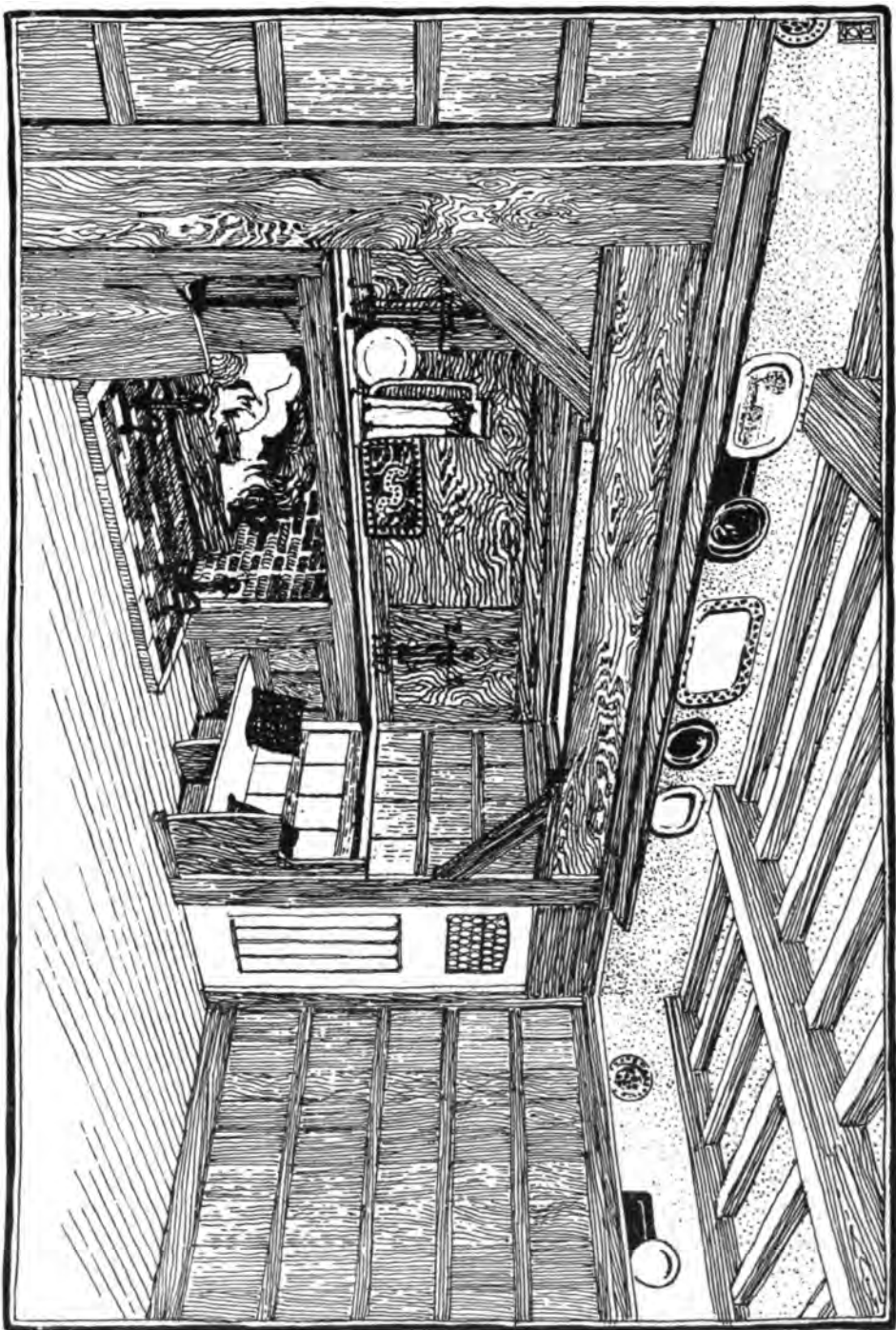
At Easton Lodge, Lady Warwick has a wonderful garden of friendship, where all her friends plant a tree or a flower, each bearing a heart-shaped label and the name of the donor. Her Shakespeare garden is also charming, with its apt quotations attached to every flower. There are also lily and rose gardens at Easton, and finally, this most poetic of lady gardeners has a border of sentiment, where all the herbs and flowers are labeled with the quaint symbols of bygone days, white clover standing for memory, bayleaf for glory, veronica for fidelity, and balm for sympathy.

The duchess of Somerset is the happy owner of a delicious Old-World garden. Round the lake she has a border where grow all her favorites—violets, love-lies-bleeding, snowy phlox, daffodils, and sweet bergamot. A solemn yew walk leads out onto a flowery pleasaunce, where sundials and peacocks warn one of the fleeting of time, and of the vanity of all things human. There is a "Medical Garden," where all herbs which go to the art of healing are to be found, and a favorite arbor which in June is one mass of snowy Banksias.

Lady Londonderry has scope for her gardening tastes at Wynyard, in whose stately gardens she has the most wonderful examples of bedding. The designs are often most curious, being geometrical, historical, and even regimental, for the year that Lord Castle-reagh was married she had the colors of his regiment carried out in flowers. A lemon thyme walk is a feature at

Wynyard, and fair visitors go away with the scent of this delicate blossom clinging to the skirts which have rustled over it. Lady Helen Vincent spends a great deal of time over her garden at Esher. She has a beautiful rosery, a dial garden, which used to be the Tudor garden in Pelham's day, and a pretty stone-bordered little reserve dedicated to all sweet-smelling flowers; this she calls her "Garden of Scents." All over the grounds she has narcissi and forget-me-nots planted in such quantities that it becomes in the springtime a veritable parquet of white and blue. Lady Grosvenor boasts of perhaps the quaintest and most fascinating of old gardens in the one at Saighton Grange, which in olden time belonged to the Abbot of Chester. As the monks of old were proverbially good gardeners, Lady Grosvenor has wisely followed the lines laid down by them, and to-day her beautiful home on the Dee presents the unique spectacle of a garden paved with stones, just as they were laid hundreds of years ago, when sandal shoon pattered over them. To carry out the element of religious symbolism still better, Lady Grosvenor has made what she calls a Saints' garden, wherein grow all the blossoms which are named after the holy men and women of the calendar.

Viscountess Falmouth is a recognized authority on roses in particular, and horticulture in general, and her garden at Merryworth, Castle Maidstone, is among the most wonderful in England. There are roses of well-nigh every possible variety, standards growing in stately isolation in the rosery, climbers quickly running from infancy to maturity on the walls of the house, on pergolas, arches, and trellises—in fact, a rain of roses everywhere. Lady Plowden at Aston Rowant is a clever botanist, and gardening is her great hobby.



ADAPTATION OF AN ENGLISH INGLENOOK—DRAWN BY BIRCH BURDETTE LONG



Arts and Crafts

THE WORK OF CHARLES H. BARR

ONE of the most interesting branches of craftsmanship is metal-work, and it is only because of a certain difficulty in manipulation that it is rarely cultivated. Yet here and there in each of the large cities one finds devoted workmen who have been persistent enough to learn to express their ideas in brass and iron, in copper and gold, as readily as the ordinary mortal expresses his in words. Mr. Charles H. Barr is one of the few who have this facility, and he makes one feel that even iron is capable of delicacy. He has had a varied and rather curious career, but is now settled down to the work that he loves best of all. It was only five years ago, however, that he opened a studio in East Greenwich, Rhode Island, and seriously took up the craft in which he had before been merely an amateur. In an account of his life recently published in the *Providence Journal*, it is asserted that both his artistic talent and his mechanical skill are inherited, and when only a lad he showed an ability to do things with his hands. His command of technique in metal-work was gained from actual experience in manufacturing establishments. For a time he was with the Westinghouse firm in Pittsburg, his native city, and later on he spent some months in the great iron-works of Oliver Brothers. There he patented several things which proved to be of value to the firm, and there, too, he gained a knowledge of tools and of artistic talent ends. After he spent two studying and observing. He to America books, and and small ob- which now help studio attrac-

Two years New York be- East Green- his home was situated sev- side of the found the quiet



BRONZE INK-WELL

working with adapting his to practical this experience years abroad, collecting and brought back many rare some pictures jects of art to make his tive.

were spent in fore he went to wich. There attractively eral miles out- town, where he and freedom

from interruption which are essential to him. Recently he has moved his workshop and home to Mamaroneck, New York, where the same conditions prevail.

The first original thing he made in metal was a little windmill of brass, perfect in every detail, even to the stairs which go down into the coal cellar, and the shingles on the sides. This, with its miniature turning wheel, has now become his mascot, although it was originally intended merely as a substitute for those fascinating miniature windmills which were once made in Holland, and one of which the artist tried

in vain to secure for his collection.

Mr. Barr worked for some time without recognition, but gradually his things came to be known in New York and Chicago, and he now receives orders from many cities far and near. He has exhibited at the Arts and Crafts societies in New York, Minneapolis, Chicago, and other large cities until his work is familiar to those who are interested in these matters. He has an originality

which makes it noticed and remembered, and he knows how to combine usefulness and appropriateness with beauty.

The articles that he manufactures are generally small, although lamps and

electric-light fixtures are conspicuous among his designs, and a model for a set of fire-dogs was shown in an exhibition some months ago in New York. These were called salamander fire-dogs, in honor of the animal which creeps around the base. The top represents a mass of leaping flames. This is, perhaps, one of the least successful designs that Mr. Barr has made, as it



MODEL IN WAX FOR BRONZE SCONCE

is almost impossible to represent flames in metal, and the result, even if achieved, is hardly valuable. The reflection of the fire on the broken surface of the metal is good, but the lines of the design are not effective. Mr. Barr, indeed, occasionally bends his material to uses for which it was never intended, and his designs are sometimes too delicate and graceful for the brass and iron in which they are expressed. This is a fault,

however, which is not often evident in his work, and in many of the sconces and smoking-sets which he has produced the design is eminently fit. Perhaps his best work has been in lamps and candlesticks, and he has made some designs for electric-light stands which are better than anything of that kind that has yet been produced. Yet in smaller subjects, also, he has been particularly happy, as the seals and buckles here reproduced give ample testimony. Benvenuto Cellini has been his master, and although he makes no attempt to imitate his work, he has been greatly influenced and invigorated by it, as every craftsman in metals must be.

The studio where Mr. Barr has turned out his flower-shaped lamps is a small room in an out-of-the-way corner of the house, but every inch of the space has been utilized, and the artist can sit at his bench at one side and reach any of the implements he may desire for his work. His tools are close at hand, and masses of modeling-wax and rolls of sheet metal, wooden and iron molds, and models in wax and wood in all stages of development stand about the room on the improvised shelves. The walls are adorned with sconces and plaques and unfinished pieces of metal-work.

It is easy to find the source of Mr. Barr's inspiration also upon his walls, on which are hung photographs of Pompeian frescoes and works of art, of Benvenuto Cellini's jewels and vases,

and of the works of old Greek masters for which he particularly cares.

Everything about his own work is done by Mr. Barr himself, and he is quite ready to explain his method of obtaining results, from the effect of casting in the mold to that secured by spinning on the lathe and by the hammer strokes in repoussé work. In such a piece of work as the fire dogs the process is lengthy. He first makes his model in wax, then pours plaster over it, and into this mold

pours the white metal for his working-model, thus obtaining the exact reproduction for the casting in bronze, showing every mark of the artist's hand. There is great difficulty in having things of this kind satisfactorily cast because of the tendency of the average workman to smooth down everything, eliminating all the strength and character in the model. In



BELT BUCKLE

order to overcome this difficulty, Mr. Barr finally made his models himself of white metal, so that his bronze castings are now exact reproductions of his original design, retaining all the beauty of the modeling. Of this tendency to smooth things down, Mr. Barr once said that the prints of the modeling are essential to the strength and character of an article. "If it is to be smoothed down," he continued, "the form should be perfect, otherwise it should be left in its unfinished state with the marks of the craftsman's hands upon it, thus suggesting the perfection for which he has struggled. It is this struggle to do



SILVER SEALS, WITH SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

something, to reach an ideal of perfection, which you see in what has been done, that makes it interesting."

His talk is as individual as his work, and he has no inordinate idea of the value of his talent. Yet he expresses the best that is in him, and his work-

manship is beautiful. He thinks that the real work is done by recognizing one's limitations and then doing the best one can within them. The proof of the artist's recognition of his limitations is the measure of his satisfaction with what he has accomplished. Mr.

Barr himself does not feel that he has accomplished a great deal, yet within certain narrow lines he has done admirable work—work that has ideas behind it and shows originality of invention and handling. He believes in America as a field for the workman, but he thinks that we have not yet the courage of our convictions in matters of art.

"In the old country," he says, "in France and Belgium and England, the people are fully alive to the work of the artist craftsman. They not only admire his work, but they buy it. Here, the

average person waits until some one for whose judgment he has respect says it is all right before he dares to purchase.

"This state of things is due to lack of courage, and principally due to lack of æsthetic training of a proper art sense. Americans have just as good taste and just as keen an appreciation of the beautiful as any people in the world. They have more money, per capita, than any other country, and they spend it, but they lack the courage to go ahead; that is, as regards practical recognition of the arts."



BRONZE CALENDAR FRAME, WITH SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC



ONE PHASE OF THE SERVANT QUESTION

BY ELLEN
JUDITH
GOULD

THE mistress of a simple household where but one servant is kept needs to establish the most thorough system of management in order that peace and order may prevail, and even if the home is small, she must assume the responsibility of performing certain regular duties unless there are no children and practically no guests. If it is necessary to prove that one person, unaided, is unequal to all the labors of the house, a few days without any servant will usually convince the most skeptical of mistresses. When one is employed the housekeeper should give the necessary housework a careful consideration, deciding upon the labors she will herself assume, and distributing the work so evenly throughout the week that no day is exhausting, yet steady occupation is provided throughout. If it is a mistake to give the maid too much work, it is no less one to provide her with too little, since actual idleness makes usually for discontent. But a respite of work just before the preparation of the evening meal gives a maid time for sufficient care of the dress and person to preserve her self-respect and rests mind and body.

It is a good plan to have each day's tasks written out with more or less detail, the hours for meals specified, and the days or half-days of liberty which have been agreed upon also mentioned. However, it is as necessary to take temperament into account in this relationship of life as in every other. Many excellent servants are natural managers, and if left somewhat to their own devices, will do better work, more of it, and all more willingly than with too close supervision. As a mother once advised her newly married daughter, "Tell your servants what results you wish, but leave them to accomplish them in their own way. If after a trial you find any detail seriously annoying, the time for you to make suggestions has arrived." This is sound counsel, especially when the maid is older, both in years and judgment, than the mistress who often is obliged to feel her way upon the domestic thoroughfare. It is but human to enjoy being trusted, and the maids are few who will not rise to worthiness of responsibility not unkindly put upon them.

For some reason, gladly left to the political economist or psychologist to discover, the foreign-born servants take more kindly to systematic housework than those of American parentage. Often a foreigner wholly ignorant of English proves a treasure, for having been trained in the mother country to do a few things well, she applies the principle to a wider range of duties with excel-

lent results. The first weeks of such service are naturally difficult, and at least a month's trial should be given before the question of fitness for the work is finally decided. At this stage of affairs a foreign dictionary is not a bad thing to have about, and some friend of the maid can usually be found who understands both English and the foreign tongue well enough to act as interpreter. A written list of the duties for each day with the allotted time for their fulfilment may then be written out and translated. Excellent routine work may often be secured in this way, and if the servant is capable of anything more, the faculty will show itself with her increasing knowledge of English.

An outline schedule, which may be varied for individual households, is as follows.

Monday.—Prepare breakfast; after putting it on the table, attend to washing; prepare children's supper at 5:30; prepare and serve dinner.

Tuesday.—Prepare breakfast and serve; iron; children's supper at 5:30; prepare and serve dinner.

Wednesday.—Prepare and serve all meals; dust parlor floor; attend to lamps; general baking, and cleaning of kitchen; prepare children's supper throughout the week.

Thursday.—If only the afternoon is allowed for maid's holiday, the morning may be utilized for the cleaning of brass, silver, or windows; and even when the entire day's absence is allowed, the maid should leave a prepared dessert for dinner and simplify as much as possible the work of the mistress in preparing luncheon. She should always dust the parlor floor and care for lamps on Thursday

before her morning work is considered finished.

Friday.—The day should be devoted to a general cleaning of chambers and parlors. The amount of aid the mistress will need to give on this day will depend on the size of the house or apartment. The maid should serve and prepare meals.

Saturday.—Preparation and serving of meals; care of lamps; general baking and care of kitchen. In many families much of the food for Sunday is prepared on Saturday, and when this is the case the maid cannot be expected to dust or work outside the kitchen.

Sunday.—Preparation and serving of meals; dusting.

This arrangement means for the mistress two busy days, Monday and Tuesday, but all the labors left for the other days need occupy her but a part of each morning.

The household with one maid is often fraught with physical fatigue for its mistress, but a more elaborate menage is certain to mean increasing wear and tear upon her nerves until that stage of elaboration is reached where a discreet, capable, unobtrusive, judicious house-keeper, a very paragon of virtue, must be employed. This threatens to be one of the necessities of modern life when large town and country houses must be cared for, but it is impossible that the individuality of the real house mistress should be so keenly felt as when her hands retain the reins of management. Is not this a loss for both family and community, just as the true spirit of hospitality is violated when all entertaining takes place at a club-house or hotel?

PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD NOTES

BY ALICE CARY WATERMAN

Care of Tea-Pots and Coffee-Pots

Tea and coffee pots require very thorough cleaning. Just why they are set aside by many housekeepers with that air of consignment that means "we will wash you after all the dishes have been washed" is one of those mysteries not explainable, unless, perhaps, it be that the old method of doing things as mother did elings as a tradition of duty to be sacredly performed. Is it so much easier to follow an example "more honored in the breach than observance" than to think out better methods? As to the making of tea and coffee, I may speak at another time. The condition of the pot is largely due, however, to the manner of making. Coffee and tea are too frequently allowed to stand in their respective pots too long to be good for either the drinker or the pot.

Most pots have seams in them that easily become clogged, and are not readily cleaned if neglected even for a day. The leaves or grounds should be turned from the pot and cold water used for rinsing.

Wash the pot in clear hot water. Rinse with boiling water, dry, and place if possible where light and air may have free access to the interior. It may be advisable occasionally to fill the pot with cold water to which a bit of soda has been added, and place over the fire to heat slowly until it reaches the boiling-point; then scald, dry, and air the pot.

Care of Utensils and Cloths

As scrupulous care should be given to the utensils employed in the preparation of food, and to the cloths in cleaning them, as to the dishes from which the food is partaken.

The genius of the inventor contributes an endless array of utensils—brushes, scrapers, strainers, and labor-saving household appliances—to the equipment of the modern kitchen that may be purchased at reasonable cost. That inevitable "aftermath" of cookery, the detested function of dish-washing, may be made an art greatly assisted by a knowledge of the chemistry of cleaning. What a delight to have an abundant supply of dish-cloths and dish-towels! It is important that the dish-cloth be kept clean. A sticky, greasy, damp dish-cloth breeds disease which may be communicated to dishes, and from them to persons. Wash the dish-cloth with soap and water after using, rinse, and dry—in the sun, if possible. It should be boiled whenever required to keep it clean and white.

The dish-towels should be washed once a day in warm water with soap, rinsed, and well dried. All cloths used for cleaning should be hemmed, and of a quality free from lint, as the lint and threads are liable to obstruct the sink drain. Cloths for cleaning should be made, too, for specific purposes, and used only for purposes for which they were intended. Whenever time will permit, all cleaning-cloths should be washed and rinsed and dried after being used.

Care of the Refrigerator

The refrigerator should be so situated that it may be well aired and in the light, but not where the sun would shine upon it. The waste-water pipe should not be connected with the drain-pipe of the house, as that might admit sewer-gas into the refrigerator.

Take care in placing foods on shelves and racks that all receptacles are clean. Should any foods or liquids be spilled while handling, clean immediately. Give the refrigerator a thorough airing and cleaning, if possible, once a week. Wash racks in hot suds, scald with hot soda-water, and rinse with clean hot water and dry thoroughly, leaving open to get light and air. Be sure to clean ice-chamber and waste-pipe. A cloth on a flexible wire will be most effectual for the pipe. Pour hot soda-water through the pipe and rinse with clean boiling water. The water-pan collects dust and becomes "slimy" if not thoroughly and frequently cleaned. Look well to keeping the refrigerator in perfect repair. Best results are obtained where the ice-chamber is kept well filled. The larger quantities are more economical. Very sharp-pointed ice-picks split the ice, and do not waste by breaking up as do the dull picks. Absolute cleanliness in every detail is the safeguard in a refrigerator.

Care of Bowls in Stationary Stands and Closets; Also the Bath and Laundry Tubs

There is but little danger of poison from sewer-gas or of having "exorbitant plumber's bills" if plenty of clean water be used to flush the pipes to carry off all waste water. Carelessness and thoughtlessness, more than real ignorance, are responsible for much of the trouble



with plumbing. All sorts of fruit parings, bits of matches, hair combings, lint from old wash-cloths and towels are indifferently thrown into bowls and closets, to clog and obstruct the pipes, which sooner or later, because of this, require the aid of the plumber. Should it become necessary to use chemicals for cleaning the pipes, the mildest agent is what is known as the sal-soda or washing-soda solution, which will not in any way injure the plumbing. The solution is made by covering one pint of soda with three gallons of boiling water. Use two quarts of the solution for each pipe, and rinse out the pipe first with hot water; pour in the soda solution, allow to remain for a time, and then flush with hot water. If strong acids or caustic alkalis be used to disinfect the plumbing, the metals around the pipes should be protected by a funnel, which should fit into the openings of the pipes. The solution should be poured through the funnel. Where disinfectants and deodorizers are indicated in closets and tubs, potassium permanganate may be used. Dissolve one-half pound in four gallons of water. In using, allow it to stand in bowl or pipe for a time, to absorb and displace obnoxious odors. Should there be no objection to the odor of carbolic acid, it may be depended upon as a reliable and effective disinfectant. A five-per-cent solution of carbolic acid is made by adding about ten ounces of crystals or liquid carbolic acid to three gallons of water. Copperas is also an excellent disinfectant for drains and closets, making a solution of three pounds to two gallons of water. There are many prepared disinfectants on the market, some that are good. Directions for using them are given on the packages.

If stationary wash-stands are in sleeping-rooms, a very judicious plan for preventing odors or escape of gases is to let clean water run into the bowl before retiring, to remain until morning, especially if the room is heated and occupant of room is averse to having fresh air coming into the room from an open window. The water, it is said, has a tendency to absorb impurities and make a more healthful atmosphere.

Care of Cellar and Pantry

The same general principles will apply to pantry as to cellar, where used for storage of food products.

Foods for the most part are in a better state of preservation if kept in a cool, dry place. Vegetables and fresh fruits are liable to decay and contaminate the air by their foul odors. Cellars need air and sunlight. In summer open the windows during the night, and keep them closed during the middle of the day. In winter whenever a mild day offers an opportunity, give the cellar an airing. It goes without saying that all cellar windows should be well screened, and the cellar and pantry kept clean and in order.

Care of Garbage-Pail

The galvanized iron pails seem best adapted for garbage receptacles. Dedicate one good scrubbing-brush to the pail, and set it aside for that purpose only. Begin by insisting that the pail shall not be abused, and the cleaning of it will not become a repulsive task. Use a sink strainer to separate liquids from solids, and always keep paper in the bottom of the pail in an orderly, cleanly fashion. An occasional sal-soda bath and rinsing will save much labor. Air the pail whenever required by laying it down on the side so that air may circulate into every part of it.

Care of the Sink

Soapstone or enameled iron are the best materials for a kitchen or pantry sink.

Modern plumbing possesses many advantages over the old styles, in that all pipes are exposed to full view and easily accessible to the plumber; waste-pipes are trapped and ventilated, all fixtures set on brackets or legs, and all possible woodwork is dispensed with. According to best sanitary laws, closets under sinks are prohibited. Neglect of sinks causes bad odors, attracts insect pests, and frequently develops disease germs. Every sink should be provided with a sink strainer or sieve, through which all water should pass, separating every particle of solid material from the water. No scraps or waste from cooking or table should be thrown directly into the sink. Greasy dish-water does more harm to the sink and pipes than all other waste waters combined. The grease has a clinging habit; it separates from the water and sticks and lodges, and if not vigilantly treated, makes endless trouble and expense. "The ounce of prevention" is far "better than the pound of cure," although pounds of prevention in shape of sal-soda, concentrated lye, sapolio, and soap will have been used during the year to keep the sink clean and wholesome.

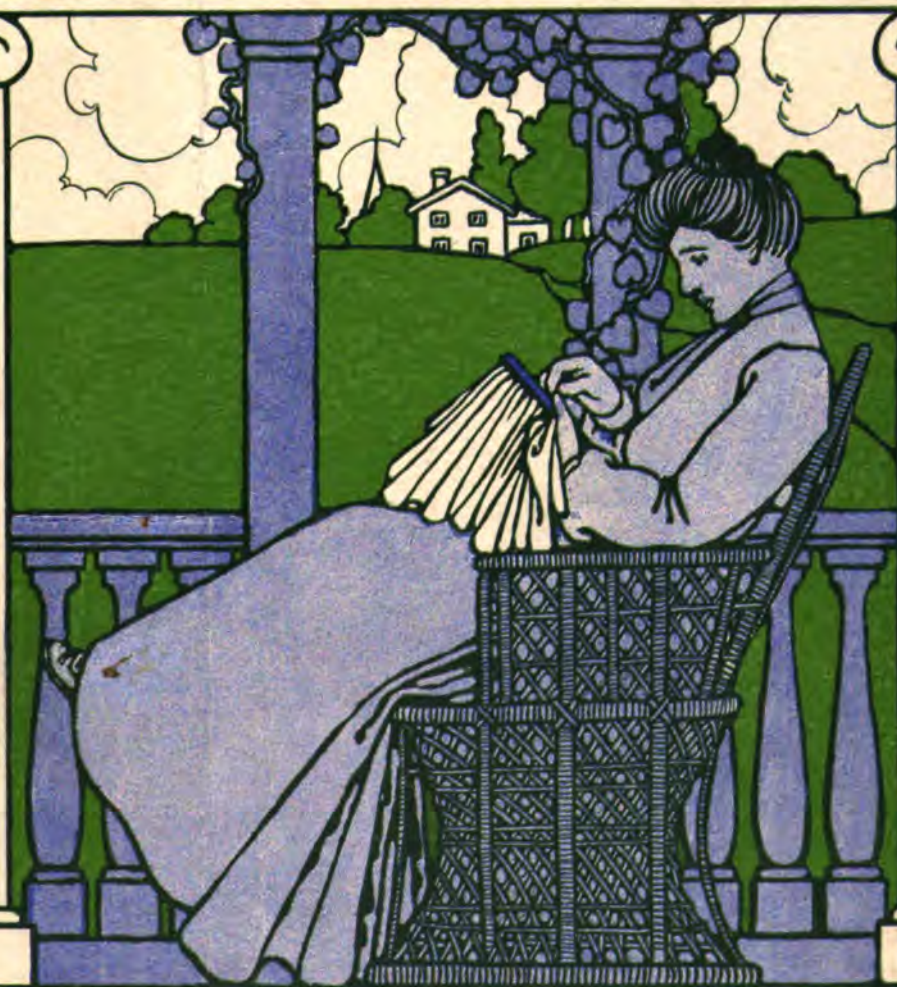
Plenty of newspaper used to clean plates and utensils from grease will prevent grease in large measure from finding its way into the dish-water, and will also make the dish-washing a more pleasant task. Where grease has accumulated, use boiling solutions of sal-soda and wash the pipes clean. If caustic potash be used, flush the pipes thoroughly half an hour later with boiling water. After pouring water from vegetables having a strong odor, flush the pipes well with cold water, as cold water carries away odors of this kind more effectually than hot water. Using the preventive measures, soap, sapolio, and a scrubbing-brush with plenty of water, a sink may be kept as clean as it is convenient. Should you have an iron sink to deal with that rusts, clean it with kerosene, oil with lard, and dust with lime, to remain over night, and clean again in the morning, when all rust will disappear.

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APRIL, 1902

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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL



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THE DINING-ROOM IN A REMODELED HOUSE

The House Beautiful

VOLUME ELEVEN

APRIL, 1902

NUMBER FIVE

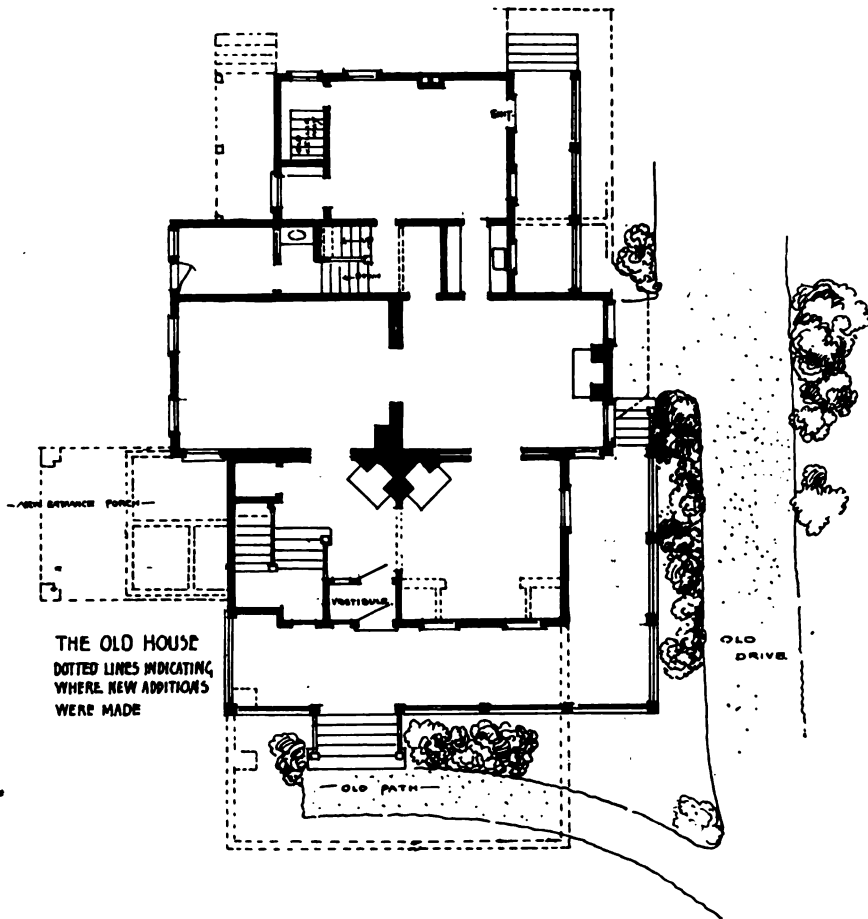


HOW A WOODEN COTTAGE IN THE COUNTRY WAS
REBUILT ON MODERN LINES

BY RAYMOND ELLIOTT

IN comparing the two ground plans which here lie side by side, one cannot fail to notice that the radical change made in the first house is a change of front. The next, necessitated, of course, by the former, is a change of entrances. While the different frontage makes the new house give on the east, it does not follow that southern and western light and air are lost. On the contrary, the house obtains in this way southern and western exposures far larger and less broken than in its earlier state.

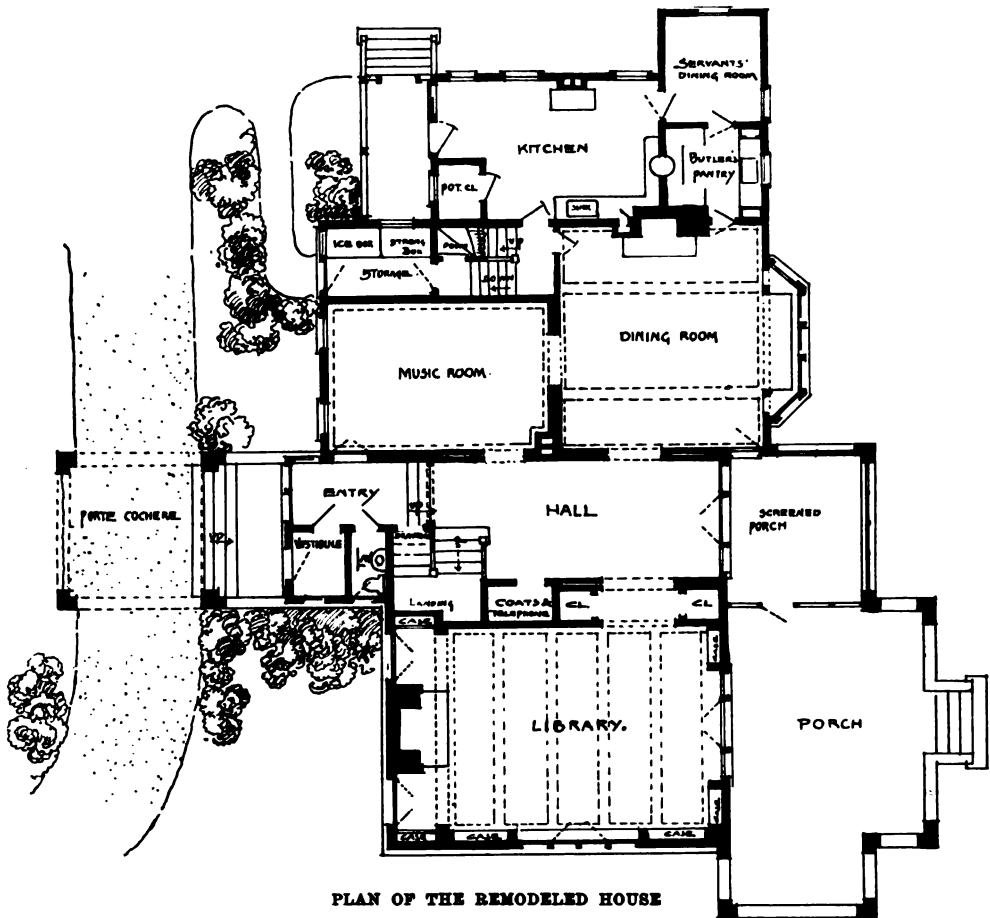
Concerning the exterior of the house under consideration, it seems only just to the architect, Mr. Arthur Heun, to remark that it has never met with his entire approval. It is self-evident that in the limited enlargement of a small



house the architect is, of necessity, handicapped from the start. By the judicious adding of a gable, however, by the spreading of wide eaves, and by careful working out of a suitable roof-line for the south end, Mr. Heun has succeeded in obtaining a house on good and simple lines. It is rather low and long, as befits its prairie setting; and of an unpretentious style of cottage architecture.

The size of the main veranda, upon which the library opens by glass doors, may be noted as particularly happy, neither too large nor too small for its

requirements. The walls and piers of this veranda are of a rough dark brick, against which all manner of shrubbery and vines show to perfection. The color of the brick is also good, with the tone of the house itself, which is a dull green, relieved by cream-white trimmings, the shutters being of a very dark green. Returning to the veranda, a jog to the south may be noticed. This catches for the whole the southwest breeze of summer, so precious to us all of late. The bars at the north end of the veranda show the position of that part which is screened in for summer



PLAN OF THE REMODELED HOUSE

table uses. A glass door opens upon this porch directly from the dining-room.

While an entrance to the house is to be had by means of doors at the east end of both library and hall, the main or carriage entrance lies, as will be seen, to the west. This was obtained, not without ingenuity, by cutting a wide doorway below the second landing of the original staircase and throwing out an entrance hall of the width and height of the doorway, two feet below the level of the old hall. The effect is extremely good, as one enters or leaves the house.

By this means, also, room was found for a small toilet-room and a cupboard beneath the stairway.

What is the most delightful characteristic a house can possess? A general air of invitingness. To such a trait, it seems to me, this particular house may lay claim, in spite of the many small defects and incongruities which a rebuilt house will commonly possess. The interior arrangement of the lower floor is good both for convenience and effect. The music or reception room is reached by the first door on the left as one ascends the two steps leading from the

entrance hall to the main hallway. The dining-room is next beyond on the same side. This latter room is practically square, the ceiling furred down at least a foot below its original height, the room itself simple, light, and cheerful. The wide east way, with its casements of leaded glass, floods the room with morning sunshine. The effect of paneled wall is managed by means of strips of ivory-white painted wood. The tapestry-like paper is of a pinkish red, against which the mahogany of the furniture is exceedingly good.

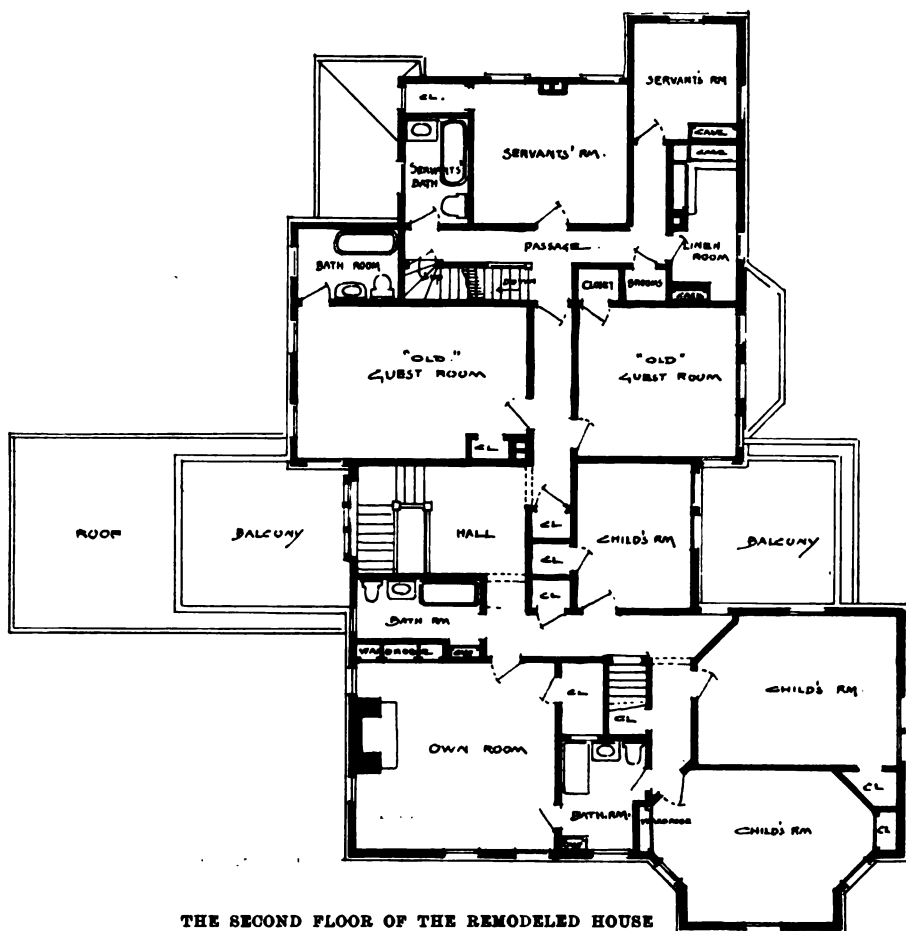
In each end of the long east window below the shelves for growing plants are two small cupboards, hidden, but

affording welcome extra closet space. The lighting of the dining-table is done by means of small electric bulbs in the halves of Japanese lanterns of pierced brass. These are hung by cords from the ceiling, and a system of weights and pulleys has been so applied that the small lights may be raised or lowered at will.

While on the subject of detail a clever device employed by Mr. Heun may be noted. One may notice in the library of the first house a south window. In order to still secure by this window the entrance of the much prized southwest wind in summer, but one-half of the whole opening, the upper, was closed.



THE HOUSE BEFORE REMODELING—SOUTH FRONT



THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE REMODELED HOUSE

This was done with a panel, a narrow shelf at its lower edge, and in the lower half of the window leaded glass casements were set opening into the music-room. Such an arrangement gives not only the draught, but adds an attractive and original feature to the music-room as well.

Passing the foot of the stairway on the right-hand side of the wide hall which runs across the house, we see that what was once the main entrance of the original house has sunk from its former level of importance to the humble uses

of a telephone and coat closet. Farther on a few steps is the wide doorway of the library. On either side of this doorway are deep closets, fitted with shelves, always useful, always full. No greater convenience can be imagined than these same closets, sheltering alike old magazines and logs for the library fire.

This living-room was an addition *per se*, and in its happy proportions, agreeable coloring, and the sense of completeness felt by those who enter it, it may be considered an uncommonly successful room. It is large without being over-



THE LIVING-ROOM—LOOKING EAST

whelmingly so. The beauty of its proportions is obtained partly by the suggested exclusion of the fireplace and its adjacent recesses from the body of the room. The overhanging beam above the fireplace and the low ceilings of the recesses carry out the idea admirably, and thus the room at once gains not only the look of spaciousness, but of comfort and quiet as well.

Sunlight floods this room in winter, and a breeze is invariably to be had there in the summer time. With large windows to east, south, and west, some of them glass doors and French windows, one has almost, in this living-room, the impression of being out of doors.

The woodwork of the library is of the simplest stained wood, of a very dark olive-green; the rough plaster of the wall is painted an Indian-red; the spaces between the beams of the ceiling are covered with a dusky gold, and the design which runs about the room as a kind of frieze is stenciled in dull gold on the Indian-red of the plaster, and carries on in its feeling the *motif* of the leaded glass below it. Where is the reason, by the by, for such a prejudice as seems to exist against leaded glass? Is it because vision is supposed to be interfered with? In that case, let me say, that where the design is such as the one in these windows, one's vision is most emphatically not affected. Not



THE LIVING-ROOM—LOOKING TO THE SOUTHWEST



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DINING-ROOM

The sideboard was originally owned by Benjamin Franklin

only does the leaded glass score a point for the room, decoratively speaking, but from without it serves as a screen. And in the opinion of the writer, great should be the joy of that householder whose room is so good as to need no curtains!

The chimney in this library is built of dark reddish brown brick, with a narrow ledge or shelf barely wide enough to support the bronze which is placed upon it. The position of this fireplace, at the west end of the room, has been found to be excellent. The lighting of this room was undertaken by Mr. Heun, who designed for it lanterns of leaded glass, set in small brack-

ets fashioned of the wood of the rest of the room. The glass of the lanterns, again laid in lines harmonious with the simple pattern of window and decorated band of frieze, is opaque in tones which are dull by daylight, but at night rich and mellow. Here is an instance of the much desired manner of lighting which shall be absolutely unobtrusive by day, yet both useful and beautiful by night.

Before ascending the stairs the arrangement and color of this floor as a whole might be touched upon. The rooms open well as regards themselves and each other. The vistas are good. The music-room, a cold room in ivory-white, and the dining-room, a cool,

pinkish red, are bound to the rich Indian-reds of the living-room by the warm yellow walls of the hall between the music-room and dining-room on one side and living-room on the other. In the accompanying pictures of the hall, the design of this yellow paper is plainly seen; but there is, in reality, much less contrast between the lighter and the darker yellows in the design than is apparent here. The paper really gives a very flat wall.

But time presses, and what is possibly more important, space contracts. Therefore I shall take the reader hurriedly through the upper floor of the house. The large west window (leaded casements again) on the stairway is of dis-

tinct benefit in several ways. It was obtained by enlarging a small window originally in the same position. A great increase of draught is obtained in summer through its generous openings, as well as valuable sunlight in winter.

The successful arrangement of this floor is noticeable, particularly in view of the fact that the house was made over. There are, even in this comparatively small space, three suites: the south with best exposures for the family, the middle for guests, and the rear for servants.

In the family apartments the main bedroom, with its own bath, is accessible from all three of the children's rooms which lie around it, and the children's



A BEDROOM



A GUEST-CHAMBER

bath is directly approached by a passage on which the three rooms open. The guests' rooms are opposite each other, and occupy their part of the floor alone, while the rooms and bath for maids are shut away by a door from the rest of the house. No space is lost in wide hallways or large landings on this upper floor. The main landing at the top of the staircase is comparatively small, and the passages, while narrow, are light. Every available spot is put into use as a cupboard or closet. The ceilings of the bedrooms are rather higher than usual, as no change was made in their original measurements. In the guest-room, hung with the medallioned paper, the ceiling was in part rather weak. To get rid of

the necessity of tearing it down, wood moldings were fastened across it at the intervals shown in the photograph, and the whole calcimined. Thus was a way found out of the difficulty. The same treatment, and for the same reasons, was applied to the ceiling of the music-room and rather improves than injures the room.

The walls of the upper halls and passages are hung with a warm yellow paper of a very small pattern; the principal south bedroom is in warm green; the children's bedrooms are in chintz-like papers of different designs. The smaller of the two guest-rooms, shown in the photographs—the one containing the four-post bedstead—has walls of a cool green,



ANOTHER GUEST-ROOM

with hangings covered with a strong design of lavender lilies with green leaves. For the other guest-room a copy of a colonial wall-paper was found, medallions of roses connected by curious chains of bluish green on a white ground.

The house stands on but two acres of ground, but it will eventually be screened from public view by hedges of green-brier, prickly ash, and wild grape. Sweetbriers have already thrust their fragrant heads into the open windows of the dining-room. If crimson and yellow ramblers do their duty, the dusky brick of the verandas will be but a back-

ground for their delicate foliage and clustering blooms.

To dwell upon the shortcomings of a house made over is to dampen the enthusiasm of the most ardent lover of houses and their accessories. The incongruities of this house are many. They shall be nameless. They are those slight, those trifling faults, which like those of a real friend rather endear than alienate. The house is one in which some souls would be content to live as did that *raconteur naïf* of old, the delightful vicar of Oliver Goldsmith, "All our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown."

THE DECORATION OF COUNTRY HOUSES

BY ISABEL McDOUGALL

WHAT difference should be made between the decoration of a city house and of a country house? Generally speaking, the one is of brick, the other of shingle; the one is finished in mahogany, the other in soft wood stained; the one suggests Chippendale furniture, the other wicker. Away from urban smoke and dust the housekeeper may more freely invite her soul with white paint, white curtains, mattings, and fresh cretonnes. Although it is true that these are in great favor for city as well as country bed-chambers, they are especially suited to the latter. Country life is, or should be, more informal than city life, and a house expresses the habits of those who dwell therein as surely as the apparel doth proclaim the man. If a country house is destined only for temporary occupancy — during “the vacation months” — then its decorations may be bolder, livelier, more eccentric than those of the permanent abode. But many a country house is a home throughout the year, and these are constantly increasing in number.

A leading Chicago architect recently remarked that but two noteworthy houses had gone up on the Lake Shore Drive within the last ten years, while to his knowledge a considerable number of costly homes had been built in the country by Chicago people within the same period. “Sometimes they are only used

during part of the year,” he added, “but they are planned for winter as well as summer, and no expense is spared on them.”

The same conditions prevail in Boston, in New York, and other cities. A few general rules may be laid down. Avoid things striking and peculiar in your house as you would in your attire. It will have to last you longer than a suit of clothes. Do not make its decoration so marked that you will weary of it.

Beware of Fads

DO not fall in with any fad unsuited to your circumstances. Rooms en suite connected by doorways *sans* doors afford a sense of space not to be procured in any but the lordliest mansions by other means. But they too often do so at the sacrifice of privacy and comfort. Enjoyment of breakfast on a winter's morning, before the house has become thoroughly heated, is impaired by the chill that travels in from an open hall or drawing-room. Dinner conversation is not assisted by having to ignore rings and messages overheard from the front door. Nor does it add to the pleasure of a call when movements and voices in adjoining rooms form an undercurrent to sociability.

In the reaction from a frigid, unused “best parlor” has grown a demand for a living-room. Nothing is more delightful than a living-room if properly placed,

but the practice of turning the staircase hall into a lounge for the whole family is only expedient in a wilderness. Suppose an elegant mansion, where many entertainments are given; the vestibule leads into the large central hall or living-room, whence the staircase rises to the upper stories; on either side open doorways give into the dining and drawing rooms; on festive occasions cloaked and overshod guests must make their shame-faced way to the dressing-rooms through earlier arrivals already assembled in gala attire. Suppose a small, modest, country house has a similar arrangement; the hall being here used as a semi-library with a bay lined with bookshelves and a large writing-table. No one can write or read in peace in this thoroughfare, which the maids must traverse to answer the door, where the children are stranded aimlessly on their voyages between nursery and garden, and where the caller even if desirous of seeing only one person in the household cannot decently ignore the presence of another.

Art is More Than "Pictures"

DO not fall into the common misconception of "art" as "pictures," or at the most as fancy articles set out on furniture and brackets. Art is primarily a matter of color and line, and has more to do with your pleasure in your house than you are perhaps aware. For instance, many household artists have told us that a picture molding should be even with the tops of the doors and windows, and if these are not all on one level, then it should be even with the greatest number of such openings. Few of us know what principle underlies this dictum, but experience

speedily proves that when we set it at naught, a lot of miscellaneous small spaces above or below the molding vexes the eye.

There is one general rule. Another is that a certain unity in variety must be observed. The transition from a colonial room to, let us say, a Turkish room is too violent. Fortunately the fashion for jumbling a lot of rooms of different periods under one twentieth-century roof is on the wane. Let all of one floor run through the whole gamut of color if you wish, but keep the rooms in the same key. Do not pass from a dark green room with almost black Flemish oak trim into a boudoir of cream and faint rose. Put notes of green in your blue room that opens into your green room; in the latter let some touches of yellow pave the way to the adjoining buff or canary apartment, and there have a Bokhara rug in its deep wine shades, or a heap of cushions in Indian red, orange, or old pink to help "marry" as the French say, this room to its red neighbor. Double portières are invaluable for this purpose, and window curtains play an important part.

Must We See out of our Windows?

A PROPOS of windows, one of the most enchanting small country houses in our suburbs is criticised by other residents because, as they say, "It hasn't a single window you can see out of." To which the inhabitants conclusively reply, "But we don't want to see out of our windows." They do not. They regard these openings in the wall as a means of lighting the room, and there is no doubt that a light from above is becoming to the persons and things on which it falls. If you do not

believe this consult the first photographer or the first artist you meet. It is not for financial reasons solely that they live "Under the Skylights," as Mr. Fuller has it.

Many architects condemn big plate-glass show windows. Says one of them: "When I am in the house I want to be in the house, I don't want all outdoors about me. When I wish to admire the view I do so from the veranda or the lawn. I take for granted that my clients are above the small-town curiosity of watching their neighbors."

Perhaps he takes too much for granted. People ought to have better occupations than staring at passers-by, but they have not always. There are occasions, too, when practical considerations are paramount. For instance, if the shelter of a veranda roof cuts off direct illumination, the opening must needs be enlarged. Also if the country house is home the year round, there are seasons when lawn or veranda ceases to be inviting, but a large clear opening framing a picture of rocky ravines, or snowladen trees, or sunset sky, or tossing expanse of water, is an inspiration and a refreshment. Two of the most successful houses along the north shore have for a feature a great window over our glorious lake.

In nearly all cases it is safe to advise that the upper sash at all events, through which no one needs to look, be filled with small and picturesque panes. Here, if anywhere—in a transom or upper sash of leaded glass—is the place for a few dots and dashes of color. Otherwise saloons have put us all out of conceit with stained glass, and as for "storied windows richly light" with actual pictures, they belong only to memorial halls and the like.

The Windows of a Certain Library

FOR that matter a reasonable diversity in the windows of a house is to be commended. One of the most delightful of libraries or living-rooms, designed by Pond and Pond, has at one end long French door-windows reaching to the ground, and at the other, mullioned casements five feet from the floor. Imagine a great oblong room, the short ends being north and south and the long sides east and west. Imagine the entrance from the hall about midway of the eastern side facing a noble fireplace. On the right hand as you come in, bookcases run around three sides of the northern half of the room to the height of five feet. Over these are wide, low-arched windows, the arched part being immovable while the lower part divides door-fashion in two hinged casements, having lozenge-shaped panes in the center with smaller ones filling in the sides. At the south end of the room a French window opens on a terrace and flower-garden; on the west side you step through another into a covered porch. These also have immovable transoms with the same graceful curved mullions as the small windows over the bookcases. Near them is plenty of space for a capacious sofa, a piano, a tea-table, an armchair or two, and the door is so cleverly disposed that from hall or stair or opposite dining-room lovely glimpses may be had of "the gardens and the goodly walks," or the cheery fireplace which divides this end of the great room from the other which is the library proper.

The mantel is of Bedford stone of soft yellowish gray, at the same height as the bookcases. Over the fireplace is a panel of Persian tiles, richly mingling

greens and blue with touches of purple and madder. This is flanked by molded pilasters of the same Bedford stone, acting like the mat of a picture in keeping the tiles separate from the wall, which is papered in a close-woven large floral pattern of green with notes of yellow and red. The ceiling is of molded plaster panels, yellow and white; close under it runs a molded cornice of plaster and a picture-rail of red birch carved in the egg and dart pattern. The book-cases are of birch stained red, with glass doors, repeating on a smaller scale the lozenge panes of the windows. Such a library might not answer the purpose of a literary or professional man, he might require a special isolated study, yet as a matter of fact some of the chief legal works this country has known were written in similar rooms.

Treatment of Walls

THE treatment of country-house walls varies illimitably. They can be calcimined, which is cheap and perishable. They can be hard-finished and painted, which is cleanly and durable. They can have the sand finish and then be tinted, when the irregular dots of sand make a vibrating color more pleasing to the eye than the hard uniformity of calcimine or oil paint. Better still, is staining the rough plaster, without using whiting; this gives a soft, velvety surface that has neither the glaze of oil nor the deadness of calcimine, and is cheaper than either.

Then there are wall-papers from ten cents a roll up. There are burlaps to be stretched upon the walls, colored and stenciled very effectively. There are costly materials, such as brocades at sixteen dollars a yard, used in a New

York millionaire's residence, or rare old tapestries, at prices beyond all but a favored few. Some sanitary objections are urged against these textiles; also they fade; but the burlaps, which fade quickest can be colored again, while the finer fabrics are often loveliest when somewhat dimmed by time. There is also, if you please, mosaic and marble paneling; this is cold and more suited to public than private buildings, yet one of Richardson's most famous houses had its walls lined with marble to splendid effect. Only one room in this neighborhood has marble walls, and that, strange to say, is a kitchen.

Certainly marble, tiles, enameled wood, etc., are eminently suited to kitchens, bath-rooms, and the like, but in other places, for people of moderate means, wall-paper is the most available. Some of the inexpensive kinds are quite satisfactory. The standard ingrain or cartridge paper may be had in good colors, and its tiny, threadlike mottling imparts to it depth and vibration. Morris and other fine French and English papers in large, closely woven, harmonious patterns are often very beautiful. There is no doubt that they furnish a room. As architects put it, they "pull the walls together."

A Question of Backgrounds

SOMETIMES, however, if the space is small, you do not want the walls pulled together. And sometimes they furnish a room so completely that anything added seems superfluous. They are not a good background for pictures. Here a decorator of admirable taste dissents with, "the pictures will take care of themselves. You have to go close to an ordinary picture anyhow to look at it."

Truly with a wide mat and a wide frame a picture may hold the most insistent pattern at bay, but there are pictures which you do not wish to frame that way. Suppose they are delicate miniatures. Suppose they are old prints—Durers perhaps, or Bartolozzis—with barely any margin and a narrow rim of black or red wood. They will look best on a plain background. So will oils, so will water-colors.

After all, those large-patterned papers are most suitable for halls, dining-rooms, or libraries. Here a wainscoting or a row of shelves fills a good part of the wall, and above may go plates, mirrors, sconces, bits of metal, trophies, large vases, busts or bas-reliefs, which given a good light, will be none the worse for a disturbed background.

In the present craze for strong colors the quality of certain fine neutral tints like golden browns and warm grays is apt to be overlooked. Nothing better can be chosen for a place containing many hued hangings, curios, or paintings. On the other hand, a decided green or a well-chosen red is more favorable to such ornaments as plaster casts, engravings, or photographs. Thus, after all, what we are going to place upon them, or how we are going to use them, or the exposure of the room (sunny or shady) dictates the treatment of its walls. For bedrooms and nurseries light colors are usually preferred, and—in spite of much æsthetic criticism—floral papers. There is no denying that they are bright and cheerful, only if confined to your bed you may get tired of counting the bunches of flowers, or you may find that they interfere with all those little photographs of beloved per-

sons or places that most of us cherish in our own private quarters.

Some Unusual Walls

A SUCCESSFUL billiard-room has its walls covered with russet leather, each panel fastened down with big brass nails, which were driven in to form patterns in the corners. One of the daintiest, snuggest, and most refined drawing-rooms, by the late John Root, is in a house on Bellevue Place. The walls appear to be first covered with silk of a Japanese pattern in old pink, cream, and green, then framed off into a number of small compartments or panels by bands of flat polished cherry-wood. These divisions are not regular in size or placing, yet some system must underlie their apparent haphazard disposition, for the result is most happy. The wall is pleasantly broken up, it needs no further decoration, yet any small gold frame or bit of china hung in one of these divisions appears set off like a little jewel.

Not unlike this are walls sometimes seen in studios or halls of artists' houses, where mere flat strips of wood band off a gray or brown surface into agreeable spaces. They remind you of the timbered construction showing in Elizabethan cottages, and the spaces make telling shrines for even a mere sketch. They give it an accent, a value.

In houses planned by Frank L. Wright the wood trim is often carried around every wall space between the doors, windows, chimneys, and such natural divisions, thus forming plaster panels. (Mr. Wright is addicted to the rough stained plaster already described—framed in wood.) For so simple a device

the effect is excellent, but of questionable durability.

And this brings one to the point that of all wall decorations, wood is the most beautiful. It may be as simple or as elaborate as you please. A plain wain-

scoting of the "batten" kind, finished with a ledge for plates, tiles, or photographs, made a charming room of one whose low ceiling and walls were sand-finished.

(Continued on page 348)

A BARN I KNOW

BY COURTNEY ALLISON

AMONG the few acquaintances that I have found it a joy to know, and worth the time to cultivate in an ordinarily busy life, are the inhabitants of barns.

In a much-talked-about world of insincerity, they live apart as a colony of the true. It is with an appreciative sense of honor that I regard them as my friends. Theirs is a society that always does me good. It may be the simplicity of their diet, the outdoor life they lead, or that so-called lack of intelligence which gives to them a sturdiness of temperament that imbues one with a healthy indifference to the shams of less genuine mortals.

One of the jolliest and most intelligent companions I ever had was Billy. When Billy and I went sketching there was a crowd. He was completely sufficient.

If I showed Billy a sketch and said, "It's no use, to-day, it's all off; don't you think it pretty bad, old fellow?" I always knew he was trying to look sympathetic with those great, kind eyes of his.

"Don't bother," they said, "we'll go again; I'm always ready."

On these occasions he delighted in coming to town with an especial friskiness, to show his utter contempt for such useless things as the blues.

Billy was a city horse. He knew not the pleasures of a barn of his own. He was forced to live in the common, crowded quarters of a public boarding-house. I always knew this grated on Billy, for his nature was naturally refined. We used to go to the country to visit a large farm. Billy had never been taught discretion in regard to his own appetite; in fact, I fancy he thought it was scarcely worth while to waste much discretion upon a stereotyped handful of oats.

The lavish hospitality of country living was new to him, so instead of going to bed, he just stayed up all night and ate. In the morning! His sides stuck out until he could scarcely get through the door. I was filled with shame at his appearance. I said: "Goodness, Billy, where are your manners; why, they'll never ask you to come again. It's so ill-bred to eat so much." He seemed sheepish but satisfied.

He could show me the way through

the most intricate and confusing mixture of city street-car tracks, but the sight of a country corn-shock filled him with horror. I always thought the other horses at the farm had a good deal of fun laughing at Billy's mistakes. I asked them to visit Billy, but I don't believe he emphasized the invitation. Not that he was ashamed of his country friends. Perhaps he did a good deal of bragging about the things he could do for them in the way of entertainment—with some natural thought of getting more than even—but he realized the deficiencies of his table.

Every mile as we left the farm, Billy looked regretfully back. The life of a country gentleman would have suited him down to the ground.

There was a barn, years ago, that stood on a certain picturesque old farm, which might have passed for a typical barn of fancy. I associate it with a vague remembrance of sliding down straw stacks, and of standing on a swing which disappeared up into the misty rafters, and "pumping" with a country cousin, from its huge hay-scented depth, back and forth through

great doors, out into the brilliant sunshine.

Such a barn may be a respected ancestor of the one I am going to tell about. The rich gleanings from those prolific stores, garnered by some hoary hand of toil, may have formed the foundation for that wealth and refinement which planned the barn of nowadays.

I was first introduced to the modern-day barn at a house-party. The carriage-house, which was the largest part of its interior, was shut off from the rest by sliding doors of hard wood. The hostess had covered its stone floor with Turkish rugs; here we were seated



A CORNER OF THE BARN

at small tables, and had our supper, a kind of a buffet-lunch, in which we all waited upon each other.

Slipping off from the others we went to visit the horses. I vowed until then I would not believe we were in a barn.

A secret button was pressed; back moved the sliding doors; we stepped into a pretty corridor wainscoted with hard-wood. Another secret button! and electric light bulbs flashed from the corners of the ceiling. "Dear me!" the exclamation was involuntary; "they

should have pink shades. And these, I suppose, are the apartments."

"Scarcely the technical name. That is the box-stall of Phyllis, my riding-mare."

I peeped through the lattice at Phyllis. A riding-whip hung at the door, tied with a blue bow. "Ah, Phyllis's boudoir is done in baby blue; and her own private bath! Do they sleep in brass beds?"

"Those are stationary stands you see in the stalls," said my unimaginative friend.

Leaving the corridor of bedchambers, we went into a square stone hall. Out of this wound a spiral staircase which we followed. It stopped at a door that my hostess opened, letting me into her own den, a studio for china-painting—complete, from hanging plate-racks of hard wood, in harmony with the walls, to gas attachments for her kiln. A closet under the eaves was also finished in the yellow wood, with built-in shelves for china.

Diamond-paned windows along the front of the studio were above a window-seat. A flower-box on the outside sent in fragrant odors and glimpses of color from old-fashioned petunias and geraniums.

This barn was not pretentious. The newly rich who judge things by their cost would not be inclined to admire it. An expenditure of six or seven thousand dollars is not much to a man of wealth

for the cultivation of his fad. But the manner of expenditure depends on the man.

In this case, it represents a miniature structure, absolutely perfect in design and appointments, up to date in every rule conducive to ventilation and cleanliness.

The Queen Anne idea is carried out even to the windows, always daintily sashed with fresh Swiss curtains. Flower-boxes at each window filled with red blooms and trailing vines form an exterior of glowing beauty. A quaint round doorway which marks the studio entrance makes the initiated proud of going in.

I have often wondered what the old hard-working farm-horses from the "barn of fancy" would think if they could walk here.

They would scarcely recognize their grand offspring. The richness and luxury of modern living form what would seem a world of wicked waste to their simple fancy. Some other grandfathers we know might have similar sentiments should they step from their colonial frames.

The horses which live in this Queen Anne barn I call "Queen Anne horses." They would seem to have imbibed from their master a like exclusiveness in taste and dress. True children of culture—students of civics—might find them interesting, as unique examples of the influence of surroundings.



THE STUDIO DOOR

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY OLIVER COLEMAN

READERS of Robert Grant's more than clever novel, "Unleavened Bread," will remember how Selma White felt within her the capacity for any task, however weighty, without any previous training or instruction. She had such a robust appreciation of Americanism, and of herself as a splendid type of an American, that, as Napoleon was accused of claiming, the word *impossible* was not in her dictionary. There are a great many thousand Selma Whites in this country, and in no particular are they more insistent than that they are quite capable of designing and carrying out a scheme of municipal artistic improvement without the expert advice of either landscape-gardener or architect. A committee of the legislature, or even still more facetiously, of the house or city council, will boldly undertake to select designs for a new capitol building or city hall, with perfectly unconscious daring; or at best, they may consult the town-surveyor, feeling confident that his taste and judgment will not be far at variance with their own. The results we see wherever we turn our eyes.

The store of accumulated knowledge on all subjects is increasing each year by leaps and bounds, and the wiser we become the more we feel the need of differentiating work, of dividing it up among the many, to the end that in each line of human endeavor a specialist shall

study it down into its innermost details. Time was when an architect was engineer, landscape-gardener, and builder all in one; now there are four experts in place of one. In Europe they have for a great number of years realized all this, but here we have been loath to acknowledge that the Honorable So-and-so could not tell a plan from an elevation; yet the day of Selma White is passing even here.

A conspicuous example is the recent appointment by a Senate committee of a commission to investigate and report on a plan for the harmonious development and beautifying of the city of Washington. Washington is rapidly becoming, if it has not already become, the most beautiful city in this country. There are not a few well-traveled people who go even farther and say it will very shortly be the most beautiful city in the world. We are proud of it in good right as the capital of the country, and as a living monument to the man whose name it bears. It is the only city in the world made to order, as it were, for a capital, and should in time come to represent all that is best in our civic life and art.

Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, famous as the architect in charge of the Columbian Exposition's "White City," and Mr. F. L. Olmstead, Jr., the landscape-architect, were first appointed. These gentlemen chose Mr. Charles F. McKim, of

McKim, Meade & White, architects, as a third member. As an apt illustration of the appreciation experts themselves have of the sharp lines drawn by specialists, these three men, each so eminent in his own line, asked Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, to join them in their task. Truly a notable commission, and one in which the country may leave their Washington city with a clear conscience. The appointment of such a commission, and still more, the unanimous adoption, on January 15th, of their report by the Senate committee, is a distinct triumph for good art, and best of all, for common sense.

It will be remembered that General Washington himself selected the site of the city, and caused to be appointed Major L'Enfant, a French engineer, who had served in the Continental Army with distinction, to draw up a plan for the city. This L'Enfant did, and upon his plan, as adopted, the city was laid out and partially constructed. To him is due the great diagonal avenues leading in every direction, and the innumerable little circles and squares which make such suitable spots for statues of dead heroes. The White House and the Capitol are both due to L'Enfant also, but very soon after the city was actually commenced his plans were neglected, and they have been until now. The commission's plan is a virtual return to the first plan of L'Enfant, with such modifications as changed conditions make advisable.

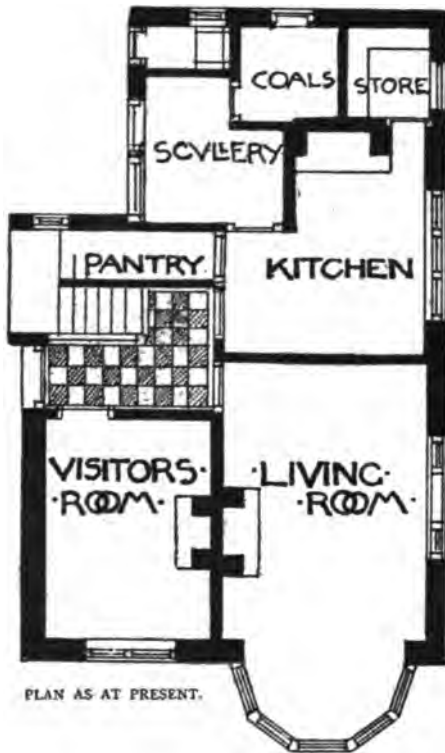
An English Cottage

I SAW in a recent number of the *Architectural Review*, of London, the design for a cottage by Mr. Harold Falkner. It gave rise to some reflections,

and I reproduce both the drawings and the reflections.

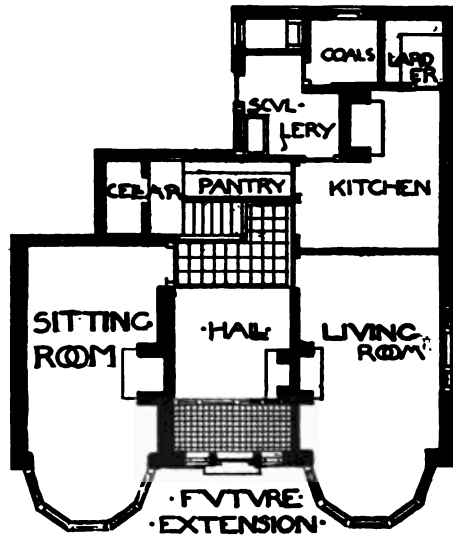
There are two ground-floor plans, one as the cottage is built at present, a mere box; you see only three rooms and accessories on the first floor—a little visitor's room"—a good name, by the way,—and a fine "living-room," with a glorious deep bay-window. Here the family—I suspect there are only two as yet—will live their life. Curtains, if you will, may shut off the end of the room nearest the kitchen, while the table is being set and cleared. Finally there is the kitchen and a small hall. In America we would throw the "scullery" directly into the kitchen, otherwise the plan is very practical as it stands.

It seems to me there is a very pretty lesson in this little plan. When we are crowded and cramped in our ordinary houses, by reason of economy, we allow our rooms to be made so small as to be useless for full-grown beings to live in, but never think of lessening the number of rooms. We always have a parlor, usually the best room of them all, which is never used except upon the occasions when visitors stop for a few moments to exchange a formal call. The room is an absolute waste for the family. Then we have a library or a square hall, which is the living-room, and the only one out of which the family derives any substantial comfort, and then a dining-room, used for about fifteen minutes in the morning, about the same at noon, and not over an hour at night, in all about one hour and a half out of the twenty-four. This is all proper and right when each room is of a size to suit men and women of an average height of five feet eight inches, but when, by the supposed necessity for the three rooms, they be-



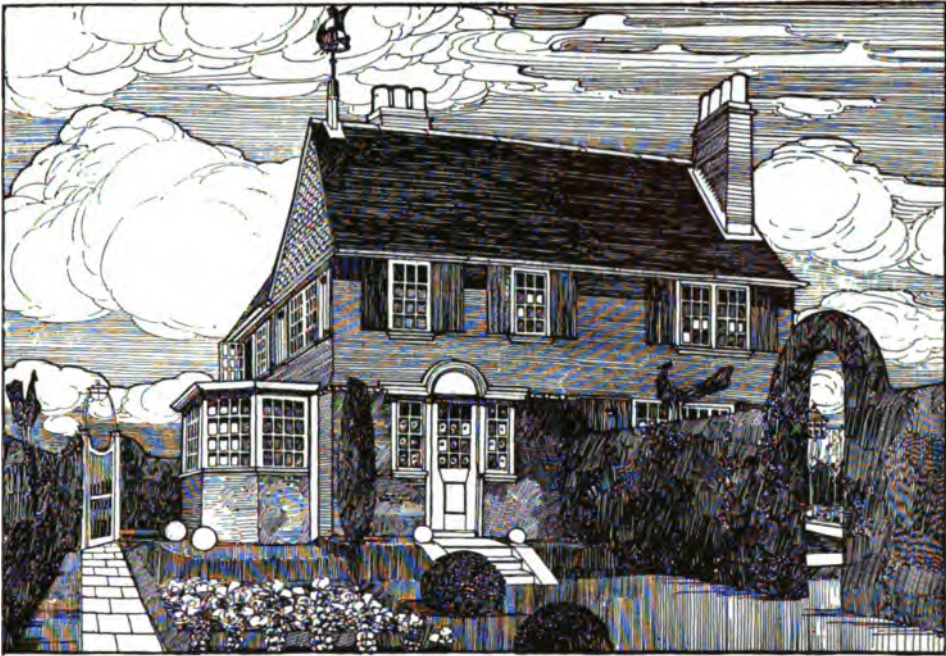
come perforce suitable only for Lilliputians, the absurdity of the convention becomes apparent. This is a good little plan, giving a quiet and formal little nook for visitors consistent with the proprieties, a good, real living-room, and a separate connection between kitchen and front door. It will bear pondering upon.

The next thing of interest is the second plan. This shows what the owner, Mr. F. Sturt, proposes to do some fine day—when his ship comes in, doubtless. This is nothing very extravagant either, simply the addition of another fine room, the turning about of the entrance which will then be through the former "visitor's room," now marked hall. This gives quite a conventional house, yet altogether sensible and charming. Now an American would



build a miserable, flimsy, little affair, or more probably board until the ship arrived, and then would place a very large house on a very small lot. For many years he never would have a home, and when he did get it he might be past enjoying it. The owner of this little place has learned to cut his suit to his cloth; he builds first what is absolutely essential to a home; he builds it so that it will be a home, and a loved one at that; yet he looks ahead, out over the waves, perhaps at the mythical ship approaching; so he plans beforehand just how the enlarging is to be done so as to make a fine whole, well hung together.

The outside brings forth reflections also, but bearing more especially upon the surroundings, the garden and walks, than upon the house itself. This is unimportant enough in its main features, there are several like it around the corner, if you except the fine bay-window, the same which aroused my enthusiasm from the inside, and a very pleasing door, but otherwise it is ordi-



COTTAGE FOR MR. F. STURT
Harold Falkner, Architect

nary. This is wise, too. If you must have a cheap little home you can't astonish all the passers by the wonderful exterior of your house. It must be plain and sensible with one or two good and striking features—a good window and a fine door. I must confess I balk at the peacocks clipped out of the hedge, but otherwise the hedge is an admirable screen from the kitchen and the drying clothes on Monday, and a beautiful background for your flowers and shrubs. But the low terrace, the cement steps, the narrow path, and wicker gate, these are delightful, and give the house a positive air of distinction.

It seems to me this setting for the house is too often slighted or absolutely neglected; our houses are built too large for the ground available, and the ground is left to take care of itself.

Bedspreads and Curtains

THESE certainly should be no difficulty during these months in finding satisfactory bedchamber hangings for our country houses. Dimities, one of the stand-bys of our granddames, are the most alluring, and the flowery designs, a modern innovation of course, bring the very scent of the garden into the house. Sprinkled on the white ground of one bedspread I saw were quaint, stiff, full-bloom roses and buds alternating. On another are scattered indiscriminately all the flowers our forebears loved, and which some of us still love—blue morning-glories, old red dahlias, fadey pink roses, and cheerful little carnations. This last design is delightfully quaint and lovable, reminding me of a certain minute garden owned and tended some years ago by a little old

woman. This garden was not over the size of an ordinary room, and looked as if the flowers had been planted by mixing all the seeds together and then sowing them broadcast as one would grass seed. A veritable jungle of sweet-scented color, into and through which darted humming-birds and honey-bees in an apparent ecstasy of delight and surprise. There are also more modern and more conventional designs with wide stripes of white dimity broken by narrower stripes of pink or yellow roses, all very fresh and fragrant looking. Blue and white is often difficult to find in materials not suggestive of the Japanese, but I have seen recently a neat little blue-and-white pattern—a tiny flower and vine breaking into stripe effect the wide spread of the dimity.

After all the gay colors one may turn back to the neatly spread white bed with a sense of relief. A simple white figured dimity spread and curtains of the same, both edged with a fringe of knotted white cotton, are a rest to the eye.

Seersucker, which is always to be had, let us thankfully say it, in this age of "new materials," is another excellent fabric for bedroom use. In white I like it best, although it can be obtained with colored stripes.

Once upon a time I saw a very attractive room—a room with pale, yet not too pale, pink side walls, a ceiling of scattered roses, furniture of simplest design in white enamel, a sweet-smelling matting for the floor-covering on which was thrown a white fur rug or two, and the curtains, bedspread, pillow, and cushion slips white seersucker, with a trimming of cotton fringe, all bearing a rose-pink lining underneath.

Scrap-Baskets

EVEN scrap-baskets and clothes-hampers are beginning to hold up their heads, having been shown a little respectful consideration. A few years ago an unobjectionable scrap-basket was almost an impossibility to discover among the many hundreds of fantastic forms of rattan and rush, gilded or otherwise, and trimmed with ribbon bows and artificial flowers. There are to be seen in some of the shops this spring charming baskets, round or square in form, made of fine Japanese mattings in soft, strong shades. The stains are the colors of autumn leaves, greens, red-browns. The top and bottom are finished with a band of uncolored rattan. These are delightful for libraries and living-rooms, and may blend into the room coloring or give a contrasting, yet subdued, color note. One basket, square and of heavier plaited rush, was stained in a fine yellowy brown, really a true Japanese bronze color, shading light and dark as the reflections caught it. A few umbrella and cane holders were made in this same bronze-colored rattan.

And clothes hampers! Verily they were there, too. The fine Japanese mattings, appropriately heavier and stronger than that used for scrap-baskets, were stained in the same excellent colors. Another shop which sells Indian and Mexican goods only had more of the scrap-baskets and the disregarded clothes-hampers, in good sensible shapes and fine living colors. These are woven and stained by the Apache Indians. Think of an Apache Indian making a clothes-hamper! The trail of commerce is over him too.

THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL

CONDUCTED BY
CLARENCE MOORES WEED

THE earliest blossoms that the nature-lover can utilize from out of doors are the willow "pussies" which begin to show the approach of spring long before the snow has disappeared. If branches of these are brought indoors and placed in cylindrical jars containing water, they will come out rapidly and prove a source of much enjoyment. Shortly afterwards the earliest flowers in

the garden show themselves—the snowdrops, and Scylla and Duc von Thol tulips—though they are too small for much effect indoors. But a little later the narcissus and daffodils appear, and these may be used inside to excellent advantage. The beautiful Poet's Narcissus, perhaps the most abundant variety in most gardens, may be used to excellent advantage in low cylindrical or tumbler-shaped glasses or jars. The more pretentious trumpet varieties with their glorious yellow tones may be used in the same sort of receptacles, taking care not to crowd them too

THE EARLY WILD FLOWERS



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT IN A TOKONABÉ JAR

much, while the double daffodils lend themselves to a wide variety of treatment because of the mass of color embodied by their many petals.

In the woods the early wild flowers are rather small for effective use indoors, though delightful touches may be made by transplanting a few plants into small jardinières, or massing a few blossoms of bloodroot, anemone, dog-tooth violet, or the larger trilliums in

small receptacles. Even the Jack-in-the-Pulpit may be made an effective decoration by transplanting it into such a jar as is illustrated herewith.

The spring-beauty is one of the most attractive of the early spring flowers. It has been given the pretty, scientific name *Claytonia* in honor of an early botanist named Clayton. Where it grows at all, it is usually very abundant.

Two species of *Claytonia* commonly occur in the United States. The Virginia spring-beauty (*C. virginiana*) has a wider distribution than the Carolina



PINK-AND-WHITE JEWELL ASTER IN AN
AWAJI JAR

spring-beauty (*O. caroliniana*), and is the form most commonly found in the Middle and Western states. In New England and the Eastern region generally the Carolina form is the one usually present. The two species resemble each other, differing chiefly in the shape of the leaves: in the *Virginiana* these are four or five inches long, and linear-lanceolate in shape; in the *Caroliniana* they are two or three inches long, and ovate-lanceolate in shape. The blossoms are very similar.

The spring-beauty is an excellent example of what the botanists call protandry; that is, the shedding of the pollen by the stamens before the stigma opens. The first day that the petals unfold, the stamens stand erect around the pistils, and are already shedding their pollen. But the three-lobed stigma of the pistil is not exposed; the stigmatic surfaces are tightly pressed against each other. On this first day the bees visit the blossoms to plunder it of pollen and nectar, but on account of the closed stigmas the ovaries of the pistil cannot



JEWELL ASTER IN A JAPANESE JARDINIÈRE

be fertilized, either with the pollen of the same or that from another flower. On the second day the filaments are bent outward in such a way as to press the anthers against the petals, and thus to keep them away from the stigmas which

seventy-one species of such visitors have been recorded. The workers of the honey-bee are among the most abundant of these, frequenting the flowers in quest of both nectar and pollen. Various species of queen bumble-bees are also to



BELTERIDGES QUILLED ASTER

have now opened. If at this time the flower is visited by a bee, more or less covered with pollen from another plant, some of the pollen grains will pretty surely be brushed upon the stigmatic surface, and in consequence cross-fertilization will result. The blossoms of the spring-beauty are visited by an extraordinary number and variety of insects. In the case of the Virginian form,

be found, as well as many sorts of smaller bees. Thirty-one species of two-winged flies were also seen, most of them making use of both nectar and pollen, while nine sorts of butterflies came to suck the nectar.

As in the case of so many other plants the spring-beauty sometimes exhibits decided variations in the parts of the flower. In Michigan pure white flow-

ers, smaller than usual, have sometimes been found, with short filaments and abortive anthers.

ASTERS FOR SPRING PLANTING

THE China aster is one of the most useful flowers for decorative purposes during September and October. It is generally to be obtained in abundance, while the variety of form and color possessed by the different sorts enables one to use them in endless combinations. The aster is essentially a conventional flower of great decorative possibilities. In vases and jars these blossoms lend themselves readily to careful arrangement.

The comet asters are perhaps on the whole the most satisfactory type; they are of many colors, while in form they are full of grace, the flat petals curling backwards in a way suggestive of some kinds of chrysanthemums. A discussion of this type of aster has already been given in *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL* for September last, and I wish here to mention a few of the other types which are most likely to be satisfactory for both outdoor and indoor display.

The Semple asters have been very largely grown during the last few years. This type is of American origin, having been produced in Pennsylvania by Mr. James Semple. The plants are strong and vigorous, branching freely, and commonly reaching a height of two and a half feet. The flower stems are long, frequently attaining a length of sixteen to eighteen inches. The flowers are large, the best specimens measuring four or more inches in diameter; the rays curve inwards and are generally twisted toward the middle, partially or wholly concealing the yellow florets in the cen-

ter. The color of the Mary Semple aster is a delicate pink, which has been described as "a very soft but deep shade of rosy flesh color." There is also an excellent white variety.

The ball-flowered or Jewell aster is a distinct type, having the petals curving strongly inward, thus giving a rounded effect to the blossom. In large flowers the outer petals show this incurving very definitely, but in small blossoms it is less pronounced on the outer rows of petals. The Jewell asters grow in a variety of colors. One very pretty sort is a delicate rose-pink, while another is of a clear magenta hue. The plants of the Jewell sorts are pyramidal, as may be seen from the pictures herewith, but are not so tall as those of the Semple varieties. The plants usually reach a height of about eighteen inches, with the blossoms borne at the top of the plant, on the ends of rather long stems. They come into bloom moderately early and continue through several weeks.

The symmetry of the flowers and their rounded appearance when seen from the side render them excellent for decorative uses in vases or jars.

The Truffaut or Peony-flowered Perfection is a handsome strain of asters in which the petals are slightly incurved, each petal being deeply concave as seen from above, and generally having a decided notch at the tip. The outer rows are straighter, and sometimes curve outward instead of inward, in which case of course the petals as seen from above are convex instead of concave.

The flowers are of fair size, often having a diameter of two and a half inches, and appear in a great number of colors. The seed catalogues list the following varieties as to color: brilliant rose, car-



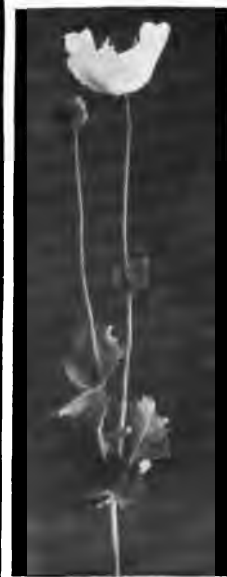
TUBEROSES IN A SETO JAR



COSMOS IN A HAMPSHIRE VASE



WHITE TRUFFAUT PERFECTION
ASTERS



THE BRIDE POPPY

mine, crimson, dark blood-red, deep mauve, light blue, pink, purple, snow-white, striped. In my garden from mixed seed of Truffaut asters I found last season these colors: bright rose-pink, aster purple, mauve, deep mauve, magenta, auricula purple, rose, deep maroon.

Probably no type of aster has been more generally grown in the past than the Victoria, which is classed with the asters having flat or reflexed petals. Among the solid colors found among these flowers are white, purple, blue, scarlet, crimson, and peach-blossom-pink, while the following striped varieties are now available: crimson, heliotrope, or light blue, each edged with white, copper-red tipped with white, and white tinted with rose. The Victoria asters bloom very freely, and are excellent for indoor use.

The Cocardeau or Pompon Crown is a strikingly handsome strain of asters in which the central two-thirds of the flower is of white or some solid color, while the surrounding portion is blue or pink, or some other bright hue. These flowers are intermediate between the quilled and flat-rayed sections, the central part being quilled, while the circumference is composed of concave petals, notched at the tip. The Cocardeau plants are of medium height, averaging about fifteen inches. They blossom early and profusely. The flowers are particularly useful for indoor decoration in the home, being rather small for effects at any but short distances.

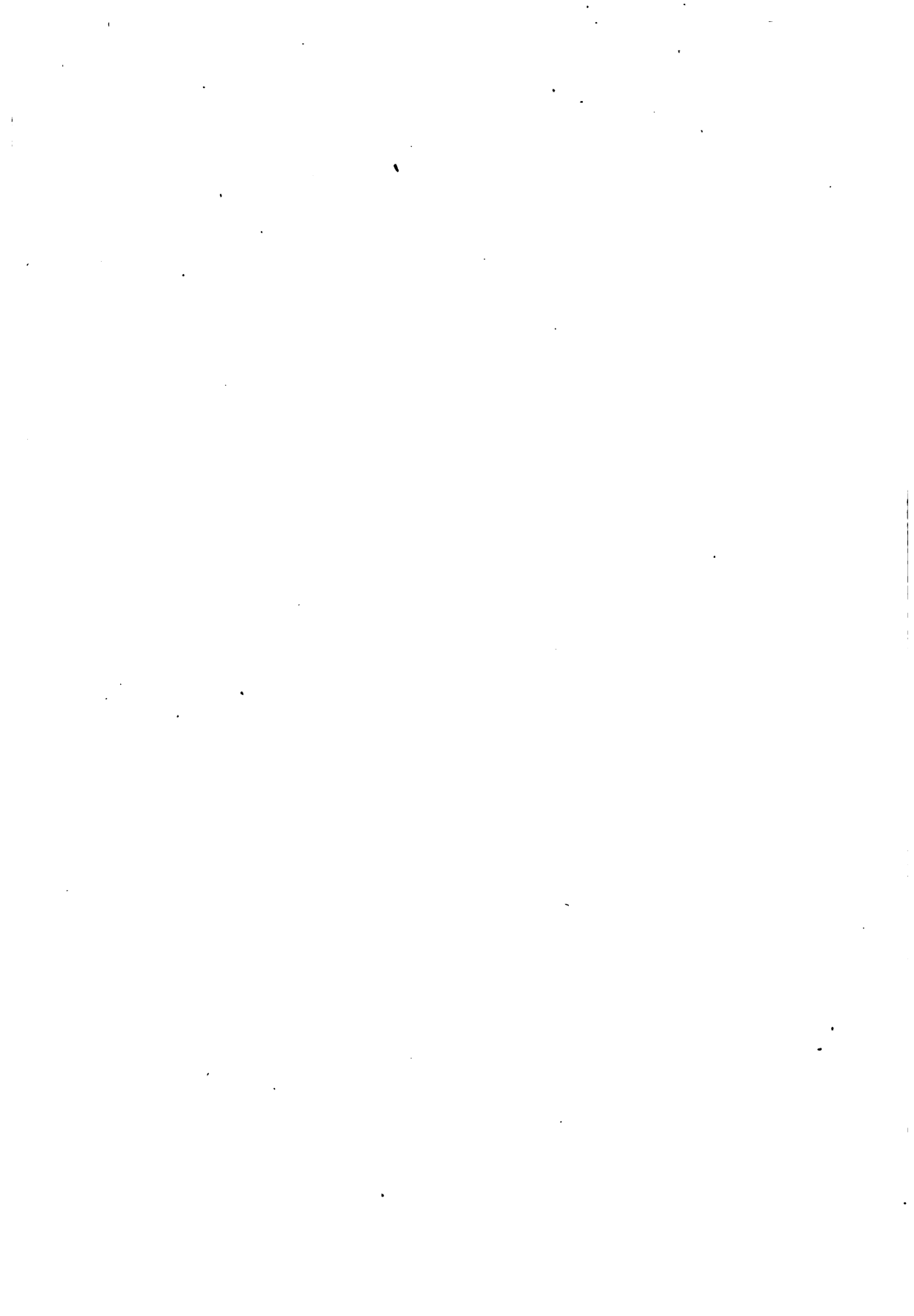
The Mignon is a very pretty type of aster with the flowers wholly double in the best blooms. The rays are reflexed, although in the basal rows of petals they are only slightly so. The plant is of

medium height and the flowers are borne in a close mass. The following colors are listed in the catalogue: bright blue, carmine, peach-blossom-pink, snow-white, white and lilac, white and rose, violet mauve.

The Triumph asters are perhaps the best of the dwarf sorts. The plants are less than a foot high and bear blossoms so profusely that they form a mass of bloom, which is particularly attractive when the plant is placed in a suitable jardinière. The flowers are borne freely and openly, so that the plant as a whole is full of grace notwithstanding its diminutive size. Two varieties are commonly grown: a deep red, called by the catalogues Scarlet Triumph, and a scarlet edged with white.

The Quilled or Needle asters, although formerly very popular, are now grown only to a limited extent. Belteridges Quilled and the Victoria Needle are the two types now in use. The latter is an oddity; there are no ray flowers, and the quill-like needles are large and conspicuous, making a very striking blossom.

The China asters are very easy to grow. The plants are often started in the greenhouse and transplanted to the garden when well developed, thus bringing them into bloom comparatively early, but I like better to start them in the garden out of doors and have them blossom from the middle of August to the end of September or the middle of October—the normal period for the plant. In this way it is very easy to have delightful beds of them in the garden, or along the border-beds, which are the cynosure of neighboring eyes as well as the source of an abundant supply of cut flowers.





A SKETCH OF A COUNTRY HOUSE. Designed by ARTHUR HEUN.

COUNTRY HOUSE FURNISHINGS

BY ELLEN JUDITH GOULD

THE mind of fancy, after the long winter, with its cares and social fatigues, gladly goes roaming in April to that land more dear and real than any far-away castle in Spain, where stands, in reality or perspective, the country house. The very name is full of happy suggestion. About it rises the smell of warm, wet earth full of young and tender growth. Far away the distance shows that landscape most dear to the owner's eye, for who does not plan his country house to fulfill his sweetest dreams of living and of peace? For those who love the more austere of nature's moods it rests on rocks of barren headland with the constant fretting sound of waves below, or on some sunny mountain height where sky and silence are supreme. Perhaps a valley where the river, hurrying from the heights at its source to the world of active affairs at its mouth, speaks of busy humanity is the chosen spot of the owner's fancy, or where some wide western plain, more lonely but more calm, suggests a broader humanity, a wider outlook upon life than the narrow range of the valley's comfortable seclusion.

Even if one may not choose the ideal situation, the country house should have at least some bit of nature as its reason for being. If you cannot own a mountain you can surely command a white birch or a maple-tree. If a lake is out of the question, find a ravine, whose waters, if they do not sing so constantly, will sing as sweetly when an overflow of rain gives them life as their grander relatives, the river and the ocean. Choose something out of nature as a lovable part of the surroundings of

your country house, and all the weeks spent within its walls will have added meaning and more ennobling repose. For repose should be the keynote of the country house, both without and within—the repose not of dull inactivity, but rather that of recreative good cheer and of relaxation.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers"; and to apply the spirit Wordsworth preached to our daily needs, even those of house furnishing, is not so fanciful as would at first appear.

The furnishing of the country house should be unobtrusive, but thoroughly comfortable, with a distinguishing note of good taste rather than of great expenditure, since it is well that the household should be free from the anxieties caused by the rending of fine laces or the breaking of costly bric-à-brac. The mistress needs her peace of mind, not only to minister to that of her guests, but that she herself may experience for a time the comfort of lessened responsibility; while the extra work necessarily devolving upon maids, whether few or many, who are attending to the wants of guests, should be relieved as much as possible. It is often the first moment in a country house which, by its impression of comfort or of stiffness, determines the success or failure of the house-party. Banish, then, all heavy draperies, costly upholstering, and cumbersome ornament, and choose freshness, simplicity, and comfort as the objects to be attained. Adapt the furnishings not only to the individual taste, but also to the needs which the location demands, remembering that the country house, which is in-

deed the family home and is lived in the greater part of the year, requires very different furnishings from that which affords but a temporary shelter for a few weeks' fishing, hunting, or sea-bathing. For the one, the pictures, books, and furniture that provide comfort in stormy weather are necessary, not to speak of the homely details of furnace, range, and permanent lighting apparatus; for the other, the camper's outfit, more or less elaborated, will suffice, and its beds of pine-boughs or wire-cloth spread with blankets, and seats of packing-boxes or rough boards need no detailed description.

Inexpensive Expedients

THE American building a country house is usually unhampered by tradition, and while the absence of such models as England, for example, possesses is to be deplored, the candidate for æsthetic honors in country house furnishing this side the Atlantic usually inherits no serious handicap in the way of ancestral furniture of impossible design. Bad as most of our machine-made furniture has been, it has had the happy weakness of coming apart readily, and thus seems to be working out a cure for the evil of ever having been produced. For the taste of the buying public is surely growing in favor of substantial, hand-made furniture, and your modern country house need display no evidence of the bad taste of a preceding generation if its owners possess enough firmness of character to reject all relics of an unhappy past. Better far the plain deal kitchen table treated with some soft-tinted stain than machine-carving glued in place and covered with varnish. The kitchen chair, too, is not to be despised, provided you can order it from the factory before the misguided workman has expended himself upon it in hopeless brown paint with red trimmings. Finished at home in more desirable colors it makes as comfortable a desk-chair as one could wish.

But when old furniture is substantial and not in hopelessly bad taste it is often

desirable to utilize it, and there is no greater friend to the economist with artistic tastes than the stain or paint pot, unless it be the seller of cotton fabrics. With the former a well-worn bed, chair, or table may be made to harmonize with the tint chosen for furnishing, if the old cracked finish is first removed with some of the chemical preparations to be bought in the shops. With the cotton goods worn chair coverings may be replaced or an unattractive couch made lovely by the dainty chintzes which add freshness and charm to the simplest rooms, and are specially appropriate in the country. These covers should always be made so that they may be easily washed, and English chintzes are the most durable. Another inexpensive scheme, quite feasible when one is building, is to have certain pieces of furniture designed by the architect and executed with the mill-work of the house. If this is of soft wood the furniture may be stained or painted to match it, and provided suitable pieces in simple designs are chosen, these will be found sufficiently durable to give good satisfaction. The expense of repairing such furniture is of course very slight.

The tendency toward simplicity of design has made much of the hand-made furniture reasonable in price, and its use, whenever possible, cannot be too highly recommended. Indeed, all the furniture which is to receive the weary limbs of tired golfers or equestrians throwing themselves down for a half-hour's repose before luncheon must be of the wear-resisting sort. The rugs should have enough weight to prevent the possibility of their being readily kicked about, and the irritating bits of bric-à-brac and millinery known as feminine trifles must be omitted if the temper of the summer man is to be in the least considered. Plenty of air without too much light is the *sine qua non* of summer comfort.

The arrangement of awnings, shades, and curtains is therefore important, and it affects the temper of the householder as well as his appearance.

Vestibule and Hall

AS its planning and furnishing are apt to be informal, the country house has frequently no vestibule, but where one is found it is suggested that its floor, if of soft wood, be covered with linoleum, its walls simply stained or painted, and its metal fixtures made of iron or bronze, since these arrangements mean the ready removal of mud stains, weather-resisting qualities in the walls, and do away with the frequent polishing which brass and steel require. The light, which depending from above should shine like a good deed in a naughty world, in the vestibule, may be screened by a lantern fixture. These come in various designs of metal and of glass, and even a Japanese lantern is not out of place if the house is unpretentious. No other furnishing is necessary here than an umbrella-holder, which, in the absence of a vestibule, may take its place on the floor of the sheltered porch, or that failing, just inside the main door of the house.

The prices of these vary greatly from the gorgeous receptacle of Japanese bronze at about fifty dollars through all the degrees of Japanese and Chinese pottery or green Séville ware down to the cheap pottery at a couple of dollars each. Most of the latter are ugly, but occasionally a blue-and-white may be found which is at least inoffensive. If diligent search for a good piece goes unrewarded, one may resort to plainest terra-cotta, like that used for flower-pots, which, if desired, may be painted any color, or to glazed sewer-pipe, with a shallow dish

of tile or metal to protect the floor from dampness. These, with the open-work racks of wrought iron, are all suitable for country houses.

Hall furnishings are of much importance, since in the visitor's mind the hall strikes the keynote of the entire house. When the dimensions of the hall will warrant it, a clock should be placed where he who runs may read, for the requirements of the railway time-table are inexorable and call frequently for speed. Whether the tall Grandfather's

Clock, with insistent chime, be chosen, or some humbler but more trustworthy dial of plainer make, the hall clock should be of fair size and dignity, the features writ large upon an honest face, for nothing is more irritating than obscurity in a clock. The hall, that passageway which all must cross, should always give an impression of perfect neatness, and to this end a few solid pieces of furniture will contribute better than



THE FRANKLIN STOVE

many light ones. Where the hall, as in some country houses, is a sort of room, comfort also must be considered. But the decoration should be severe rather than pretty, the furnishing formal rather than intimate, since the publicity of the hall should not be forgotten for a moment. Pictures should be used sparingly, and they should be frankly decorative. In classical or architectural designs they look well on plain walls, but the subjects chosen should not be such as require close study in order to be appreciated. Foreign photographs or prints in black and white are very appropriate here, and within the reach of the modest purse. Even a good poster is permissible if a bit of color is

needed, but its identity should be boldly expressed as it is after all only of temporary artistic value.

A recently published book on house planning and furnishing* is authority for the following:

"In most American houses, the warming of hall and stairs is so amply provided for that where there is a hall fireplace it is seldom used. In country houses, where it is sometimes necessary to have special means for heating the hall, the open fireplace is of more service, but it is not really suited to such a situation. The hearth suggests an idea of intimacy and repose that has no place in a thoroughfare like the hall; and . . . there is a practical objection to placing an open chimney-piece in a position where it is exposed to continual draughts from the front door and from the rooms giving upon the hall."

The remedy suggested is nothing less than a faience stove, such as Europe has used for many years, and is still manufacturing in continually improving architectural designs. These are not much known here, but we are more familiar with the charming Franklin stove shown in the illustration, which is a most useful piece of furniture for the country place. Where a fireplace is used, however, its furnishings must be chosen. If of iron they will not need polishing, but the brass fixtures are gayer. The illustration shows a very complete fireplace suitable as well for any sitting-room as for the hall. Its iron fixtures were adjusted by the local blacksmith at a small cost, and the steaming water in the brass kettle makes for cosy comfort, and has as well convivial uses if the family custom so decrees. A substantial receptacle for wood should stand near the fireplace.

If the architect has provided no chimney-seats, wooden settles may be bought or put up by some clever carpenter with a little skill in designing. These, of soft wood, may be stained or painted, and if provided with high protecting backs form adequate protection from

draughts and prove very comfortable for hall use. In the absence of a hall closet a chest will be found useful for stowing away shawls, mackintoshes, and porch-blankets, and these may be bought in plain or carved woods, simple or elaborate, as the taste or finances suggest. A wooden tree, frankly utilitarian, occupies but a small portion of the hall space, and is much to be preferred to the elaborate combinations of hooks, looking-glass, and hall-seat which will be shown by the furniture clerk at the conventional shop. An unobtrusive mirror somewhere near the hall door is, however, very useful in a hall, for that last glance on leaving, that first on entering a house, which assures one of order in dress. Beneath it a table should hold a card-tray, and if the hall is large, decorative plants will be found effective.

Floors and their Coverings

IN spite of the cheapness of Southern pine, which hardens with use, the soft deal floor is still found in many a country house, rented or otherwise, but its management is by no means hopeless. In old houses the spaces between the boards should be filled with putty, and after this has hardened, may be covered with several coats of paint in any preferred color, or even stained where the floor will not receive very hard use. Dark colors are usually chosen, for the color scheme in all rooms should work upward from dark to light. Mahogany, red, brown, green, and dark yellow are often selected, and even black is sometimes used; this last giving a touch of the passing style which can well be hazarded in a country house. A hard-wood floor lends itself to any kind of rug, and is, of course, the most desirable in houses of some pretension, though as our houses in America take on more and more the character of family residences it is reasonable to suppose that brick, stone, or mosaic floors will come into greater use. A most successful remodeled dining-room has a floor of dark red pressed brick on which rugs are used; and with its wood-paneled

* "The Decoration of Houses," by Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman, Jr.



THE USE OF ODD-PIECES OF FURNITURE

walls, and family portraits nothing more dignified or beautiful could be desired.

The choice of floor coverings will greatly depend on the individual purse and taste of the occupants. Carpets are chosen rarely, indeed, for a country house, though in rooms for delicate persons or creeping children they are sometimes a necessity in the cool mornings or rainy days of our American summer. Plain terry carpeting in clear colors will be found very restful to the eye, though it will keep the carpet-sweeper active, as it shows every particle of dust or thread. The monotony may be relieved by rugs. Where figured carpets are desired, these may be found of excellent colors in geometrical patterns which suggest oriental carpets. The hand-made Eastern rug is within the means of only the very wealthy for use

in country houses exclusively, but as an expedient, the rugs of the city house may be sent to the country and thus kept in use to their own advantage.

Ten, or even five, years ago one's choice was limited to a very few possibilities in good, inexpensive rugs, but now the choice is very wide. Ingrain carpets are woven in the form of square rugs of appropriate design, and nothing quainter can be found for country-house bedrooms than the hand-made rag rugs familiar in the houses of our grandmothers. We associate these rugs with New England, and some fine examples of this handiwork may be found there, notably at Deerfield; but the Arts and Crafts societies all over the country usually exhibit a few, and I found one beautiful length of such carpeting at a county fair in Illinois made by an elderly woman whose vicissitudes had made her

artful if not crafty, and who owed nothing to outside art influences.

Calling at the house where a friend boarded I also found several of these drawn-in rugs in use on the hall floor. Their unusual charm of color and design caused me to make inquiries as to their manufacture, and I learned that they represented the recreative hand work of the mistress of the house. Her life had brought her much in contact with missionaries who had brought to this country several interesting foreign rugs and many of the designs were copies of oriental originals. On one the Chaldean alphabet was represented in parallel lines, and afforded ample testimony to the statement once heard that oriental letters were individually works of art. This particular worker was willing to take orders for rugs, and doubtless inquiry at various missionary and sewing societies in connection with churches might bring to light other persons of this sort, whose productions would be marketable.

In the shops may be found plain colored rugs with heavy pile, purchasable by the square foot or yard, and mohair rugs, also, in solid colors and many sizes, whose silky texture, like that of plush, provides great durability at comparatively little cost. Woven rugs, in what is known as hit-or-miss pattern, made of raveled ends of carpeting, may be bought ready-made or the odds and ends of one's various city house carpets may be woven together for use in the country. Japanese blue-and-white cotton rugs are inexpensive and very pretty, but not so durable in color or fabric as those of wool made in China in irregular sprawling patterns. These are in blue on a ground of fawn color with occasionally a rug containing a little green or golden brown, and they cost from ten to eighteen dollars. Perhaps the most cheerful rugs to be found are the Navajo blankets, and these look particularly well on a green painted floor. If you have a friend in Arizona you can get one of moderate size for eight or ten dollars, but its cost will be nearly twice as great in the cities.

Cheaper rugs, less gay but very similar in design, and lighter, as they are made of cotton, are the India Durrie rugs, very useful for bathrooms, and by no means to be despised elsewhere. The Kensington art squares are interesting, but rather put out of countenance by the newer Scotch rugs known as Caledon art squares, which are really beautiful. A particularly good one, costing thirty-two and a half dollars, is about twelve feet square, with a rich blue center and a border showing blue and green in a combination truly Scotch. Kis Kelim rugs, six by ten feet in size, and with a center seam, cost from ten to sixteen dollars, while Shirvan Kelims are more expensive, being without seams. Both have soft coloring and many years of wear, items of much importance. India carpets of various kinds are very beautiful but costly, and after all, given a modest income with a contented mind, a country-house bedroom is really charming carpeted with matting, which can now be bought in many shades and designs, both of foreign and domestic manufacture. The bath-room may be fitted out with rugs of heavy Turkish toweling, washable, which are made in red or blue combined with white.

Window Draperies

THE owner of a very artistic home, complete in every detail, once said that she fairly longed to have assigned to her the pleasure of furnishing a house on a very limited amount of money. This task, which most of us may have without asking, frequently awaits the owner of a country house, and much zest may be added to it by the reflection that while wealth has no excuse for not surrounding itself with beauty, the woman of small means may taste the joys of overcoming obstacles. For such women the exquisite freshness of her muslin curtains, the ruffled daintiness of her dimity bedspreads may mean far more of effort and good taste than the most gorgeous silk and lace luxuries of her wealthier sister, and in country houses even women of



BUILT-IN SETTLE. FAYAL AND RATTAN CHAIRS

wealth seek for simple rather than rich effects.

Many of us find dimity even at forty cents a yard hopelessly dear, and for such there is happily a wealth of cheaper materials. If white is desired there is a choice of many kinds of muslin, dotted or plain, with scrim, fish-net, and even cheese-cloth for added variety. If colors are used, the better grades of cheese-cloth may be chosen, and there is a beautiful strong yellow which is very desirable. Occasionally one finds Javanese blue-and-white cottons as low as fifteen cents a yard, and where a heavier curtain affording considerable shade is desired, denim and burlap in various shades serve a useful purpose. A very wide open-meshed material in cotton and wool mixture, known as Cedar cloth, is only fifty cents a yard, and shows out-of-the-way colorings like mulberry red. Cretonne and chintz are desirable, and often give a touch of gayety which adds charm to a very plain room, and combi-

nations of cretonne and a plain material are most effective.

The flower stripe of the cretonne may be cut out and applied to a plain background of cheaper material so as to perfect, at less cost, a decorative color scheme for which the shops do not afford the exact combination desired. Even unbleached muslin may be used for the body of the curtain, and the stripe in rose, holly, jonquil, or fleur-de-lis design will be found an effective border for both valance and side-hangings. A gingham, known as Manchester cotton, comes in rose, old gold, pale green, and old blue, and finished with ruffles would be charming in bedrooms with the white muslin showing beneath. Too much or too heavy drapery is especially to be avoided in the country, where fresh air is to be had for the asking, and much of the attractiveness of a room consists of the glimpses it affords of the out-door world. It is, too, a friendly glimpse of a home interior which is at night some-

times afforded the passer-by through the moderately curtained window, and we should not be too chary of this pleasant influence between neighbor and neighbor, for among respectable people it is little likely to be abused.

Bedrooms

PERHAPS the tastes of individuals are nowhere more clearly expressed by their household surroundings than in their bedrooms. Hither all that is intimate and personal is likely to find its way, and here the real habits of the creature will probably be displayed. Despite the unaccountable instinct for putting the best furniture and pictures in those rooms which are least lived in, the true lover of pleasant surroundings is certain to have a few good things at hand in his bedroom; perhaps some favorite books or a much-loved vase, perhaps the most luxurious couch or the most convenient desk. Occasionally the effect of hygienic cleanliness is the one most sought after, and this leads usually to the total absence of pictures, the presence of the fewest possible rugs and furniture.

Two beds should be placed in every guest-room, brass or iron being frequently used; and in buying these it is well to know that the testing of brass tubing and of the various sorts of enamel has proved that those made by reliable American firms are superior to those of English make. Wooden beds are, as pieces of furniture, much more attractive than those of metal, and with proper attention, may be just as well kept. The high headboard, which is the undesirable feature of most wooden bedsteads, can be cut down by any good carpenter, and this change in size will be found to reduce the bed to a more desirable relationship with the other furniture, especially in small rooms.

Often a couple of cot-beds attractively fitted out means a smaller expenditure, and a couch of some sort is a desirable addition to the country-house bedroom, representing as it does the possibility of accommodating extra guests. There is

economy in purchasing only the best mattresses, and in this climate even in midsummer a pair of summer-weight blankets is a necessity for each bed. Pillow-shams are no longer fashionable, being replaced by the bolster during the day, but many a housekeeper still prefers the simpler arrangement of leaving the pillows flat upon the bed and covering them with a long, narrow spread which matches the rest of the bed covering.

It is a weary task to find really beautiful wash-stand furniture, so necessary where there is no running water. Many a young woman of taste, wasting her youth in the effort to become an artist, might have financial success in designing these simple but artistically neglected household necessities. The only advice is hunt, hunt, hunt for the desirable shapes and colors, or adopt the good but more expensive expedient of using metal, such as copper, brass, or pewter. In these materials a search is also necessary for the utensils are not made in sets, but if successful you are rewarded by a charming bit of luster in some corner of your room. If possible, the top of the washstand should be of tile, but if it is not, protect all the places where water receptacles must stand by rubber mats or oilcloth which may be concealed by linen covers.

Summer Furniture in General

ALTHOUGH the fitting up of a country house means for most people the use of comparatively simple furniture, for some the dainty French patterns are by no means unsuitable. A beautiful group of Louis XIV. hand-carved chairs and sofas is not fitted with tapestry, but with cane seats and backs. Of exquisite shape, the delicate carving in soft-tinted brown wood, wax finished, is a great relief from the ruddy mahogany, whose popularity has made it almost too familiar. That this relief is only purchasable at a great price, the cost of a single chair, one hundred and eighty-five dollars, will amply testify. Less expensive styles are those

produced by the workers in the United Crafts Guild, the Stickley and Mission furniture, and the more elaborate but no more pleasing constructions of Charles Rohlf. In all these desks, benches, tables, and chairs fitness of design and beauty of materials and workmanship are more sought after than ornamentation, and they are planned to accord with the comparatively simple mode of living of the moderately well-to-do. The use of rushes and leather either as solid or braided seats and backs gives variety without lessening the effect of permanent usefulness.

These plain and substantial pieces are desirable in dining-rooms, and may be used elsewhere as *pièces de résistance*, but the use of any one kind of furniture throughout a house is not to be recommended as it savors too strongly of the club-house. Unless one is fitting up rooms in a more or less historic scheme of decoration it shows a more catholic taste to introduce variety here and there. Gayly painted green chairs with gold trimmings and a medallion of figures on the top rail of the back, have rush seats, and cost from nine to twelve dollars each. These may be introduced as desk or toilet table seats. For the sewing or bed room are strong Shaker rockers with interlaced seats of braid, costing but a few dollars, and very durable. The Vienna bent-wood furniture is but little used in the west, and deserves to be better known as it lasts for years, and its gracefully curved tables, stools, rocking chairs, and sofas with their cane seats, are really charming and very cool in summer. Miniature pieces of every kind can be found for the nursery as well as high chairs for children.

The many kinds of willow, rattan, and grass furniture are tempting by reason of their cheapness and genuine look of summer, but it is hard to find much variety in really excellent shapes. Morris chairs are made in the strongest of these materials and also in weathered oak with cane seats. Sometimes the seat is lengthened to form a sort of couch, not strictly beautiful, but comfortable for

lounging; and the deep-seated rattan arm-chairs in plain square shapes painted green are known as Brighton or Oxford chairs. Those familiar in the pages of *Life*, called Formosa and Fayal, are as comfortable as they are picturesque, and their cost, from four to six dollars, recommends them to the average buyer.

Tables in round or octagon shapes with or without lower shelves are from three to sixteen dollars, according to size and style. The deadness of color in most willow and rattan furniture makes a difficult note in a room, but the unvarnished pieces take paint well, and their flatness may be otherwise relieved by the use of gay cushions. Fancy has rather run riot in using these soft materials for music cabinets and chests, though the plain boxes of rattan have excellent possibilities of storage room where closet drawers have been omitted. They are, however, too loosely woven to be desirable in a damp climate.

The glacial marsh-lands of Wisconsin and Minnesota, whose bogs produce a wire-grass, once provoking the despair and rage of the agriculturist, have now been utilized to develop a growing industry in the manufacture of prairie-grass furniture. The use of this native growth in making mattings of good color and simple weave, and tables, couches, sofas, chairs, screens, and baskets of better than ordinary design, is an interesting tribute to the good sense of the manufacturers and the good taste of the buying public. Begun only five years ago, the industry has developed so rapidly that there was harvested last year the greatest acreage of any industry in the world. The grass is both durable and beautiful, and owing to the absence of woody fiber with possibilities of decay, it can be produced without great cost. Rush or raffa furniture, made in Indiana, is also excellent, its natural tint of gray-green, together with the absence of undue ornamentation, making it very desirable.

A very effective chair of this kind is made in Mexico and is light and durable, but is hard to obtain.

Accessories

CANDLES, as they yield a minimum of heat, are frequently provided for lighting the summer bedroom even when more permanent arrangements are in the house, and it is a good plan to provide a table in the hall or landing where one's pretty collection of odd candlesticks may be placed ready for each guest to choose his own in passing to his room. One thrifty woman who felt unable to afford anything costly produced a pleasing effect on her dinner-table in summer by using pressed glass candlesticks, and inexpensive vases of clear glass give many a flower-lover the coveted privilege of seeing the flower stems in water. Be sure that paper weights and cutters as well as scrap baskets are not wanting; that ink is in the inkwells; that pens and paper are at hand. A few books of the sort providing easy reading should be in every guest room, while sewing materials and toilet articles will add to the comfort of the transient guest. Many housekeepers also provide bedroom slippers and lounging gowns, though this is not strictly necessary. Lamp shades may be of paper or grass-cloth, and the member of the household with the deftest fingers may make and decorate these at little cost. A successful Eastern dwelling has not a single picture in the living-room, but depends wholly on the pleasure afforded by the view seen through its many windows. While few would care for this extreme of simplicity, pictures in a country house need be neither numerous nor elaborate since it is the opportunity the country house yields for the enjoyment of outdoor life which is its chief attraction.

Porches and Awnings

THE successful arrangement of a porch is in itself a triumph for the house mistress. Nature provides the pictures but art must see to it that the light is well arranged or all enjoyment may be spoiled by too

much glare or too much shade. For the porch a happy medium between the privacy of the house and the publicity of the street should be secured. We may choose the effect of overhanging eaves as in the projecting awning or that of a wall in the drop curtain, but the material should be the same, as awning cloth is reasonably secure from the ravages of sun and storm. It comes in many plain colors as well as in combinations of stripes, both grave and gay, and in choosing not only must the coloring of the outside of the house be considered, but the effect upon the eyes when viewed from the sheltered interior. If protection from view is desired no happier expedient can be chosen than the box garden above the balustrade, whose fragrant mignonette and gorgeous nasturtiums minister to other senses than the sense of privacy. Many prefer to the permanent roofing of porches a frame-work of iron on which an awning-cloth may be spread at will, leaving at other times a sense of freedom from obstruction in viewing the landscape or the stars. Hooded bath-chairs to protect from dampness are often provided for the open porch, and a chest for stowing away wraps and pillows at night is a desirable convenience.

The sheltered porch is furnished somewhat like a living-room, though in materials less affected by the weather; its table for work, magazine, or tea service, occupying a somewhat central position, while easy chairs in willow or plain wood are grouped according to convenience. Often a book shelf of bamboo hangs against the house wall, hammocks or hanging seats invite to luxurious repose, while vases for the wall or floor offer opportunities for the graceful arrangement of flowers. Gay cushions of bandanas, Madagascar cloth, or denim await the visitor's comfort; and here, if anywhere, one's fancy for color may be allowed free play. Large rugs of paper fiber may be bought for the floor at small cost, and excellent rustic furniture is made which may be used on a screened porch for an outdoor dining-room.

COLLECTORS' INTERESTS

SOMETHING ABOUT CHINESE PORCELAINS

BY R. I. GEARE

THERE is now on exhibition at the National Museum a rare and beautiful collection of Chinese porcelains, numbering about four hundred and fifty pieces, and representing the products of many dynasties. The objects represented include dishes, vases, plates, jars, bowls, wine-pots, pencil-holders, pencil-washers, wine-cups, saucers, panels, snuff-bottles, etc., of almost every imaginable shape and style of ornamentation. This collection is owned by Mr. A. E. Hippisley, a recognized authority on the subject, who has for many years been connected with the Imperial Maritime Customs Service of China. Every piece has a history of

its own. The specimens, according to Mr. Hippisley, differ in design, color, and glaze according to the periods of their manufacture. Several of the specimens are hundreds of years old, although the earliest periods, those antedating the Christian era, do not appear to be represented. Indeed, the manufacture of true porcelain does not go back farther than the second century before Christ, during the reign of the Han dynasty. There are Chinese legends, however, which give a much greater antiquity to this art. Some of them state that porcelain was known as far back as 2700 years before Christ, and Emperor Yu-ti-Shun is believed to have made porcelain



FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. A. E. HIPPISELEY



A PORCELAIN SCREEN

with his own hands before coming to the throne in the year 2255 B. C. The older productions, however, are now generally admitted to have been only of earthenware, with perhaps an application of glaze. It is true that some porcelain bottles, decorated with flowers and inscriptions in Chinese, are said to have been found in undisturbed Egyptian tombs dating back to at least 1800 B. C., but it was found later that the inscriptions were in a character not introduced until within a few years before the Christian era. It is claimed by M. du Sartel, an excellent authority, and the author of an exhaustive work on Chinese porcelains, that true porcelain was first made in the T'ang dynasty (618-906 A. D.).

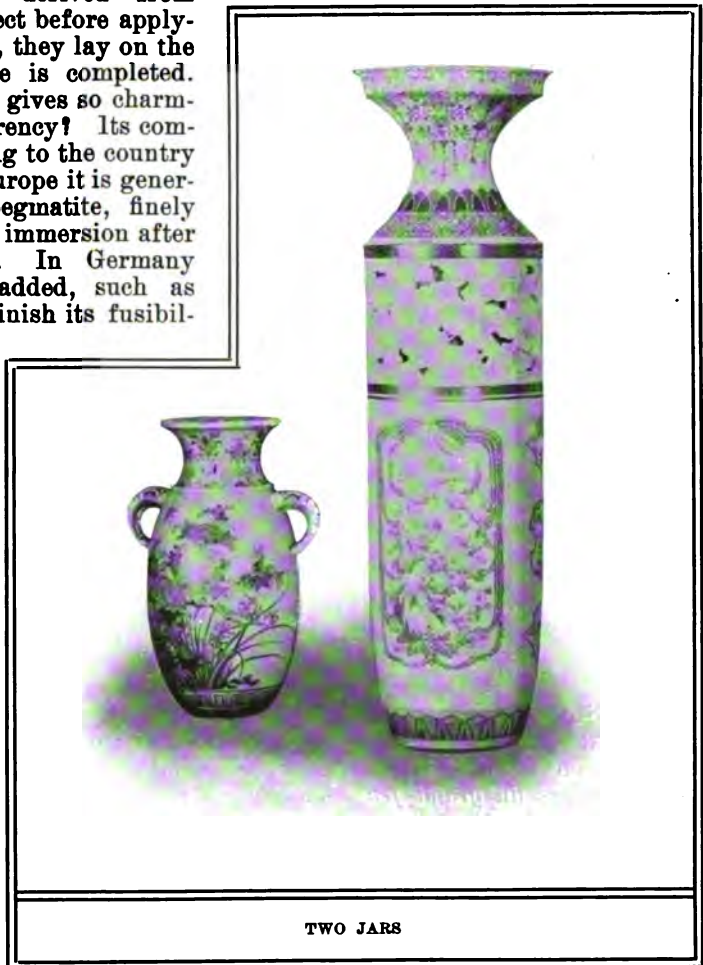
Porcelain is composed of paste made

of clays and glaze. The best kind of clay is kaolin, a white silicate of alumina. The principal object of the glaze is, while giving transparency, to prevent the paste from remaining porous. There are two great classes of porcelain, that made of hard paste, and that made of soft paste. In the latter, limestone products or alkalis are present, either in the condition of phosphates or else of marl or chalk. These substances lower the degree of fusibility, so that the porcelain becomes soft at a temperature of 800° C. A number of minor divisions grow out of these two principal ones, determined by the kind of glaze used, which according to its composition and mode of application is termed *vernis*, *émail*, or *couverte*. The thin glaze (*vernis*) is found on the pottery of the Etruscans,

ancient Arabs, Persians, and the early inhabitants of America. In the fifteenth century the white enamel (*email*) was discovered in Italy. It is a mixture of salt, lead, and tin. Under this head are classed the majolicas and faïences, ancient and modern. The *couverte* glaze is confined to porcelain proper.

Chinese porcelains are not cast, but shaped by hand, showing wonderful dexterity, especially in the manufacture of thin jars and cups, known as "egg-shell" porcelain. European porcelain, on the contrary, is cast, and the process is known as *moulage en barbotine*. The Chinese, apparently, have never learned the advantages to be derived from slightly baking the object before applying the glaze. Instead, they lay on the glaze before the article is completed. What is this glaze that gives so charming a finish and transparency? Its composition differs according to the country where it is made. In Europe it is generally made of pure pegmatite, finely crushed and applied by immersion after a preliminary baking. In Germany other substances are added, such as kaolin or paste, to diminish its fusibility. At Sèvres, France, only pegmatite from St. Yrieix is used. In China pure petrosilix is very seldom used. The porcelains there, as in Japan, are covered with compound glazes, obtained by a mixture of substances, of which the proportions vary according to the nature of the article, lime being added to the petrosilix to render it more easily fusible. Let us see how the glaze is applied to a cup. "It is held," says Mr. Hippisley, "by the outside, slanting over the

basin containing the liquid glaze. Enough of the glaze is then thrown on the outside to cover the surface. This is called 'aspersion.' The outside is then immersed in the liquid, the workman dexterously keeping the vessel in equilibrium with the hand and a small stick. The foot having remained in its original state, the vessel is then carried, covered as it is with glaze, to the wheel, in order that the foot may be hollowed and finished; a mark in color is added on the hollowed portion, which is then covered with glaze. When the ware is too delicate to be treated in this manner, the glaze is applied by 'insufflation.'



A piece of gauze attached to a hollow tube having been plunged in the colored glaze (red or blue) or uncolored glaze, the workman scatters the liquid from the gauze upon the vessel by blowing through the opposite end of the tube three, four, or even as many as eighteen times."

Then comes the process of baking. The larger pieces of porcelain are placed one by one, by means of a contrivance made of cord and sticks, inside of a separate vessel made of refractory material and called a "seggar." This vessel protects the delicate porcelain from injury by coming into direct contact with the heat or gases of combustion. When the porcelains are small, several pieces are placed in one "seggar," the floor under each being covered with a layer of sand and kaolin refuse, to prevent adhesion. The "seggars" are piled on a layer of gravel, with which the bottom of the kiln is filled. The finest pieces are placed in the center. The piles of "seggars" are then bound together, and the door of the oven is bricked up. A low fire is kept for the first twenty-four hours, after which the heat is increased. At the top of the kiln are several small holes covered over with broken pots. One of these is opened when it is thought that the porcelain is sufficiently baked.

In decorating Chinese porcelain two classes of colors are used, i. e., *du grand feu* and *de moufle*. In the former, as much heat is necessary for the vitrification of the colors as in baking. In the latter, a much lower temperature is sufficient, and the colors used are therefore termed *de moufle*, or "of the enameler's furnace." It is this class which permits the faithful reproduction of old oil-paintings.

There is a large variety of "grounds" in the colors *du grand feu*. The blue decoration under the glaze is made with the brush on the unbaked porcelain, the coloring matter being peroxide of cobaltiferous manganese. The red "grounds" are regarded by many as the result of accident rather than design.

Other shades are obtained by the use of oxide of iron, e. g., *fond laque*, the tone of which depends upon the amount of oxide used, and the nature of the gas surrounding the vessel in the kiln. Black "grounds" are produced either by the thickness of the colored glaze, by laying several shades of different colors one on the other, or by laying blue glaze on a brown *laque*, or *vice versa*. Again, some colors, such as violet, turquoise blue, yellow, and green are applied on the porcelain after it has been fired at a high temperature. In these various coloring matters the oxides are dissolved, and not mixed, as in Europe. This it is which so closely connects the Chinese colors with enamels; the thickness of their application gives the "relief" effect, which could not otherwise be obtained.

A large proportion of Mr. Hippisley's collection represents the Chienlung period of the present (or "Great Pure") dynasty. Among the most noteworthy specimens may be mentioned a "Pilgrim" bottle, of pure white porcelain; a vase of the same substance, the curves and ornamentation of which are exceedingly delicate, rendering it a unique and very beautiful object; and a "tea-pot and cover," made by the special order of Emperor Chienlung. Other dynasties and periods represented are the Sung dynasty, which flourished from 960 to 1259 A. D., the Yüan dynasty from 1260 to 1349 A. D., the Yunglo, Hsüante, Ch'énghua, Wanti, and Chéngté periods of the Great Ming dynasty, and the K'anghsi, Yung Chéng, and Chienlung periods of the present (or "Great Pure") dynasty.

It would be manifestly impossible to include in a brief article a description of each one of the objects in this collection; but a general idea of the whole, both as regards color and decoration, may be gained from the following descriptions of a few of the specimens:

There are two beautiful circular jars of the Ming dynasty, decorated with iris and leaves outlined in relief and covered with thick glazes of different colors.



A GROUP OF CHINESE PORCELAINS

The flowers are yellow, and the leaves are peacock-green. The brim is green, with a panel pattern outlined in relief around the neck, and colored alternately with glaze of yellow and peacock-green.

Singularly beautiful is a wine-pot of creamy white, also of the Ming dynasty. The spout is fashioned as a lizard with four legs and branching tail, which clings to the rim, and turns head outwards. The handle also represents a lizard twisting head downwards from the rim to the center of the vessel.

On a bowl of pure white K'anghsi porcelain are depicted mythological subjects in vermilion-red and enamel colors. On the inside is represented the branch of a peach-tree in various shades of green. The peach is an emblem of longevity. According to the legend, the fruit ripened in the gardens of the fairy Hsi Wangmu once in three thousand years, and this term of life was supposed to be conferred upon all who were fortu-

nate enough to taste it. In the first year of the period Yüan feng in the Han dynasty (110 B. C.) the fairy had descended from her mountain realm to visit the emperor Wu Ti, bringing with her seven peaches. She ate one of them, and upon the emperor expressing the wish to preserve the seed, told him that the tree from which they came bore once only in three thousand years, but each fruit conferred three centuries of life upon the eater. At the moment she perceived Tung Fang peeping at her through the window, and pointing to him said, "That child whom you see yonder has stolen three of my peaches, and is now nine thousand years old!"

There are two vases of pure white Yungcheng porcelain, decorated by Wang Shih-mei, a celebrated artist of the present dynasty. The decorations consist of one of the Taoist genii in long, flowing, yellow robe with white hair and crooked stick, accompanied by

an attendant standing under a spreading pine close behind dark rocks of greenish hue. The pine trunk is shaded in brown, with leaves of deep green. The figures are painted with the delicacy of miniatures.

For beauty of decoration, perhaps none of the pieces is more attractive than a pair of screens, also of pure white Yung-cheng porcelain. On one of them is shown a village under shelter of rocks

on the lofty bank of a river, while on the opposite bank is a valley and a waterfall overshadowed by trees; on the other, a pavilion on a rocky eminence, approached by a long, winding road, overlooking a river, on which boats are seen sailing.

A large proportion of the specimens bear some character representing longevity, which may be depicted by any one of a number of symbolical designs.



THE ARCHITECT AND HIS CLIENT

BY ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER

THE general impression among the laity is, that an architect is a man who builds or attends to the building of houses for other people.

It is only when these other people step out from the rank and file of renters and wish to build houses of their own that they begin to entertain grave doubts as to their previous conception of the architect's vocation.

The idea begins to creep into their minds that an architect does not work primarily to satisfy his clients, but for a number of other reasons. The satisfaction of those he works for is of minor importance, and if the majority of what

one hears is true, it is generally missing from the result.

"I wanted a house which every one would instinctively know was mine," says one little woman; "but when people come up the street they say: 'Ah, there's another of Mr. Buildem's houses; I'd know them anywhere!'"

So often one hears of such cases. A prospective builder wants a low, rambling brick house with tiled roof, and the plans submitted are for a plaster house with shingled roof.

These instances could be recalled *ad nauseam*, and in most cases when the owners of the houses remonstrate, the

architect becomes angry, and tells the prospective builder that he knows nothing about the matter; and cases have been known where he even has asked: "If you know all about building a house, why employ me?" Then in the depth of his sanctum the architect assumes an injured air, and deplores the growing tendency of people to interfere in that of which they know nothing.

The time has come when this will no longer be endured. The majority of people who now build have some definite and practical ideas of what they want, and know their own tastes and needs better than any architect can. Given a tactful architect who can catch the drift of his client's suggestions, which must of necessity be vague in places, and given in another nomenclature than a technical one, and he will be ready to add suggestion and advice along the lines desired by the future dweller in the house. In some such fashion it becomes quite possible to build houses fulfilling the requirements of those who live in them.

The trouble is here. The house which represents the needs of the dweller may be one which does not appeal to the individual taste of the architect. There are here only two courses open fairly to the latter.

If the desires of the builder are utterly beyond his ability to carry out conscientiously, let him decline firmly to have anything more to do with the matter. If, however, as I believe would happen in most cases, were it tried, the architect could submerge his own individuality, remembering that he need not live in this house himself, and that it is better from a business point of view to fulfill the wishes of those for whom he works, the outcome will be satisfactory.

A "compromise" house generally succeeds in pleasing no one. Riding rough-shod over the wishes of his clients, while it may give him the right to point with pride to what he considers a thoroughly consistent house, may also give rise to the little whisper here and there which in time becomes strong enough to injure an architect's reputation.

Just here I can hear a voice say, indignantly: "The writer forgets that architecture is one of the arts, and as such must be served faithfully, and not debased." True, dear architect, I know it well, but to my mind the building of houses bears the relationship to architecture that the painting of portraits does to all other painting. A portrait may be a fine picture, and yet be no fine portrait, missing the likeness of him for whom it was painted. A house may be what the architects are so fond of calling consistent, and yet lack the one requisite of fulfilling the wishes of the man for whom it was built.

Let the architect express his own individuality in his public buildings, and in the house he builds for himself—here he has a free lance. It is not only selfish in him to force his individuality on others, but there is another thing to consider. We all grow, and as we grow our tastes change. What the architect persuaded a man to accept last year as the best type of dwelling-house, he may have outgrown this year to the verge of positive dislike. A house is built for more than the present, and should not express the whim of the present. The American people as a class are too practical to wish this otherwise. It is the architects, passing through successive phases themselves, who insist on making these phases permanent in their work.

Time was, if what we read and hear is true, when it was customary for a person about to build a house to go to some architect, preferably one with a well-known name, and say, "Build me a house." Possibly he added a few details as to cost, size, and number of rooms, and if he were very original, he might vaguely refer to some general characteristics of exterior style.

With nothing more to bind him, it was very easy then for the architect to follow his own inclinations as to style, decoration, and the like. Sometimes the owner was satisfied and sometimes not, depending, generally, upon whether the house was a livable one or not.

From the frequency of the remark, "The next house I build, I shall do so and so," or, "I know better than to do this or that," one would incline to the opinion that the dwellers in houses built without sufficient thought given to them by the occupant-to-be realized their mis- takes later on.

We have changed all this. An evo-

lution has come in the point of view of the dwellers in houses. The cry of the times for individualism is felt here as in everything else. The time has passed when each house one entered was a faithful counterpart of its next-door neighbor, and in the interior of houses now one begins to feel the air of personality—the effect of the needs and tastes of the dweller.

My plea is, that the exterior shall do the like, and that we, the people who build houses, shall educate ourselves more, and get our wishes into a concrete form before consulting an architect, so that he will respect our wishes, and be not our master, but our servant—or better still, let me say our helper and willing friend in the maturing of our cherished plans.

In this way, and this way only, can the time come when the home of each of us will show our personality to those who know and love us, as much as the familiar clothes we have worn, or even the expressions of our faces.

In order to have a living school of art, the public in general must be interested in art; it must be a part of their lives; something which they can no more do without than water or lighting. We must not be able to plead poverty or necessity, as we do now, as an excuse for ugliness or dirt. If we raise a building, whether it be palace, factory, or cottage, it must be a thing well understood that it must be sightly; if a railway has to be run from one place to another, it must be taken for granted that the minimum of destruction of natural beauty must be incurred, even if that should increase the expense of the line largely; disfiguring waste of coal-

pits or manufactories must be got rid of, whatever the cost may be, and so on. And mind you, all this need of real public convenience, which is the only possible foundation for art in modern times, is quite possible to be done; and it will be done, so soon as people care about it. To put the matter quite plainly, as things go now we are, as a community, contented to be publicly poor so long as some of us are privately rich; therefore, though the income of the country is enormous in figures, no man of us can go a few yards from his own door without seeing the tokens of quite desperate public poverty.

WILLIAM MORRIS.



IN "My Farm of Edgewood," Donald G. Mitchell tells what he wanted in his country home. It should be "A farm of not less than one hundred acres, and within three hours of the city. It must have a running stream, a southern or eastern slope, not less than twenty acres in wood, and a water view." The city referred to was New York. It might not be amiss to consider what the region about Chicago can furnish that would meet the conditions thought desirable by Mr. Mitchell. The three-hour circle would take in much of the lower part of Wisconsin with its beautiful lakes, that part of Illinois drained by the Desplaines, the Fox, and portions of the Rock rivers, the region south of the city, a part of Indiana, and even a little of Michigan. Three hours is undoubtedly too long a time to spend in going from a home to an office where the trip must be made daily, but there are those who can spend several days of a week in a country home, and who, like Mitchell, would perhaps like to be where they would not be tempted to go to the city too often.

Undoubtedly the best water view of all in the region just named is furnished by Lake Michigan. To the north the shore is already largely taken up with

residence grounds, and one is indeed fortunate who has his house so situated that it will command a view of the lake. I have in previous articles dwelt on the value of space, and with a house near the shore of Lake Michigan, one has in that direction really unlimited space, the lake being to all appearance as extensive as the ocean and perhaps as varied and interesting in motion and color. There are no permanent running streams since the watershed is so near the shore, but this locality was at one time all wooded, and there are still quite large areas of forest. In place of running streams there are deep ravines whose banks have become thickly covered with trees and undergrowth, so that they form most interesting features. This is especially true in the spring when the ground is covered with quantities of trillium, hepaticas, and other wild flowers. This region is not adapted to farming, and few would care to have one hundred acres for his own use. There are many homes, however, containing from one to thirty or forty acres which use land to advantage. Such homes usually contain one or more large lawns, a vegetable garden, a flower garden, often a paddock or small pasture, and more or less woodland. Some distance west of the lake



LAKE MICHIGAN

there is a ridge commanding a view of a broad stretch of prairie land and favored by the southwest breezes, this ridge being a place for delightful homes, although not enriched with a water view.

Then there are the lakes of northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, varying from the size of a pond to lakes several miles in length. Into some of these flow small running streams, and the shores of most of them have become popular for summer homes. There are some attractive villages along the Des-plaines River, but this stream is not as satisfactory as it would be if it had a large flow of water in the summer-time. Its banks are not high, but in places are shaded by most attractive trees.

The country along the Fox River is quite hilly, and this region is most attractive aside from the fact that it commands a view of the Fox River and

its valley. It is, however, less inviting than formerly on account of the pollution of the Fox River by the factories and sewers of cities and towns along its course. When one remembers what a delightful stream the Fox River was twenty years ago, the repulsive-looking places along its course last summer cause much regret, and make one wish that the movement for purifying sewage which is making such rapid progress in England could take a similar hold upon the people of this region. Rock River, at its nearest place, is located at about the three-hour limit. It is a larger stream than the Fox River, and has not been contaminated to the same extent, so that even in midsummer it furnishes broad sheets of water connected by running streams of considerable magnitude. The region through which it runs has in places an elevation



ON ROCK RIVER



ON THE DESPLAINES RIVER



A COUNTRY PLACE ON ROCK RIVER



A BEND IN THE STREAM

of two hundred feet above its surface. The river itself contains many islands which add to its interest. Its beauty has long been appreciated by artists and others who delight in attractive scenery.

Southwest of the city there are some beautiful wooded regions, but in passing toward the east, the country is more flat and less interesting. Even the shores of Lake Michigan south and east of the city, with the exception of small areas, are rendered unattractive for residences by the lowness of the ground, and the large number of factories accompanied by great clouds of smoke. Whether there will ever be a district of beautiful homes that will bear the same relation to portions of the south-

ern part of the city and Hammond that Lake Forest and the other beautiful suburbs north bear to the city in general, is a question for the future and perhaps some clear-sighted real estate men to determine.

There are many other delightful situations for homes where stretches of prairie take the place of water views. Some of the most beautiful of homes, for instance, are at Elmhurst, Wheaton, Hinsdale, and many other places that might be mentioned where no water is in sight, so that any one whose business compels him to spend part of his time in Chicago may secure the pure air, beautiful landscapes, and quiet restfulness of the country if he chooses.



NEAR OREGON, ILLINOIS



Arts and Crafts

SOME HOME-MADE FURNITURE

BY THOMAS A. HINE

FOR one who has the time and a little skill with tools I know of no more satisfactory occupation than that of attempting to make a piece of furniture. If, after much work and more patience, you succeed in turning out something which is satisfactory to yourself, you will prize the article made far more than anything you could buy.

The amateur labors under many difficulties, but this makes the product all the more satisfactory when finished. Not the least of these difficulties is the selection of a suitable design for the table or chair or desk which is to be made. One is fortunate if he has some original idea which he can attempt to work out, and if this is done much more pride is felt in the finished product than if one has to copy something seen in the shops. I found it a good plan to make a small sketch and after getting this into shape to redraw it full size on heavy drawing-paper. This drawing can then be tacked on the door or on the wall, when you can sit down in front of it with a cigar and think it over. Things which need to be altered can always be found in the large drawing which would not have been noticed in the smaller one. Too much attention cannot be given to the design; this must be entirely satisfactory before anything further is done; otherwise you will be dissatisfied with the results. Make an artistic design; then if you follow that closely your product will please you.

The wood to be used will depend largely on the character of the rest of

the furniture in your house. I have come to the conclusion that the most satisfactory wood for the amateur is quartered oak; this wood is not only strong and handsome in its natural state, but it can be stained to imitate Flemish oak so easily that once it is tried one will hardly care to go back to the slow process of varnishing and polishing necessary to give any natural wood a good finish. The sideboard illustrated here was made of mahogany, and it took longer to varnish and finish it than it did to build it. It is difficult to varnish properly unless one has a room that can be kept warm, and which is free from dust. Then the varnish must be just right, and the brush just right, and last, but not least, the man who wields the brush must be just right, or he will have all sorts of trouble. On the other hand, the Flemish oak finish is easy. What the professionals use I do not know, but I found it a good way to take Van Dyke brown and mix it with Japan, adding drop-black until I had the color I wanted. This is well rubbed into the wood with a stiff brush, and then is rubbed off with a soft rag until the grain of the oak shows through. The rubbing must be done evenly so as to give the same color over the whole surface, and a very little practice will make one proficient in this. I found it better not to stain too large a surface at once, because the stain will set and will not rub off evenly. A desk which I made was stained and finished in half a day, and was perfectly dry and hard twenty-four hours later. This finish will in time, and with hard usage, wear off on sharp corners, but the best Flemish oak



SOME HOME-MADE FURNITURE

you can buy will do the same. If some of the stain is kept on hand in a bottle, the worn spots are easily touched up, say once a year.

All the parts of my furniture were put together with mortise and tenon, or dowels or screws, but no glue was used, and none of it will ever come apart by reason of the drying furnace heat which is in many of our homes in the winter. Do not use glue if you can avoid it.

A wall-cabinet, for instance, has no fastening except the keys which are in sight on the ends. The sides were grooved to admit the ends of the shelves and when the keys were driven home everything was as solid as one could wish. The chair which stands in front of the desk is also fastened in this way. The curtain in front of this cabinet is made of rectangular pieces of brown calfskin fastened together with small copper rivets, the burrs showing. The

rough side of the leather is used as the right side. The effect is very pleasing.

Working in this tough oak is hard on the tools. They dull quickly and your whetstone must be in use all the time, for where good joints are required the tools must be sharp. This is especially true of the carving tools which need to be touched up every few minutes.

Nearly everything is improved by a little carving; and while carving is usually slow work for the amateur, it is not as difficult as it may seem. Practice and patience, lots of patience, will do it. I have tried little except flat carving. This is simple, only it takes time and must be carefully done. The carving on the desk took three weeks of steady work, while the balance of the labor took about ten days more, but I considered that it paid when it was done. Part of this time was wasted in trying to carve the claw-feet on the legs of the desk.

I had never seen a claw-foot carved, but I thought if others could do it I might at least try. The result of my first effort was unique, and was far from a success, so I made a careful examination of claw-feet in general, and after one or two experiments found that I could make a foot that was satisfactory, to me at any rate. I learned to make an outline pattern of the leg and foot, which consisted of a front elevation and a side elevation, and by using it the result was a greater success.

The carving tools for this work are not many. Perhaps fifteen small chisels and gouges are sufficient. They must be of the best quality.

If one is not by nature or training an artistic designer, the finding of suitable

patterns to carve is sometimes difficult. There are many publications which give valuable suggestions in this line, *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL* among them. Also, if you will examine the furniture in your own house, you will frequently find some carved patterns which can be adapted to the place you wish to ornament. This will be a steal, of course, but I have seen the time when I grew weary of looking for a design and was willing to take anything that would be suitable from any source.

A most satisfactory thing about this kind of work is that when it is finished there is something to show for the time and labor expended, and if the work has been properly done you have something which will last for a lifetime.

THE DECORATION OF COUNTRY HOUSES

BY ISABEL McDOUGALL

(Continued from page 304.)

FROM this to the elaborate carvings our millionaires are importing from foreign palaces is a far cry. There seems no way in which this natural material is not pleasing. It must be added, however, that the batten wainscoting mentioned was in a fishing-lodge, used only during the summer; steam heat would have wrought havoc with the cheaply laid soft wood. For that matter, it is said that wherever modern appliances have been introduced into the baronial halls of England, the ancient carvings are cracking and parting.

Yet a high, white-painted, colonial paneling, a carved oak chimney-piece with seats in the jambs, a mahogany wainscoted dining-room with sideboard built in, a wood-lined hall or bay win-

dow, or pretty nearly anything you please is delightful. To be durable it must be carried out without sparing expense in procuring seasoned wood, and in securing it thoroughly. As to the wood itself, some of the commonest kinds have genuine beauty. It is safe to say that were curly Georgia pine a rarity nothing would be more admired than its wavy grain, like watered silk of nature's own designing.

As in a picture the horizon line should not cross the exact center, so a wall should never be divided in two equal parts by the wainscoting. If the room is nine or ten feet high and a chair-rail is desired, between three and four feet will do; six feet is none too high for decorative effect. Naturally the wainscot must agree with the rest of the trim,

and here the question of cost enters in. Shall it be painted? Shall it go up a grade, and be stained some of the many desirable shades of russet or green? Shall it be hard wood fumigated with chemicals in a dry kiln to some of the weathered grays or deep mellow browns, which are costly, but absolutely permanent?

In all woodwork just at present there is a revulsion from high polish towards a dull wax finish, but it is not likely to last.

As to Ceilings

AS to ceilings, one in open construction is effective for large rooms on the first floor, such as libraries, living-rooms, or dining-rooms. Once in a while a fine hall has an arched ceiling, with rounded beams spanning it at the first floor. One would not care for the heavy beams in bedrooms, while in a formal reception room a more appropriate treatment would be in molded plaster panels—octagons, lozenges, or what you will—or in low relief garlands touched with delicate color. The heavy central stalactite of plaster has gone out with the chandelier, whose setting it formed. A plain tinted ceiling in rough or smooth plaster, to harmonize with the rest of the room, is unobjectionable, but there seems little to advance in favor of a papered ceiling.

This reminds one that among wall-paper fads is one of borders with especial corner-pieces, enabling every space or jamb to be made into a separate framed panel. A large bedroom done in this manner had every structural division bordered with a wide pattern of roses and scrolls surrounding a center of green in tiny close lines, that gave a ribbed effect like that of certain fabrics, as poplin. This is a direct imitation of the brocade or tapestry panels in French or Italian palaces. It has a certain stately and festal effect, perhaps borrowed from this association, and is more suitable for formal drawing-rooms, like the great central chandelier.

The Obsolescent Chandelier

AWORD about that nearly obsolete piece of decoration. It has pretty well passed away, with the era of high ceilings which produced it, but still has a possible place in great halls or ball-rooms, where a species of central sun may be considered to add to the glitter of the occasion. It originated in the vast cathedrals of Roman Catholic Europe, from whose vaulted roofs a bunch of lamps swung by chains, frequently arranged in some emblematic form, like the big cross at San Marco. From the cathedrals they passed into the palaces, and to churches and palaces they had better be left. They never had any proper place in homes, where lights for reading or working or for the family meal are required. Where they do exist the economical custom of using but two or three burners out of a cluster gives them a sadly lopsided appearance.

A good oil lamp makes by far the pleasantest light, and nothing is more becoming than the soft, starry gleam of candles. These can be increased or decreased in number, their position changed, so that one part of a room is enveloped in a sometimes desirable mystery. Besides, lamps and candles are decorative objects even when not in use. Whether your candlestick is a bit of old brass or of modern silverware, whether your lamp has a bronze vase or a richly colored pottery bowl, even if it is the regulation student lamp of double barreled copper with a plain, utilitarian green shade, unless you hide it in dusty silk flounces, it is an ornament to your room by day as well as by night. For a simple dining-room nothing more serviceable has appeared than the large hanging-lamp. It saves space on the table for dishes that are necessary or ornamental, and it can be raised or lowered to suit eyesight and convenience.

Whistler's fastidiously simple dining-room in London had gray walls unadorned save for a couple of Hawthorn blue plates, rush-bottomed chairs painted yellow, a table with a yellow cloth

whereon stood a jar of chrysanthemums. "Five pounds would buy the entire contents," said an enthusiastic admirer, forgetting the cost of Hawthorn plates. A woman who modeled her dining-room after Whistler's, uses a wrought-iron lamp, swung by chains to match, over the table. She met the usual difficulty of finding an appropriate shade by having the base cut out of a blue and white Japanese bowl.

Electric Lighting

LAMPS and candles must be plentiful and well taken care of to do good service and avoid odor and soot. If convenience, cleanliness, and economy are to be studied there is nothing like electricity. Numberless are the devices for illuminating agreeably with it. A multitude of small bulbs may form part of the ceiling decoration and be barely visible by day. Circular brass moldings may be set at intervals along the walls, with the ugly neck of a bulb sunk in each, and frosted glass veiling the vivid wire.

One of Mr. Wright's methods is to place the lamps in what might be described as a large, shallow inverted box in the ceiling, the under side being of leaded glass, clear, opaque, white, yellow, gold, and red, with the leads themselves, now thick, now thin, forming a charming tracery.

Another of his ideas is to run a shelf around the room about twelve inches below the ceiling. On this the lamps are set, invisible from below; vases and other polished objects are also placed at intervals to reflect the light and the cove arching over also assists. This gives a softened and diffused radiance from above, agreeable for dining or conversation. For reading, writing, or other close work, a light nearer the object would be required.

A safe general principle is to prefer side brackets to central chandeliers, whether for gas or electricity, to choose a simple design, and to subdue the glaring light as much as possible. For kitchens, bath-rooms, and other places

where the strongest illumination at the least expense is desired, regardless of æsthetic considerations, the Welsbach burner is an admirable contrivance.

Cozy Corneritis

IF there is anything that has been overdone by this fad-ridden generation, it is the "cozy corner"—frequently not a corner, and seldom cosy. It usually takes the form of uncertain board seats built against the wall at an angle not calculated to support human anatomy, on which you vainly strive to make yourself comfortable with pillows, and console yourself for failure with the hope that the accompaniments of canopy and Venetian lanterns may at least make you picturesque. In a vast, barren, ill-proportioned area something of the kind may be necessary. Most rooms, however, are broken by either an alcove, a space near the chimney-piece, or a bay-window which becomes a cosy corner, stripped of fuss and feathers, by a natural process of selection.

There should be a built-in seat in every window where the recess is sufficient to allow of one without unduly trespassing upon space. In a large room it helps the window to become a decorative feature; in a small room it allows the elimination of a chair or two by supplying other seating accommodation.

Grumbles the austere architect: "Yes, seats that are sunny in summer and draughty in winter!" Nay, friend, for fully six months of the year we fear no draught, nor is any place sunny all day even in midsummer. One naturally tends towards the source of light; those broad-cushioned seats are mighty convenient to spread one's sewing over, if one be a woman; to lounge with a tobacco jar and a bushel of magazines—all to be disregarded for the idle luxury of staring out at the trees—if one be a man; to lie on one's small stomach over a fairy tale, if one be less than these. A locker under the seat is a good place for toys in the nursery, for rubbers or housemaids' cloths in the hall, for clothes or old books or pretty nearly everything

everywhere. In the bedroom a tufted fitted cushion of cretonne, with a valance to the floor is advisable. In the hall a carved wood window-seat which is also a chest is the best, with a couple of loose cushions thrown in the corners.

The Hideous Necessary Radiator

ONE way of disposing of the hideous, necessary radiator is by turning it into a window-seat, with a sort of flat iron grating on top, which may be cushioned to the queen's taste. There are times when this would be a seat of torment, but there are also times when one fairly craves a place on a red-hot stove. In one architect's (W. L. B. Jenney) house in Chicago there are no radiators to be seen. All are either converted into window-seats or into draped ledges that hold pamphlets, a statuette or so, a Grueby vase—of course without a flower in it. One cannot set growing plants or handsomely bound books to grill like St. Lawrence on the gridiron, but many things can stand it that one is glad to find a place for. The austere architect objects again that such encumbrances obstruct the heat, which is quite true. Usually, however, one is glad to have some of the heat obstructed, it allows an opportunity for using our delightful, if superfluous, open fireplaces.

One of Mr. F. L. Wright's cardinal principles is to do away with fixtures of every kind, and to incorporate into the architecture all means of lighting, heating, or ventilating. He therefore places his radiators under seats or masks them with bookshelves, protecting the wood by asbestos paper. Obviously, considerable radiating surface is thus lost, but he claims that abundant and well-regulated hot or cold air may be obtained without making the ugly steam coil visible.

In all the improvements of the day no one has yet put upon the market any sightly radiators. Here is a chance for some good metal-worker to distinguish himself. Mr. Louis Sullivan did once

design a radiator screen which is one of the most remarkable pieces of iron casting produced in this country. But when a genius takes hold of such matters his productions are apt to be out of the reach of ordinary people. If you are obdurately principled against any concealment or pretense, like good Ruskinians, there is nothing for you but the naked ugliness of the steam coil.

The Heart of the House

OUR one beautiful, if inadequate, method of heating remains the open fire. It is useful on cold summer evenings and on many a spring and fall day. As an ornament it is so superior to all others that if forced to choose, everything else had better be sacrificed to it. For obvious reasons it cannot be commended in the children's room or nursery. Also in spite of its cheery hospitality a small dining-room may be better without it, unless serving as sitting-room also, for the reason that some seats around the table will be disagreeably close to the flame and others too remote to derive any benefit from it. But in every other place, in the hall, where it beams a welcome, in the sitting-room, drawing-room, library—wherever people can draw towards it or move away from it as they feel inclined—it is the warm heart of the house.

The style, height, width, ornament of the chimney-piece depend entirely upon the style of the room. It may be a massive affair with a mediæval, overhanging hood nearly reaching the ceiling; it may be of sturdy red brick; it may even, in suitable surroundings, triumphantly revive the old pomp of carved white marble, with a shelf rounding to the wall in flowing curves; it may be of wood matching the rest of the trim. Provided its lines are good it may be set off with gold and glass mosaic, like one recently designed by Miss Ostertag for a house in Buena Park; it may gain color from Moorish or Persian tile, or quaintness from prim blue and white Dutch tiles.

Mantel Decorations

THE era of over-mantels, fanciful brackets, and balconies above and below the main shelf has fortunately passed, but this important feature of the room may be given character by becoming the setting for some special treasure. When the director of the Chicago Art Institute was about to build, he bethought him of a bas-relief, the work of his brother, Mr. Daniel Chester French, the distinguished sculptor, and asked his architect, Mr. W. A. Otis, if it could not be utilized in his dining-room mantel. It was a long narrow slab or frieze, whereon lightly modeled and lightly tinted in yellows, pale reds, and touches of brown, a classic procession made offerings at the altar of the goddess of fire. "Well, I should say we could use it!" exulted the architect. He placed it in an extremely refined setting of white colonial woodwork, fluted columns and well-designed garlands filling the entire chimney-breast, with paneled recesses and small cupboards on either side.

In the drawing-room of another house a good family portrait in a heavily carved black frame gives the keynote to the entire mantel and woodwork. A piece of old tapestry, a convex mirror may supply the *motif* of mantel decoration, and give character to the whole room. A certain authority, however, takes exception to the custom of placing mirrors over mantels. In the first place, he says, they merely reflect the backs of clocks and ornaments; in the second place, he believes in treating them as a landscape gardener treats a bit of water, making them enliven some dull spot.

Fireside Fancies

FIRE-IRONS offer a fruitful choice from glittering brass to sober iron, often the more effective and less wearisome of the two. They may be—but should not—too slender for this work, or they may be of colossal proportions like those belonging to a Gargantuan hearth on the Lake Shore Drive,

where even the shovel and tongs exceed a man's height, and the poker is like the historic lance which the giant knight Taillefer tossed in air and caught again as he rode to the field of Hastings.

There seems no good reason for retaining the low brass fender about a hearth. Its chief function is that of a stumbling-block, and it has certainly tripped more children into the flames than it has ever preserved from them. An odd English hearth is penned in by a stone border or slab about six inches high and as wide on its flat top; at the two sides of the fireplace it spreads itself into sufficient room for a seat. One could imagine throwing a cushion on this foundation and hugging the fire on a gloomy day.

Another English fancy, according to that admirable magazine, *The Studio*, is for mural-painting. Now good mural-painting is the rarest thing in the world, and even good mural-painting had best be relegated to churches and public halls. Some American architects, too, are unable to see a panel, a frieze, an arched space without an ambition to fill it with classic or mediæval ladies and gentlemen, whose presence it is almost impossible for the flesh and blood inhabitants of the same chamber to forget. Even when the painting is of conventionalized trees or flowers on a comparatively small scale it still fills space that most of us would rather use for our own belongings. The trinkets of old silver, the Spanish bottles, the benitiers, even the favorite photographs must have a place, and the architect seldom allows for this. When he finishes your house it is a completed picture, a work of art, to which nothing may be added and nothing may be taken away. It is like the Aubrey Beardsley houses or the residences of German painters in a certain famous art settlement. These are well enough to contemplate at a safe distance, or in the pages of a magazine, but to live in, as Victor Hugo remarks about a different matter, "Seigneur, preserve me, preserve those I love, preserve even my enemies, though they exult in wickedness, from—" such a home.

PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD NOTES

BY ALICE CARY WATERMAN

The Kitchen Garden.

The growing of vegetables may not be a romantic occupation, but it possesses many points of vital interest to both grower and consumer. The American woman is a versatile creature. She can turn from one fad to another as readily as she can change her gowns—or her mind. Upon the decree of fashion, sanctioned by the family physician, she could abandon the wheel, the golf links, and the gymnasium and go forth to the soil, close to nature's heart, out into God's free air and sunshine, with an ecstasy of purpose to plant, to hoe, to weed, to trim, and to reap a harvest of fruits, flowers, vegetables, health, and happiness. And Mrs. Clubwoman, if she so willed, could launch out to win new laurels with a most elaborately prepared dissertation at a state federation meeting on "My Latest Achievements in the Kitchen Garden." Further along the line the seeds planted by the enthusiasts in the ranks of the four hundred having attained full growth and perfection, and having been exhibited for the benefit of the "submerged tenth" could be described in glowing rhetoric in the columns of the great dailies. There is a tendency to take up nature-study, and literature reflects that trend. There is also much earnest effort among educators to awaken an interest in horticultural and agricultural pursuits. One of the most interesting experiments made in kitchen gardens has been that in the school gardens of Boston, where flowers and vegetables have been successfully grown by the students and thoroughly enjoyed. No home in the village or on the farm would seem complete without the plot of ground for a kitchen garden.

Planning the Garden.

The first effort toward the garden is mental. One should plan definitely that he may execute intelligently to secure the best results. The work begins long in advance of seed-sowing. The plot should have the advantage of the best conditions for the growth of plants, yet it should be near the house to save the steps of the

busy housekeeper. The garden should be inclosed by a good fence as a protection against depredations of intruders. Select the vegetables according to the space to be allotted. Amateur should not expect to grow all things equally well. Plants and their habits are only understood after years of experience. A close observation of the methods of others and of your own will do much toward successful efforts. Catalogues and booklets from reliable seedgrowers contain valuable information. During the long winter evenings look over the catalogues; select varieties; compare and discuss them; make plans for the garden; lay out beds, arranging so as to get best exposures for growth, and so that vegetables shall be planted in the order of their readiness for the table, thus saving the time for traversing the entire garden to secure vegetables for one meal; consult the individual tastes of members of the family that all may enjoy the products of the home supply. Unless there be ample room for a large garden, the raising of the coarser vegetables, like beets, turnips, potatoes, and the like, must be omitted and the space given to choicer varieties, some of which, such as lettuce, peas, and sweet corn, can be planted so as to give supplies at different periods of the summer. It should be borne in mind that vegetables are at their best when they are "just ready to use." For that reason successive crops insure more favorable conditions. We want the "continuous performance" in a vegetable garden, and it may be had if care be exercised in the planting continuously.

A garden should be kept clean and free from weeds. It should have the appearance of being well-groomed, a happy, contented, thrifty expression, as if basking in the sun and fulfilling a mission. Have a few old-fashioned flowers, good, steady bloomers, in the garden. The flowers and vegetables belong together, and the housewife can gather the flowers for table decoration when in the garden for vegetables.

A good investment is an asparagus bed. It will cost from five to eight dollars, perhaps, to make it, but the outlay is in the beginning and

not to be repeated annually. Make a bed six by twelve feet. Dig out the space two feet deep and wall it up with brick. Make a drainage strata at the bottom of three or four inches of broken crockery, rocks, or stones; place over this eight or nine inches of clay, and cover with rich woods loam. Buy asparagus roots that are two years old, using one hundred to fill the bed. Be careful in transplanting to spread out every fibre of the delicate roots in their natural position. A bed thus started will care for itself largely, requiring only a yearly supply of rich dressing and a covering of leaf mold. Considering values in dollars and cents the raising of asparagus and strawberries is more economical than anything else in the home garden.

Selecting Seeds.

For home consumption, variety rather than quantity is to be commended, and those fruits and vegetables should be selected that can be grown with the least expenditure of time and labor. Good rich soil and timely cultivation are essential to productive crops. It is a good plan to have the ground enriched in the fall with barn-yard manures or commercial fertilizers, and plowed or spaded up. It will mellow and be ready for respading and harrowing in the early spring. Time is wasted in an attempt to work the ground while it is wet and heavy. In sowing seed or transplanting, the precaution should be observed of pressing earth firmly down upon seed and around the plants.

Hot-beds and cold-frames are desirable for germinating seeds that require early starting for transplanting, yet devices can be made as substitutes, and the seeds planted in "flats" in the dwelling-house in a room with a moderate temperature. Cabbage, cauliflower, sweet potatoes, peppers, egg-plant, and celery plants may be purchased from the nursery. Lettuce and Swiss chard may be sown in the garden and transplanted.

With a family of several members, the cultivation of a garden need not fall heavily on any one member. If there are children let them share in the work, assigning them a little corner of their own, for which they must be wholly responsible.

A grape-arbor in a garden is attractive, and valuable, too, if covered with vines of grapes of best quality.

A large shade tree, with a portable garden-seat under it, situated near the garden, or an arbor made especially as a half-way resort between house and garden, for the convenience and comfort of the housewife, and provided with rustic seats where she may enjoy freedom from the heat of the kitchen, shell peas, or prepare other vegetables for the coming meal is a feature worthy consideration.

Cooking Vegetables.

A few points upon care, preparation, and cooking of vegetables may be in order in this connection. Vegetables are valuable as food in that they supply potash salts, and should form a part of the diet of each day. Many contain much cellulose, which gives needed bulk to food. Uncooked vegetables, served separately or combined in salads, are appetizing, and when dressed with oil, furnish much nutriment.

Green vegetables, such as young peas, beans, turnips, and beet tops, onions, cucumbers, cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, asparagus, should be cooked in boiling, salted water, slowly, until tender; all white, underground vegetables, such as turnips, carrots, beets, parsnips, old beans, peas, and lentils, in boiling, unsalted water, the salt being added after the vegetable has been drained or at the last moment before taking from the fire. Vegetables are spoiled by overcooking so frequently that we would emphasize, cook until tender, no longer. It is better to remove from the fire and reheat them than to allow them to stand and continue to cook. Avoid using large quantities of water for all vegetables, excepting those that are classed as "strong-juiced." Just enough water to cook delicately is to be preferred, as juices and salts are too valuable to be thrown away.

Cabbage, onions, spinach, and corn are victims of overcooking to such an extent that we offer special suggestions in their behalf. Cabbage and onions are delicious when cooked in boiling, salted water, uncovered, slowly until tender. The water must be boiling, and kept boiling until vegetables begin cooking, when the temperature should be lower. Twenty to thirty minutes is usually enough time to allow for cooking cabbage, and if directions be followed, very little, if any, odor will be perceptible, and the natural color will be preserved.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL



MAY 1902

**SOME INEXPENSIVE COTTAGES
A SUCCESSFUL SMALL HOUSE IN
THE COUNTRY**

THE WINDOW PROBLEM

THE WITCH HOUSES OF NEW ENGLAND

LOUIS XV FURNITURE

AN EASTER BRIDE'S CHEST

THE BUILDING OF A COUNTRY HOUSE

THE FLOWERS OF MAY : ARTISTIC JARDINIERES

A MOUNTAIN FIRESIDE INDUSTRY

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS : DOMESTIC SCIENCE

COLLECTORS' INTERESTS : SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

OVER FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE WITCH HOUSES OF NEW ENGLAND AND THEIR MODERN OFFSPRING

BY JOY WHEELER DOW

EVERYBODY believes in witches, though not everybody likes to admit it. Under various aliases, honored by an occasional pet sobriquet of one's own selection to fit special circumstances, does our patron witch travel about with us; because from within an obscure corner of the human heart we are not able to drive her entirely out. Here she exercises nearly as potent a spell over our thoughts and lives as she did in the time of our ancestors in Salem two centuries ago. It is their symbol of witchcraft only that has lost its terrors, and become a picturesque bit of archaic decoration. The steeple-crown hat, the quilted satin petticoat, the besom and black-cat accessories present to the modern mind nothing more than a chic epitome of antiquity and its romance.

The modern witch is content to masquerade in homelier attire, and to concern herself with matters extremely commonplace, not to say vulgar. The modern witch sometimes stoops to advertise for clients in the personal columns

of a newspaper, where she styles herself a clairvoyant or seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and receives such victims as reply in cheap lodgings over an old-clothes merchant's shop on Eighth Avenue. How shameless! How very ordinary in their aspirations must these witches be! Again, with some slight pretension to gentility she becomes a mind-reader, or medium, secures a back parlor in the tenderloin district, in which she succeeds Dr. So-and-So, the dentist, who has moved farther up town, beats down Mr. Devery for police protection, and gives demonstrations of the trance and its wonderful relations with the unseen and supernatural. Then we are attracted to a higher plane of witchcraft—the mystic order of impalpable, invisible witches, such as the witch who presides over our dreams. She imposes on the better judgment of the educated and ignorant alike. She gives us "tips" on the future with a lavish hand—so lavish, indeed, that with any knowledge at all of the market value of "tips" it is

wonderful how she can play us right along as she does. But more insidious, more powerful, than all is the witch of signs and presentiments. Luckily, this is a good witch, and I declare, seems fairly well disposed toward mortals; she finds for us so much healthful exercise; she sends us running after white horses and loads of hay; she instills politeness so that we do not interrupt a funeral procession by passing through it, however great our hurry; she saves our lives by keeping us from under rickety ladders; she counsels waiting over Fridays and Saturdays, lest our plans and pleasures be marred by an intervening Sunday; she teaches us care in handling fragile and valuable looking-glasses, and thrift in gathering up old horseshoes and rusty pins; she it was of all my teachers the only one who ever succeeded in making mathematics interesting by giving a personality to the numerals themselves in her fascinating theory of lucky and unlucky combinations. In fact, I could hardly do any justice at all to the solicitude and ubiquity of this witch who is whispering something or other to the inner man fully fifty per cent of his time. Ought we then to look upon our poor benighted forefathers, who had only the Bible and maybe Josephus to read, with censure and derision, when we, surrounded by works on art, science, and philosophy—more than we can pretend to look at—have so many witches flourishing in our midst?

To understand anything of the famous witchcraft excitement at Salem in 1692, one should first read Alice Morse Earle on "Customs and Fashions in Old New England." This work gives the atmosphere of life at that time so faithfully—the blue Puritan smoke, the rude man-

ners, the hardships, the absolute lack of any of the gracious conditions that favor this generation—that the preparation is nearly complete. Avoid the historical novels, and what that scathing literary critic of *Munsey's Magazine* called the "Swashbuckler" stories, because they distort things dreadfully. Then a vacation spent among the odd corners of such a quaint vicinity as Salem, Ipswich, and Danvers will prove of the greatest value. For here you may see the houses, the originals upon their native heath, with much of the inimitable glamour of the past still clinging to them, which modern shingles and modern weather-boards cannot be made to embody. Often they are quite deserted, the grass grown high about the entry and roughly hewn stone doorsteps, but the color, the tone—ah! that is beyond the reach of our brushes and pigments. It is the natural driftwood silver of such exquisite texture as to change with the angle of light at which it is viewed. Or perhaps the housesmiths of nature have oxidized the wood in deeper values, equally beautiful, equally impossible to counterfeit. The tiny panes of window glass are iridescent from the atmospheric gases of two centuries—an effect which cannot be gained in new material. Fortunately, there are less sensitive physical attributes that one loves to contemplate—the weird silhouette against the sky, the clustered chimney, the scowling overhang, and these may be accounted ours for modern development.

I think it was in 1884 that I met a very old man in Ipswich named Harvey Nourse. He was a lineal descendant of Rebecca Nourse, who suffered a cruel death at the hands of the rabid fanaticism. I found him a charming inter-

locutor. He assured me that Rebecca Nourse was "no more a witch than you or I be!" Her trial was an unusually pathetic episode, as she was somewhat deaf, and the bigoted magistrates took advantage of this misfortune to misinterpret her testimony. I sincerely hope that Cotton Mather and his colleagues have gotten their deserts. It is doubtful if a single professed witch perished. According to the romancists, they long plied their vocation in the colonies without molestation, and much more publicly than do our clairvoyants, etc. Hawthorne rather amplifies the credit and powers of witchcraft in his "Scarlet Letter." Indeed, he leaves us to understand that the witch was even a necessity, and an institution much respected in the community. It is always possible for wicked and unscrupulous demagogues to play upon ignorance. Education defeats them; but it seems that no amount of education will defeat superstition. Education simply prevents our superstition from making public fools of us. Witches from the world invisible still hover about us, come down our chimneys à la Santa Claus, perch upon the footboards of our bedsteads, whisper warnings as we sally forth in sunshine or in shadow, berate us for our want of heed to their omens, and talk loud and volubly to our consciences as we struggle with that other *bête noir* ever haunting man—his selfishness. How, then, shall we cast the witch out? I do not believe it is wise to try. Better imitate the little girl in "Punch" who said to her mother, "Can't we play, and be jolly together, mumsy? You seem so—so dreadfully grown up, don'cher know!" It might ameliorate the disposition and temper of any particularly solicitous

witch, and insure us greater freedom and holiday from her baneful thralldom.

It was with such a hope as this that the present conspiracy to exploit a witch house came to be that mayhap it would beguile some very lonely witch with a poor practice to unbend a little, and for the nonce hobnob with mortals upon an equal social footing and in good faith—yes, and be our witch, our sheep-dog turning every spiteful gossip to awe and trembling lest a witch's malevolence would ferret out the guilty busybody. Besides, her occult assistance and supervision of the work appeared rather necessary as witch-colonial text-books are rare and expensive. That excellent work by Messrs. Norman M. Isham, A.M., and Albert F. Brown, entitled "Early Connecticut Houses," which gives the curious framing, overhangs, turned drops, etc., retails at four dollars, and when an architect may buy a copy of Vignola for five dollars, as I recently saw one advertised, he hesitates about spending nearly as much for the crude details of witch houses, particularly when there is so little call for them. Usually, when folks used to covenant with a witch it was looking to the accomplishment of some evil business. The modern covenanter, however, with a witch-colonial house in the brain, winds his way to the witch's tryst, which we discover to be a decorator's shop on Fifth Avenue, to see what beautiful stuffs he may obtain wherewith to embellish his new home. This would have made Hawthorne and the romancists inexpressibly "tired"—this commercialism on the part of witches, this mix-up with the building trades. But ours is a great house-building age, and the profession of witchcraft, in common

with other professions, is bound to fall a little behind unless it sees its way clear to take part in the new activity. Old avenues are being closed, and new avenues are being opened, even for professional witches.

A detailed description of the interior of the particular witch house that illustrates this article, i. e., the mural decorations, furniture, etc., has been interdicted. But to the constant readers of *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL*, such description would be quite unnecessary, as the charming possibilities crowd so thick and fast into the imaginations of those interested in the subject, that my client's

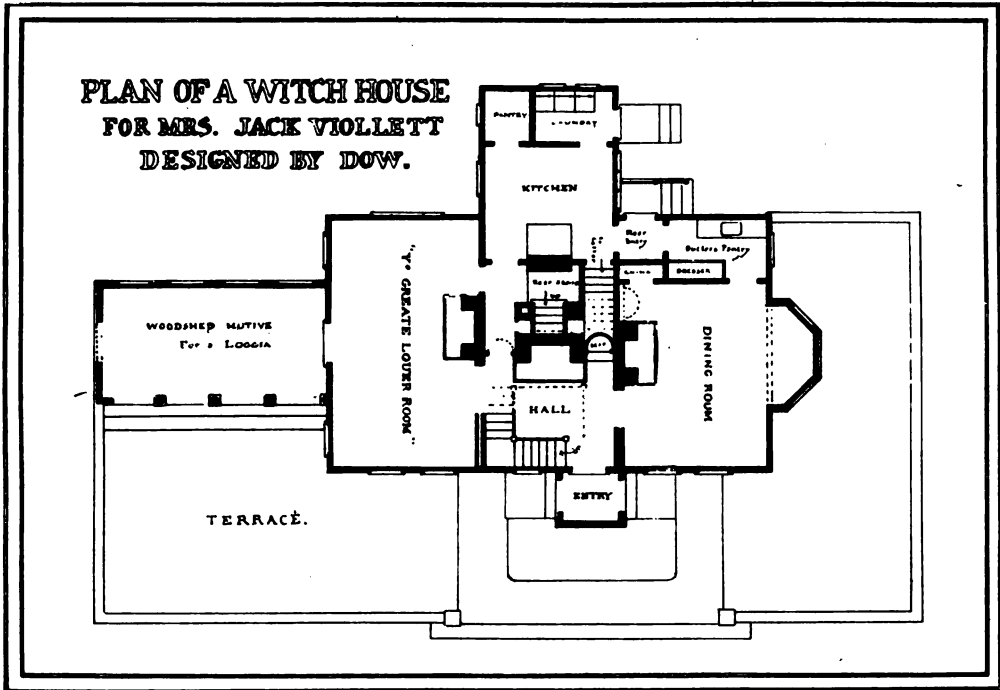
scheme might only confuse and spoil some excellent originality which would prove in execution quite as successful as hers. And really the cloth of a garment is not of so much importance: it is the cut that one sees fully half a block away. From the first-story plan, any one may observe that the entry and halls have been very carefully worked out to secure all the pokiness and spookiness associated with the smartest and slickest of those celebrated witches who dwelt about Boston, without losing sight, for a moment, of twentieth-century comfort or requirements. To the left of the hall opens "ye greate lower room" (you must never have anything so ordinary as a parlor in a witch-colonial house), and from this imposing apartment you pass out into the woodshed, now transformed into an ideal loggia with adjustable louvre screens at the back. Even the most underdone and incompetent witch in Salem, who could not have induced a pin of itself to



AFTER THE MANNER OF
DELIVERANCE HOBBS

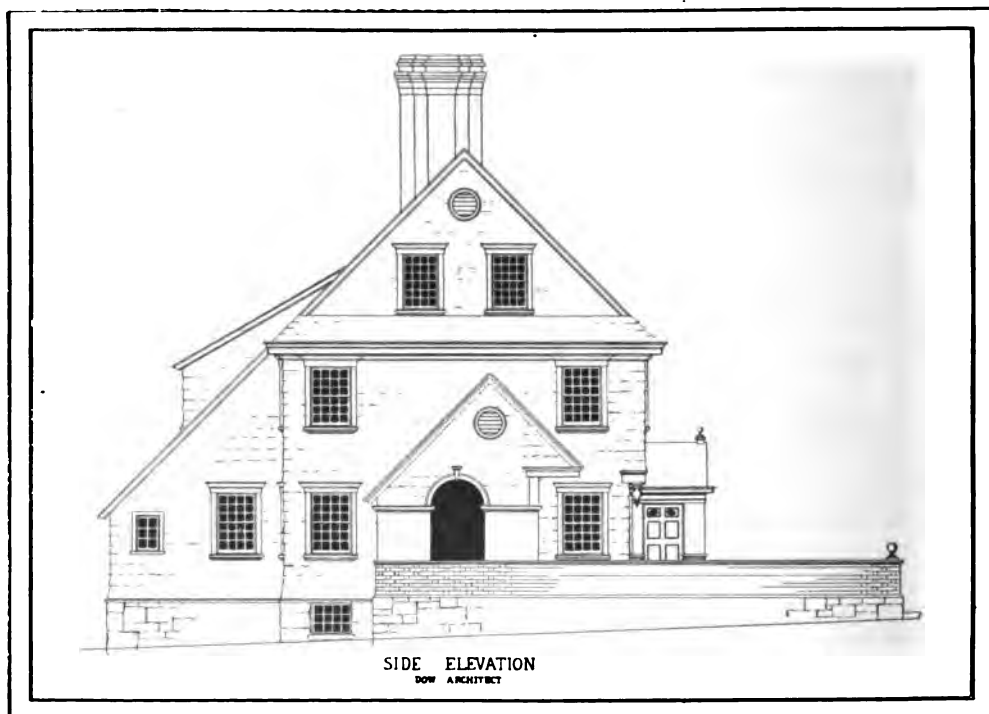
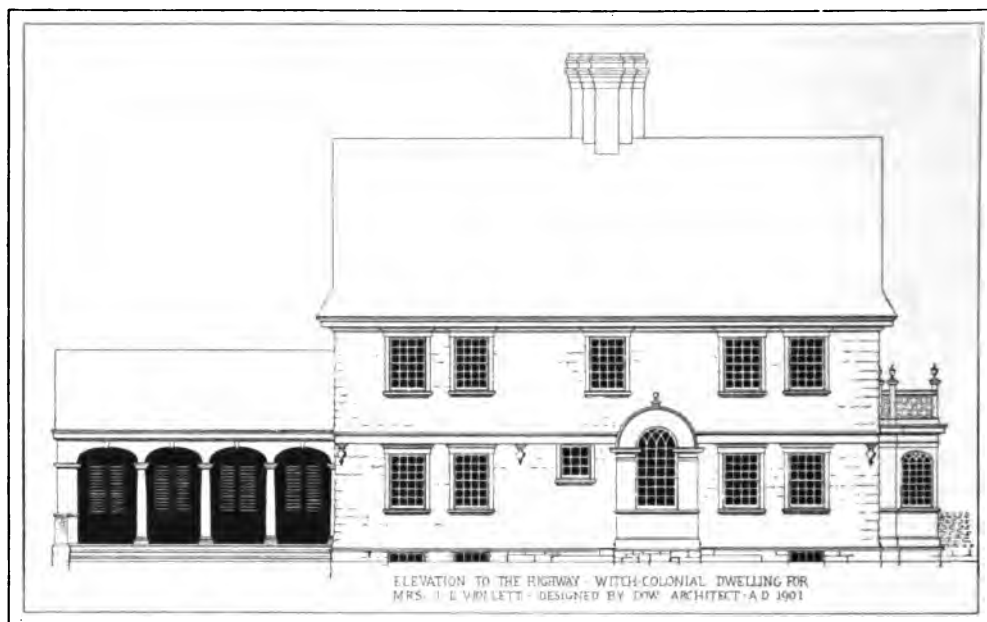
A SALEM WITCH HOUSE





stick in anybody, would not have fussed with a tawdry piazza. Back of the hall is the traditional lean-to kitchen, with a capacious pantry, also a modern laundry connecting therewith. Then comes a rear entry, and a fine butler's pantry leading us into the dining-room by a modern double-hung (double-swinging) door with push-plates and glass spectacles inserted in the panels on the eye-line. This dining-room, situated at the right of the main entrance, has a wonderful atmosphere, low-studded with visible girders in the ceiling, exposed corner-posts, and a wainscot as high as the window-sills. I should think the dining-room ought to be called "ye trencher-room," in witch vernacular, but I find no authority for the term. Judge Sewall and many of the old Puritans were certainly what Alice Morse Earle calls "valiant trencher-men."

As the house sets upon a slight declivity, part of it was leveled for a terrace. We were keenly apprehensive while hurrying this through, though, that at any moment our patron witch might put in an appearance with some dread witch invective in strenuous objection to an Italian terrace, such as we were trying to make harmonize, as decidedly unbecoming her severe simplicity. But then we came to argue in this way: Would not our dear old witch need privacy—where she could grow her simples and favorite flowers without annoyance from the gaze and comments of strangers passing by? Therefore we arranged a compound, surrounded by a substantial wall, for neighborhoods have a habit of growing populous in our time that would make an old-time witch think that the Indians on the frontier must be preparing for a grand Indian



summer massacre, and that the inhabitants very sensibly were flocking to town.

And now for the clustered chimney! We have sunk a lot of money in the huge stack, and brick enough to build a cheap tenement, but it is the last deft touch that gives the necessary personality to the design and thereby denominates the witch-colonial style of architecture. Not a dollar has been wasted in it. And its contemplation makes one rejoice over one contrivance in the new dwelling that will be entirely adequate to the work it has to perform. This kind of chimney encumbers the attic, for there have to be several rude flying buttresses in it to bring all the great flues for the wood-burning fireplace together. The buttresses, however, will remain where you put them, and in this respect prove less troublesome than would a colony of "rude flying" bats, for instance, long time the boon companions of witches,

one lurid bit of local color for the attic which even my exacting client was not prepared to insist upon. If a plan does not look well in elevation, perspective will not help matters much in the actual building. So trusting we have succeeded in making the geometrical lines—charitable lines—attractive and intelligible even to the neophyte, who claims never to be able to understand anything from an architectural drawing, we will rest our case. Let me add in conclusion, that "witch-colonial" is, undoubtedly, the subtlest subdivision of our great national renaissance, and this, if we know anything at all, we want to cherish and develop before any other kind of architecture, for we owe it to our history to do so. And I hope the day is not far distant when every progressive American architect will be hoodooed to the extent of at least one witch-colonial house commission.

REDECORATING WINDSOR CASTLE

THE work of renovation at Windsor Castle is now sufficiently near completion to permit of a description of the chief points of interest. It is, of course, in the private royal apartments that the importance of the work centers. These, as now treated, suggest a new note of refinement and delicacy of ornament which augurs well for the interior decorative art of the new century.

It has not been an easy task to deal with a Gothic building already decorated in the early Victorian style. The artists have grappled with the difficulties in a

spirit of thoroughness, and with gratifying results. A brilliant effect has been obtained by employing large surfaces of cream-white as a background for the superb works of art in which these apartments abound. The rooms reserved for the princesses are marked by a homely comfort and a total absence of everything in the way of regal splendor. They exemplify the tastes of occupants whose wishes have suggested simple wall coverings of exquisite design, comfortable nooks and corners made out of otherwise void spaces, a cosiness imparted to lofty rooms, and a distinct

individuality indicated by the employment of deep white friezes.

In the king's bedroom, a splendidly proportioned apartment, the color predominating is an Irish green; at least, the heavily woven carpet, which gives the keynote of the color scheme, is made by Irish labor, the silk panels and window draperies taking up the same color in a softer tone.

The king's sitting-room is the one in which the late prince consort passed his last hours, and during Queen Victoria's lifetime the bed in the alcove and every other article were left in exactly the same position as on that memorable morning in December, 1861.

The interesting features which identify the room with the close of an illustrious career have been preserved with reverent care. The ceiling has been slightly reduced in height, an eighteenth-century raised molding in flowers and fruits of a simple form occupying the center with a handsome console cornice. The whole is left in perfectly plain white. Below is a deep frieze or band of self-colored soft green. The room has a high wooden dado with beveled panels and pilasters forming an excellent background for the favorite family portraits which adorn the room.

A striking effect is obtained by the manner in which the woodwork has been finished off. It is made of solid mahogany, and painted in an ivory-white, quite remarkable in its finish. This effect is obtained by a process of rubbing down or felting between each successive coat, the gloss which is apparent being obtained, not by any form of varnishing, but by painstaking labor. An agreeable sense of warmth is, however, secured by means of a brilliant red ori-

ental carpet and soft-toned red silk curtains.

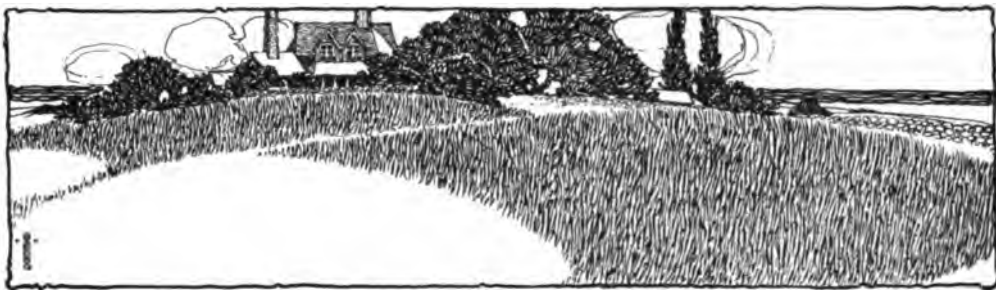
The furniture, it is interesting to note, dates from the end of the eighteenth century, and is, therefore, just one hundred years old. The much needed reparation of the coverings has been done in such a way that it seems to enter completely into the decorative scheme.

Her majesty's bedroom is paneled in a soft rose silk, and the windows are hung with a pure white soft satin which hangs in ample folds, and gives the necessary cool effect. The whole of the furniture is of the Empire period in design, and the bed draperies, surmounted by the imperial crown, make quite an imposing feature.

The bath-room adjoining is paneled with a soft marble on the one side and Sheraton wood on the other. The marble employed in both the king's and queen's bath-rooms is of Greek origin, from the quarries which have been reopened within the last year after having been lost sight of for over one thousand years.

By general opinion the palm must be awarded to the scheme executed in the royal boudoir. Old Louis XVI. furniture has been transferred from another part of the castle and covered in a soft-colored Beauvais tapestry, and the carpet, manufactured in France at the state factories, is remarkably tender in color, taking up the mother-of-pearl tints of old rose, green, blue, and cream.

The broad, old-fashioned gilt molding round the panels has been retained, and the center filled in by one of the most beautiful silks that could be designed for a Marie Antoinette room. Strained on the walls it has the appearance of a delicate ivory with hand-painted medallions suspended from floral wreaths.



THE BUILDING OF A COUNTRY HOUSE

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

Author of "Allan Winfield"

THE type of American country homes in recent years has changed in accordance with modern ideas of architecture, comfort, sanitary hygiene, and æsthetic appreciation of the beautiful. In their evolution from the typical log cabin of the settlers to the modern homes of the wealthy, with all possible comforts and conveniences that science can contribute, American country houses have reflected accurately the taste and fashion of the public of each decade, and in a collection of old prints one may easily trace the varying thoughts and influences that contributed to the architectural expressions of the day. The purely practical and utilitarian view of a country house naturally precedes every other consideration, and the early colonial homesteads, bare of ornament, severe in their simplicity of design, and often unpleasant in their hideous coat of paint, preserve to us even to-day the strict, practical side of our Puritan fathers' lives. They built their homes of substantial and lasting oak and ash, and for more than two centuries some of them have withstood the disintegrating effects of the elements.

The sturdy simplicity of the old colonial houses was a reflection of the national mind and taste, and we have no better assurances of their classic standard than the repeated efforts to copy them in part or detail. Modified colonial homes are now scattered all over the country. Some of them are monstrous travesties upon the originals, but they testify to the national appreciation of the simple but correct tastes of those who first settled in New England. The gingerbread type of ornamentation of country and town houses which followed later stands to-day in strong contrast to the simple beauty of the colonial homes. With a landscape dotted over with the latter there is a suggestion of sturdy, substantial, comfortable homes, in which dwell people of refined and elevated taste.

But the earliest pioneers in home-making in America made the mistakes common enough in their day. The lack of foundation strikes one of to-day with a queer sense of disproportion, or, what is more important to many, with a feeling of sanitary unwholesomeness. They look as if they were built on the ground, growing out of the grass and

weeds with neither brick nor stone foundation to keep out the dampness. Sanitary science had not then made itself an important factor in home-building. Even the selection of the home site was largely immaterial. Farmers built their homes where most convenient, and then constructed large, roomy barns on the best possible location of the land to accommodate a large herd of animals. The house often received far less consideration than the barn. The latter was the working plant of the farm, and consequently it received the costliest outlay in developing the farm.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF TO-DAY

A MERICAN country homes have to-day passed through the different phases of their evolution up to a standard of comfort and beauty, which makes them the equal of any in the world. More than that they represent a diversity and elasticity of design and finish not found elsewhere. American country architecture follows no one school. It is neither Gothic, Roman, Italian, English, nor French. It is not even American. It has not yet evolved a distinct type which can be called American. Yet it is aiming in the right direction, making all schools contribute toward the same end, and gradually selecting the best from each. There is, meanwhile, in the formation of an American type a process of experimentation which does not always please. There are absurd creations alongside of the strictly classical; monstrous aggregations of wings, additions, and gables which offend the eye; and quiet, severe little structures which show the honest but ignorant purpose of some otherwise worthy person or architect.

In short, our country architecture is very much like our national manners and literature. It is still in the process of formation.

Yet withal, the fruits of the movement are within our reach to-day, and we can point with pride to homes, and even communities of homes, which reflect a high stage of architectural taste. These homes are models of exterior beauty, and inside they command the best that science can give. The great change in our country homes in the past ten years has come about through the introduction of better systems of heating, plumbing and draining, and ventilating. These may not show from the outside, but they are more real than the external beauty of a gable or carved post. Those who have spent their boyhood days in cold, barn-like country homes preserve to the end a feeling of dread against country life in winter. The one or two open fireplaces which sufficed to heat the whole house scarcely took off the chill from the adjoining rooms. It may have been healthy thus to fight the cold on wintry nights, but it did not add to their comfort.

Modern heating of city or country homes has become a science in recent years that cannot be ignored. It is not only a question of installing a heating plant in the new house, but one of distributing the heat properly and ventilating the rooms at the same time. We cannot afford to sacrifice our health for our comfort, and the house that lacks proper ventilation is a prison from which we may never pass alive. Better were it that we return to the open fireplaces of our forefathers, to shiver and freeze between ice-cold sheets, than to bring into our homes some of the cheap, un-

healthy, and unscientific heating apparatuses which are offered for sale.

HEALTH AND COMFORT

THE home beautiful must be the home comfortable and sanitary. Country life contributes toward good health and longevity, but only as we make good use of the opportunities distributed around. It is easy to convert the good into the bad, and make existence in the country an intolerable season of sickness. Poor ventilation and overheating are common causes of complaint against town and city houses; but did we know it and recognize it, the same fault springs up in the country home unless care is exercised in designing and constructing the plant. Steam heat, hot water, indirect radiation, furnace heat, or stoves can all be regulated to produce heat without inviting danger. Any one of these systems has reached a scientific development which should make it satisfactory from the point of view of health or comfort. The trouble is that we often attach too little importance to the subject until too late. There is a scientific ratio between the cubic feet of air to be heated and the radiating surface of a heating plant. We cannot ignore this and expect to get the highest results. Many country homes suffer because, through false notions of economy, the builder or owner has sought to obtain the impossible. It does not pay to send a boy to do a man's work in anything.

When plumbing is considered in a country home, the builder of the house runs amuck of many difficulties, false notions of science and economy, and a score and one of old superstitions. Sanitary experts have made one class of

people cranks on the subject of plumbing. They are never satisfied. If there is sickness in the home—be it scarlet fever, malaria, a cold, or common influenza—the plumbing is held responsible for it all. That must be overhauled, repaired, and possibly replaced by a costly new plant. If sickness continue, the plumbing still must be at fault, and the house may eventually be abandoned because there is a subtle mystery of "hoodooism" about the plumbing which makes it impossible for the best sanitary experts to remedy it. Then, besides, some who pose as experts in this line condemn plumbing generally when called in, on the same principle that some doctors send their patients to bed and name their disease by some unpronounceable word. They are expected to coincide with their patient's view of the matter. It is professionally unprofitable to oppose their views.

Now, plumbing is a most important part of any house. It should be constructed scientifically and carefully; but there is no great mystery about it. Any plumber who understands his business well can plumb a house without leaving any loopholes for leaks. Then an examination once a year should suffice to keep it in good working condition. An occasional test by a good plumber should convince any one of the reasonably healthy and sanitary condition of the system. If then sickness develops in the home, look to other causes of the trouble—to the high living temperature, to the poor outside drainage, to the dampness around the house held by the shade-trees, to the stagnant, malarial pools near by, to the unwholesome condition of the cellar, to the contamination of the drinking-water, or to the diet or

unnatural way of dressing for the winter season. There are many things besides plumbing which produce sickness, and make it rampant in the country or city home.

DRAINAGE

AS to outside drainage, that is a good deal like the plumbing. It must be effectively good and scientifically correct, or it is worse than none. American country homes of modern construction are not only the best plumbed and heated in the world, but they are the best located. We no longer build our homes in the gullies and valleys, either from innate modesty or a desire to get close to mother earth; but we select the hilltop as the home site, and thereon construct a substantial home which will resist all storms and cold waves. It is a windy and airy place, but it is wholesome. We get the very ozone of the woods and forests in our lungs, and it blows the whisks through our hair and clothes summer and winter. The malaria that lurks in the valley cannot stand this brisk, fresh atmosphere, and we cast it over. The damp miasma of the swamps and woods cannot rise up there on the hilltop, and so we escape it. The rains and snows fall in torrents, and beat about the house, but they roll in rivulets down the side of the hill, and when the sun comes out our grounds dry up. There is no dampness left to mold and ferment in the shadows of trees and buildings. Nature has made provision for this, and we profit by the conditions.

With the site appropriately selected, we stand free to live and enjoy country life, building up sinews and tissue which assure us of happiness and long days of

peaceful old age. We know nothing of the premature decay and aging of those who toil and live in the lowlands, breathing the deadly germs of fevers and dampness, and laying up ahead stores of pains and aches to scourge the last hours of existence. If by chance the land does not slope sufficiently away from the hilltop home, we lay drains to carry off any surplus water, supplementing nature in her efforts to shield us from disease. Thus the modern country home becomes the haven of safety for all—the dearest place where life can be enjoyed to its fullness.

TREES AND SHRUBS

BUT what strange freak of human nature induces some to ruin perfect environments and conditions for a home site by planting shade and fruit trees around the house, so that the sun and air are shut out, dampness collected and held, and even the view obscured? In the present laudable movement for protecting and planting trees, we sometimes witness the perversion of an excellent scheme through dire ignorance. Somebody is enthusiastic over trees, and they are planted with haphazard prodigality—good, bad, and indifferent trees—and in places where no trees should ever grow. The house is surrounded by them, great tall spruce-trees, uncertain fruit-trees, and maples, oaks, and beeches. When they grow and develop into lusty maturity, they take possession of the home site, and the house all but disappears from view.

But meanwhile the inhabitants of the home are lucky if they escape with their lives. Those handsome shade-trees are converting the hilltop home into a damp, malarial, unwholesome valley site,

where disease germs thrive and multiply to destroy human life. The home is unable to throw off its accumulation of moisture, and the soil around it grows heavy and thick with dampness. The sun never penetrates to the living and sleeping rooms, and life becomes unwholesome and unpleasant. There is no relief until the trees are cut down or removed to a proper distance. So important is this question of shade-trees around the home that it needs to be agitated from one end of the land to the other. We can never have a healthy country life until the home is left free and clear for the warming rays of the sun to penetrate to every part of it, searching out every nook and corner of the living-rooms to dispel dampness and microbes. The long days of winter, and the pleasant ones of spring and fall, can only be made attractive by admitting the

sun in our homes as an ever-welcome guest. Shade-trees in their place are the greatest blessings that a considerate Creator ever bestowed upon a people; but out of their proper place they become a curse.

Country home-making can never be made complete until interest is taken in tree-planting; but the planting must be cultivated through a love for and a sympathy with the trees. One must know every tree that he plants, and not one should be admitted on the place except for a purpose. It should form a part of a scheme—a work of landscape art. Then as the trees grow and expand they fulfil the expectations of their owner. The home becomes more and more suited to our ideas of what we consider artistic, beautiful, and comfortable; in short, an ideal country home to express and reflect our tastes.

AN EASTER BRIDE'S CHEST

BY HARRIET MONROE

WE have all heard of the bridal chests of old England and France and Italy, those rich coffers carved and painted and adorned wherein my lady's linen was packed to be carried from the house of her father to that of her new lord. Many of us have seen some of these chests of long ago in foreign museums and palaces, or even in our own land, and seeing have wondered why the modern bride should not also have a noble casket for her treasures.

Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne did not ask herself that question in vain. That inventive brain of hers, and those deft hands so skilful in many arts, at once set for themselves another task, and these two pictures show with what success it was achieved for a fortunate Boston bride.

The chest is made of carefully seasoned oak, and is built to last for centuries, the side panels and base being firmly fastened to the four massive posts at the corners. The wood is carved on



A BURNED CHEST. DESIGNED AND MADE BY
ADELINE YALE WYNNE

the front and ends in a bold and simple pattern, the chief decoration being reserved for the top. Here heavy wrought-iron hinges, clamped with large wrought nails, divide the design, and assist its motive by framing in the carved figure of the Virgin above a heavy cross of iron, which ends in the hasp. The border of interwoven braided lines is very beautiful, and expressive of the Gothic inspiration of the design.

No color adorns the exterior of the chest. Closed it shows nothing but somber iron and carved wood darkened by burning. But on opening it, what a glad surprise! for inside the lid carries a beautiful decoration in greens and blues and whites—a conventionalized

spray of lilies against broad mountain masses, toning from green through distant blues to the lighter blue of the sky. The treatment of the picture is not realistic; heavy outlines, flat colors, and long, simple lines hold it to its decorative key. I can think of no possible effect more charming in such a chest than this sudden bursting of morning out of the darkness as one lifts the lid, an effect heightened by the green staining of the interior. The white lilies, by their old symbolic suggestion of the resurrection, of course, add poetic value to this feeling of joy in the dawn.

Mrs. Wynne has made other chests, usually smaller than this. One now in her studio is less than two feet long, and made of carved and burned whitewood. The exterior shows a beautiful decoration of copper panels,

framing in pieces of the wonderfully colored abalone shell which may be found sparkling in the sun on the California sea-coast. May her happy experiments in chests prove a suggestion for other agile fingers!



DETAIL OF THE COVER



A CASEMENT-WINDOW HOUSE

THE WINDOW PROBLEM

BY ROBERT C. SPENCER, JR.

(Illustrations by the Author.)

WHO'S WHO
IN THE
ARCHITECTURE

CERTAIN vital points involved in the designing of houses are seldom settled between architect and client without discussion. Sometimes the architect, for the sake of peace, is obliged, under protest, to yield in spite of his better knowledge and judgment; sometimes the client has sufficient confidence in the presumably expert advice he is paying for to give in gracefully. In either case he will be equally certain to blame the architect for any faults, real or imaginary, he may discover in his house after he has made it his abode.

Besides questions of style or no style, of arrangement, plan, and of materials of their construction, are the porch question, the question of story heights, and

the window question. In the building of the average cheap house this is not a problem or a question. The ordinary "guillotine" double-hung sash is universally used and nothing else is thought of. It is in the better class of houses where some beauty and more than the average degree of comfort and fitness of things are sought that windows of other types are likely to be considered.

In New York city houses and in many country places of New Yorkers long French windows are now common features, largely owing to the vogue of the modern French school and its exploitation by Beaux Arts men, who are strong in number and influence in the metropolis.

In suburban and country homes, Eng-



CASEMENTS FOR A LAKE SHORE HOUSE

lish casement windows are just beginning to be appreciated. Their picturesqueness made its first appeal to many Americans, otherwise ignorant of English houses, through Kate Greenaway's illustrations some years ago. Now that their practical virtues are becoming known through use and improved con-

struction and hardware fittings, their picturesqueness is no longer chief claim to consideration in planning a house. No one factor controls architectural design more than penetration. In fact, the two chief elements of exterior design are wall and opening, support and void. Guillotine sash cannot be grouped as

closely as casement sash, owing to the space required for the boxes containing the counter-weights. A group of windows fitted with the former, therefore, scarcely gives the effect of one broad expanse of glass not too broken by solid supports to retain its apparent unity.

Possibly the reader has by this time begun to suspect that I am making an argument for casement windows as opposed to the ordinary type.

I am. The old is too familiar and too firmly established to need defense. It is the new idea which needs support. At the same time I shall try to give each type of window its due, making as clear as possible the virtues and faults of each. For the perfect window has not yet been devised to suit universally our modern conditions. Different classes of buildings require windows of different kinds. The demands of climate must also be considered. Let us take up first the peculiarly indigenous guillotine window, with its double-hung "check roll" sash. No other window is so well suited, within certain limits of size, to large, single openings. When in good order, accurately fitted and balanced, and not too wide in proportion, the sash are easily operated; and when fitted with full-length fly-screens, and opened at top and bottom, they give fairly good ventilation in hot weather. When fitted with patent revolving or swinging attachments the

glass may be safely and conveniently cleaned—otherwise not. Such revolving appliances, of which several of more or less practical merit are now on the market, require special frames or sash, add to the cost, and are employed at present only to a limited extent for residence work, being still in the experimental stage as to durability and permanent weather-tightness.

A type seldom employed, except in large buildings, is the large pivoted sash

revolving on a vertical axis. This is the only practical scheme for very large and heavy movable sash.

French casement sash are commonly hung in folding pairs, opening inward, and require careful construction and expensive fittings to make them



MULLIONED BAY WITH CASEMENTS

weather-proof and easy of operation. When used singly or with mullions, they are less expensive to equip properly, and give less trouble in closing. All full-length casement windows, whether opening in or out, require the hanging of shades and curtains on the sash when opening inward, and on the fly-screens in summer when opening outward. The screens swinging inward in the latter case are loose-pin butts, admitting of their ready removal. When inside screens are taken off, shades and curtains are rehung in the window opening, or on the sash. Windows of this type are indispensable for giving direct access

to terraces, verandas, balconies, or garden views, and give perfect ventilation. All casement windows are easily operated, and if properly made and equipped with suitable hardware fittings, are more nearly weather-tight without the use of rubber strips or similar devices than are windows of the guillotine type. They afford perfect ventilation, twice as much as an equal area of glass in double-hung sash. In fact, they are the only windows really suitable for bedrooms in warm weather.

This may seem to be a very radical statement, but I have proved its truth by a careful comparison of practical results, which simply agree with the theory of ventilation. After a sultry day a hot room can only be rapidly brought to the

cooler night temperature by permitting the air to escape somewhere near the ceiling. The larger the total area of opening provided, the quicker the change. On a hot night you want to open the whole side of a room to the outer air in order to catch every little cooling breeze. With the ordinary window opened at the bottom only, the hot air above the level of the opening remains almost stagnant for hours. If the window is opened at the top and the half-screen in common use pushed up, the ventilation is much more rapid, but the cooler outside air-currents interfere with the escaping air as they enter.

With a full-length screen, and the window opened at top and bottom, still better results are obtained, the cool air entering below to replace the warm air escaping above. Half of the opening, however, must remain closed in any case, and useless for ventilation. In case of a gale of wind or driving rain, exposed windows must be tightly closed. When casement sash are properly hung, opening outward, preferably in pairs with mullions for each sash, unless a storm comes directly at right angles to the wall, one of each pair may always be left slightly open with safety. Any one who has tried to sleep on the weather side of a house during a thunder-storm, after a sultry day, in a room without cross draught, will appreciate the importance of this seemingly minor point. As I have said before, casement windows should, if possible, be made to open outward, not into the room; though this is a much mooted point at present, even among architects.

I will give my reasons for the foregoing positive statement, which does not, however, apply to sash over five



DOUBLE-HUNG SASH IN BAY



DOUBLE-HUNG SASH WITH MULLIONS AND PILASTERS

feet high. If too large, casement sash, when exposed squarely to the wind, are apt to be twisted off by a heavy gust. The necessary fly-screen has made the casement-window problem a more difficult one for us than for the English, who are not troubled as we are by these common pests, which the most immaculate housekeeping does not alone repel during summer and autumn. Hitherto, with casements, screens have been hinged at one side and shades and curtains taken care of after the manner stated in the description of French windows, which are simply elongated casements.

If the sash swung in, it was annoying to a sitter at the window, unless swung back against the wall, where it might strike a picture. In a group of windows only two could be thus opened. If it swung out, shades and curtains had to be shifted to the screen or the shade rolled up and the curtains interfered with every time it became necessary to open the screen and adjust or fasten the sash.

The out-swinging sash are simple in construction, and tighter; they fend off wind and rain, and act as vanes to deflect cooling breeze inward, and take up no space inside—virtues lacking in those opening inward.

All difficulties of operation are now obviated by hanging the screens in flush socket pivots at the top, into which they can be readily slipped, and from which they can be easily removed in a moment without disturbing shades or curtains. For access to the sash in opening or closing, it is only necessary to swing the screen inward a foot or so at the bottom with one hand, while reaching the bar adjuster or lock with the other, inserted below or at one side of the screen. Shades and curtains are practically undisturbed unless the latter are too tightly looped back. With proper implements the glass may be cleaned outside with less difficulty than in double-hung sash, although, of course, not as easily as in those which swing in.

A discussion of the window problem

in the pages of this magazine would not be complete if its æsthetic side were ignored. All types of mullioned or massed openings which admit of large glass areas, subdivided by structural members, favor beautiful, broad, contrasting wall surfaces, and lend themselves most happily to domestic work in which the plan is frankly expressed by the grouped openings in the exterior. Good architecture, however, is not dependent upon any one style or type of opening. Each in its way is good if rightly handled by the architect. The development of plate-glass industry has facilitated the adoption, even in cottages, of absurdly large unbroken windows, which almost turn the occupants of a room out of doors, regardless of the ugly or commonplace character of the outlook or the demands of privacy.

No window is finer or more appropriate than a broad frame filled with a single sheet of plate-glass, when it opens upon a beautiful landscape or water

view. If vines and flowers twine about it, no flagree of dainty leaded glass is half so beautiful a frame for one of nature's ever-changing pictures. But such views are often lacking, and in cold, stormy weather it is pleasant to feel the sense of shelter given by the inclosing structure; and a group of mullioned casement windows is after all practically one broad window, through which the structure of the building lightly rises without seriously marring the outdoor picture.

Let us then have our broad "landscape windows," but let us first be sure of a picture beyond—something better to look out upon than a street, narrow lawn, or our neighbor's houses. Having one such window, let us glorify it with a fitting frame—an architectural or a living and blossoming border. And when we retire at night, winter or summer, whether our windows be "guillotine" or casement, let us have them opened enough to let in the pure air of heaven.



OUR GRANDAMS' CUP-PLATES

BY MARY A. KENT

PROBABLY every lover of old china is familiar with the dictum of Charles Lamb respecting the relative interest of the china-closet and the picture-gallery. Knowing as we do which had precedence in his regard, it is easy to fancy how he would revel in

the closets that contain the cup-plates collected by Miss A. Josephine Clark, of South Framingham, Massachusetts. How lovingly he would linger over the miniature plates, delighting in the collection, descanting with felicitous phrase on some characteristic in this diminutive

piece of pottery, or praising the intrinsic beauty of another!

The array on Miss Clark's shelves would supply a theme most happily in accord with Elia's tastes, and most fittingly would it have been treated by his graceful, delicate pen.

A casual visitor has pleasure in these serried rows of tiny plates, and exclaims delightfully at first sight of them, but the connoisseur sees feature after feature provocative of enthusiastic comment.

There are many collections of historical plates and platters of the larger sizes; many large collections that are practically complete; but an almost complete representative collection of the small and very rare cup-plates used by the generations past is as interesting as it is unique.

To-day polite society eschews the cup-plate, but that it had a place on the well-appointed board of our ancestors is attested by these very rows in the cabinets before us. It is true that our honored forefathers drank from their saucers; it was a custom urban as well as provincial, and the dainty cup-plates played an important part in keeping the linen immaculate, the mahogany unstained.

That the use of the saucer was not only common but correct as well has an interesting illustration in our national oratory when the constitution was framing. A brilliant statesman and strenuous advocate for two branches of the legis-



A CORNER OF MISS CLARK'S COLLECTION

lative body declared that the Senate was necessary to temper the heated proceedings of the House as the saucer was essential to cool the contents of the cup. And while the cup-plate does not appear in this figure of the eighteenth-century

law-giver, to me it is there by implication, and I never recall the argument without picturing the accessory cup-plate.

The cup-plate being a prime requisite on our grandam's table, the potters supplied an infinite variety, and many of the choicest are in the cabinets which Miss Clark has worked so assiduously to fill.

In number, there are between four and five hundred of these relics of the old order, and the best known potteries of England have contributed to the collection. Here are the simple decorations of Leeds; here are the most ornate dark blues of Staffordshire. Of the purely decorative, non-historical designs, there are colors the most diverse—blues, light and dark, pinks, greens, blacks, purples, browns, and the lusters.

We count fortunate the possessor of large plates and platters in the rare American historic subjects, and the more elusive cup-plate in the same designs boasts of a kind of daintiness which the larger pieces do not possess.

Among the historical subjects are a medallion of Washington and Lafayette, with the names in a scroll borne by the American eagle, and impressed mark "Wood" on back, the diameter being three and one-half inches; two rare prints of Harvard College, one in black, the other in pink, with border of leaves and flowers; two Landing of the Pilgrims, the print in the center being the same in each, but the border varying in design, one being perfectly plain, the other showing part of the scroll-border seen on the large plates of this subject; a three-and-one-half-inch print of Scudder's American Museum, as perfect in finish and color as the prints on the larger

plates; three prints, with border differing in design, of the Battery, New York, one evidently a "Stevenson" print, and having a border of white—a most unusual feature; the Cadmus is twice shown, once enwreathed in a shell border, and again in trefoil; there is a perfect print of the Baltimore Exchange, with the regulation border of the "Beauties of America" series, by Ridgway; and there is a Stoughton Church, Philadelphia, acorn border and white edge. Mendenhall Ferry, the Savannah Bank, and the Pittsfield Elm are some rare subjects that find representation on the cup-plates. The last-named design, so desired by collectors, is shown in two prints, one being double. Mendenhall Ferry is most unusual on a cup-plate, while the Savannah Bank is seldom found on a plate of any size. There is a pink print marked Thorpe & Sprague, Albany, N. Y., title on face; and there is a dark blue coat of arms of South Carolina, by T. Mayer.

Among the American historic plates are several prints of the Landing of Lafayette, one having the picture in the oval center, and background of leaves and flowers. There are two prints of the states and two woodlands, the latter being the smallest historical plate known. The tradition attaching to the anti-slavery plate gives it a singular interest. A millennium plate, with its symbolic emblems, must not be overlooked, and then we must pay our respects to Richard Jordan, the New Jersey farmer. From a Boston with its Beacon Hill, we turn to a Quebec with its citadel.

But I will simply enumerate a few more of the American historic subjects. One will find several of the Hudson

River series, namely, Fort Edwards, Fort Miller, The Highlands, Baker's Falls, in these trim rows, as well as Girard's Bank, Fort Ticonderoga, a Lafayette, Reverse of Cornwallis, a Conway, N. H., a Coat of Arms, U. S. A., a Columbus, and a Boston Mails, Gentlemen's Cabin.

We are pleased to read the terse sayings of Poor Richard from off a Franklin Maxims plate; and the mention of Franklin suggests France and a plate unallied to the foregoing subjects, so we give a glance at Napoleon, who, with the utmost nonchalance, sits astride a chair apparently meditating on the successful issue of the Marengo campaign.

I must call attention, too, to a Queen Victoria cup-plate, showing portrait of the late queen, with dates of birth, ascension, and coronation.

In the Wilkie designs are the Letter of Introduction and the Errand Boy. There are Don Quixote cup-plates, so we shall not look in vain for the Knight of La Mancha in this collection.

It was about two centuries after the sallying out of Don Quixote that the redoubtable Dr. Syntax started out on his adventurous tours in search of the picturesque, of consolation, and lastly of a wife. The chances are that the doctor would by now have passed into oblivion had not his fortunes, happy and adverse, been illustrated by the clever Rowlandson. Reproductions from Rowlandson's work



A CUPBOARD WITH CUP-PLATES

were very popular subjects for decoration, and we find several in the attractive collection of which I have given a suggestive rather than a comprehensive list.

No one can deny a smile to these amusing Dr. Syntax prints, and among them there is Dr. Syntax and the Dairy Maid, where the Doctor enacts the pater-

nal rôle to the damsel young and fair; this is a very rare print, and in it, as in the other Syntax subjects, the humorous accessories are as delightful as the principal features. In Dr. Syntax sketching after nature, we seem to hear as well as see, and naturally enough quote, descriptive of the scene:

"The sheep all baa'd, the asses bray'd,
The moo-cows low'd, and Grizzle neigh'd."

A series of calamities met the Doctor in his early wanderings, and in Dr. Syntax Bound to a Tree by Highwayman, we see the Doctor in durance, and two buxom matrons on their trotting palfreys riding to his release.

Although the tour in quest of the pic-

turesque was in the end most happily accomplished, the death of Dolly, the Doctor's spouse, sent him out once more, and this time he sought consolation. Dr. Syntax with the Gipsies celebrates a well-known episode in the journey which was undertaken to divert his mind from preying sorrow.

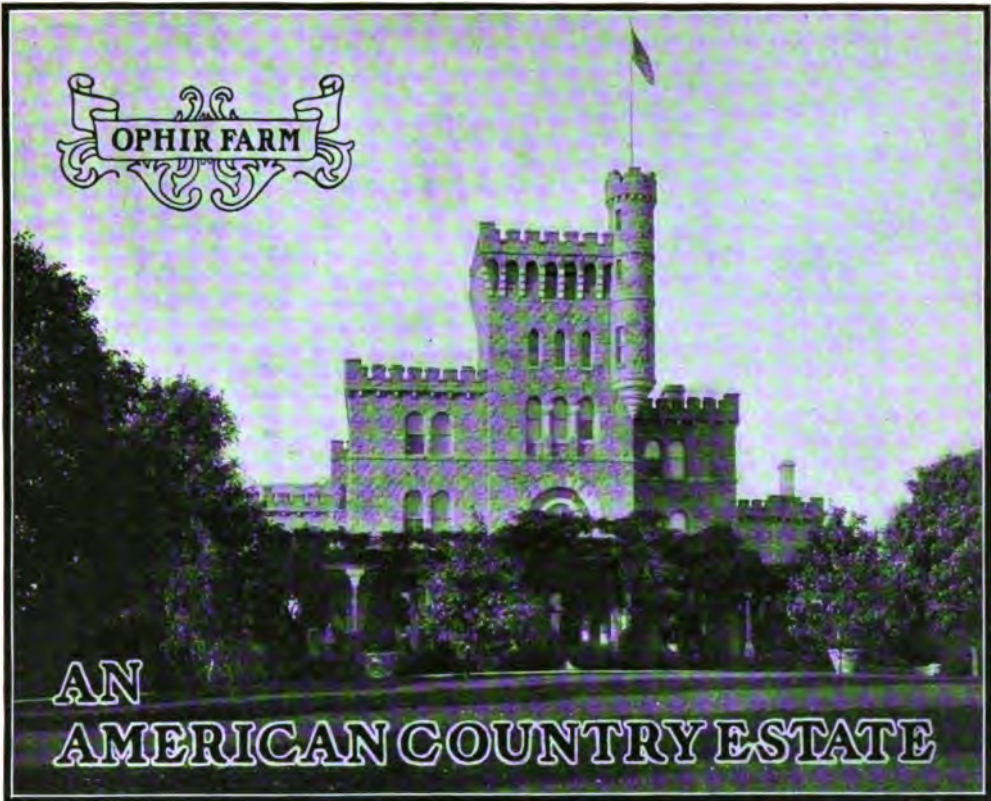
But when, in conclusion, I say again that there are more than four hundred of these tiny cup-plates, and that besides the specimens I have enumerated there are many more of interest and value, it will be granted, I am sure, that the cabinets hold a distinctive collection, a veritable treasure-trove which diligence has culled from the possessions of our forebears.

HOUSEHOLD ART

"Mine be a cot," for the hours of play,
Of the kind that is built by Miss Greenaway;
Where the walls are low, and the roofs are red,
And the birds are gay in the blue o'erhead;
And the dear little figures, in frocks and frills,
Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,
And play with the pups, and reprove the calves,
And do naught in the world (but Work) by halves,
From "Hunt the Slipper" and "Riddle-me-ree"
To watching the cat in the apple-tree.

O, Art of the Household! Men may prate
Of their ways "intense" and Italianate,
They may soar on their wings of sense, and float
To the *au delà* and the dim remote,
Till the last sun sink in the last-lit West,
'Tis the Art at the Door that will please the best;
To the end of time 'twill be still the same,
For the Earth first laughed when the children came!

—AUSTIN DOBSON.



OPHIR FARM, the estate of the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, is one of the oldest and most beautiful estates in the suburbs of New York City. It is situated at White Plains, New York, and comprises a tract of about eight hundred acres of rolling country, in some parts thickly wooded and in others comparatively clear. The estate is located about two miles from the village of White Plains; and as one drives along the boulevard, the first intimation he has of its existence is the imposing gateway, with huge wrought-iron gates hung from rough stone posts, behind which we see the charming little one-story lodge.

The house is distant about a mile and a half from these gates, and the road which leads to it has been laid out purposely to reveal the beauties of nature to the fullest possible extent. Almost

the entire distance it winds in and out through the woods, here and there revealing a glimpse of pasture or open field, now crossing a rustic bridge, and now passing a stream at times wide enough to deserve the name of lake. This "wood-road," as it is called, is one of the special points of interest at Ophir Farm, and a drive through it seems all too short, when one emerges suddenly into an open field with a full view of the mansion, whose gray walls and towers raise their crenellated coping above the surrounding trees and gardens.

The house, which consists of a main portion three stories in height and a two-story wing on either side, is in the style of a feudal castle, and is built entirely of gray granite. Mr. Reid takes a personal interest in developing all the natural resources of his estate, and the granite quarries from which all the material

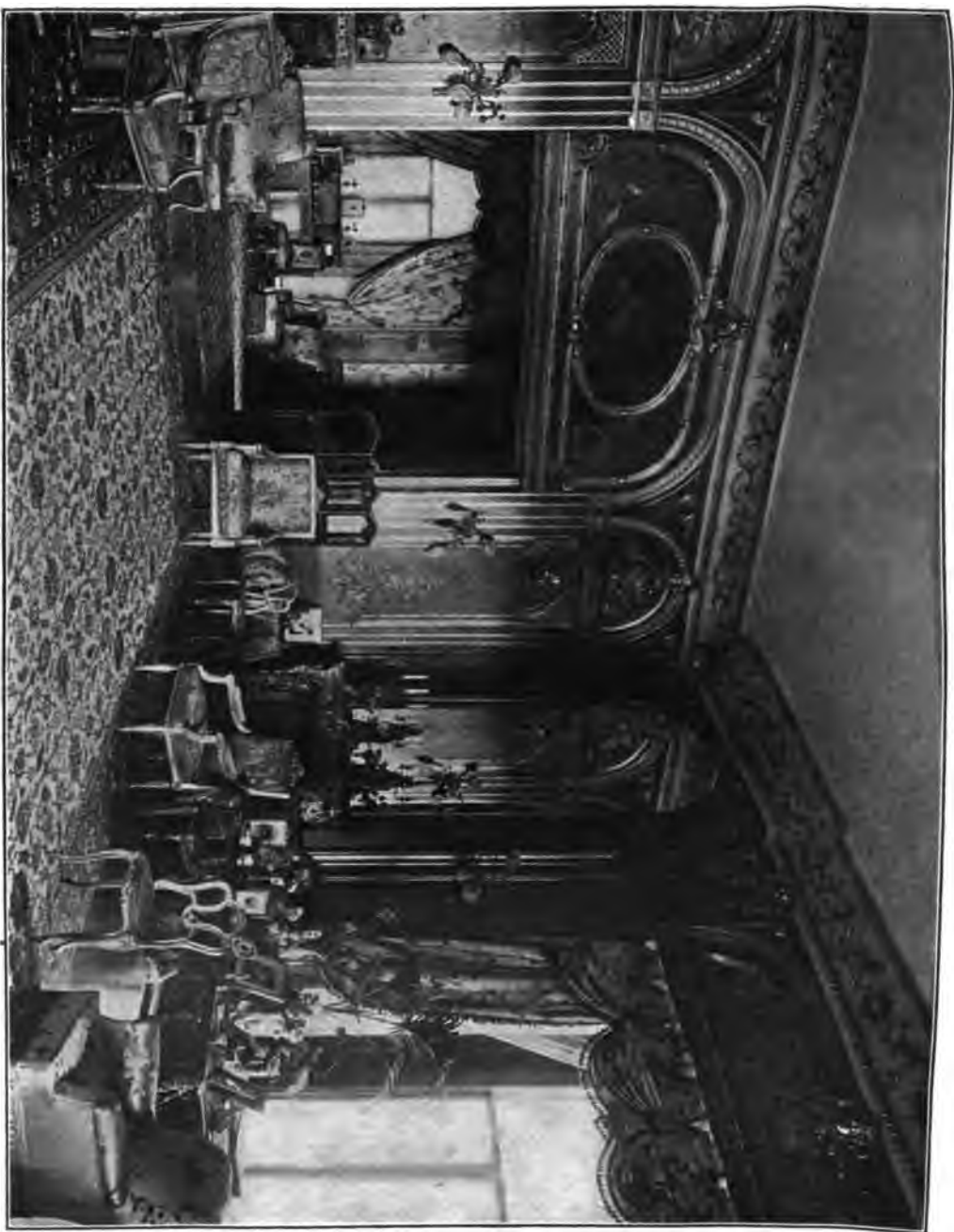


THE IMPOSING GATEWAY WITH WROUGHT-IRON GATES

came, not only for his house and stables, but for the terraces, retaining walls, steps, copings, etc., are his own, and are located a very short distance from the place where the stone has been employed.

The main portion of the house, almost square in shape, is surrounded with a broad piazza practically on all sides, the only breaks occurring where the wings are joined. Even the piazza is of granite, the cornice being gray like the house, and the columns of polished pink stone. The mosaic floor forms a cool setting for summer rugs, large tropical palms, and easy-chairs. The view from all sides is very picturesque, and in summer the lawns give the effect of English landscape. A herd of several hundred sheep in charge of a shepherd graze on the broad fields which stretch away immediately in front of the entrance. The small house which formed the beginning of Ophir Farm completely lost its identity in the extensive alterations which resulted in the present structure. Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, the architects, completed the house about twelve years

ago, a large portion of the work being executed during Mr. Reid's residence abroad as ambassador to France. In plan the house is simple—a broad hall running through the middle with two rooms at each side, a reception and dining room on the left, and the drawing-room and a sort of a sitting-room, or den, on the right. The kitchen and servants' wing is back of the dining-room, and Mr. Reid's library and office behind and at the right of the den. The hall is entered beneath a massive square tower through doors of a single piece of plate-glass, whose existence is forgotten when inside, and the view is seen through them, unhampered by other than the lightest of iron frames. The ceiling is cream-white and the heavy cornice is gilded. The walls are wainscoted to within about two feet of the cornice with panels of Etowah marble (a pink variety from Georgia which somewhat resembles pink Numidian), and pilasters of yellow Numidian marble. The rather formal stairway starts in the middle of the hall and ascends in a single run to a landing,



THE LOUIS XV. DRAWING-ROOM



THE FORMAL STAIRWAY IN THE MAIN HALL

whence it divides and returns in two runs the rest of the distance. The large fireplace at the left of the hall reaches to the ceiling, and is also composed of pink and yellow marble. These two marbles are used according to a definite scheme; the vertical members, pilasters, balusters, newels, etc., are yellow, and the rest, wainscots, steps, lintels, etc., pink. This room is unique, and cannot be duplicated, as it exhausted the Etowah quarry. Between the wainscot and the cornice is what resembles antique tapestry, but upon closer examination is seen to be very fine glass mosaic, a material lending itself admirably to the crude forms of tapestry foliage. The walls of the reception-room, which we enter at the left of the front door, are entirely of woodwork very richly inlaid. Every portion of the mahogany background is covered with a flowing arabesque pattern of satinwood and mother-of-pearl.

The woodwork of the dining-room, in

the rear of the reception-room, is the same as this latter, except that on account of the increased wall space, large panels of embossed leather of a sage-green color fill the spaces between the mahogany stiles. The green leather forms a beautiful finish and a superb background for several old portraits. These rooms have attracted considerable interest, and the designer of the elaborate inlaid arabesques, Mr. George Babb, of New York, has followed the example of the old masters of such work by inlaying his own initials in a corner of the panel over the dining-room mantel.

Crossing the hall, we now enter the drawing-room, perhaps the most beautiful and interesting room in the house. The walls from floor to ceiling are of French oak, finished in the natural colors, and ornamented with rich carving heavily gilded. In style the room is a pure example of very late Louis Quinze, the unusual and particularly interesting



THE DINING-ROOM

feature being to find a room of this period finished in the natural colors of the wood. This room has also attracted considerable attention among artists, decorators, and connoisseurs of art on account of its purity of style and perfection of execution. The room is a genuine old example of the period, having been purchased by Mr. Reid when in Paris, and came from the old château of Villennes at Poissy, which was then being demolished. It is considered one of the finest, if not the finest, example of a French room in America. The execution of the carving throughout is superb, and is the same in quality near the ceiling as on the level with the eyes. The twelve heads in the keystones of the arches are special studies, and each a work of art in itself.

In the rear of the drawing-room is the library, an apartment of really noble proportions, which at once suggests what primarily a library should be—a workshop. This room, which is about thirty-three by forty-two feet in size and eighteen feet in height, is abundantly lit by windows on all four sides reaching to the cornice. Book-shelves occupy the rest of the wall space, with the exception of that occupied by a massive marble mantelpiece which reaches to the ceiling. No draperies whatever detract from the workshop effect of this room, and the accessibility of all the books by means of conveniently placed ladders is another most practical point. The ceiling has a large central panel surrounded by a border of smaller ones, forming the central part of it and connected with the walls by a very ample cove ornamented with heraldic devices. The pictures filling the panels are by the late Dennis Bunker, who unfortunately died before they were finished. The dividing beams between the panels, as well as the entire cover, are in antique gold—a very rich finish, surmounting as it does the antique oak of the bookcases below.

Beyond the library is a small office easily accessible from the garden, where a secretary conducts whatever of Mr. Reid's business is necessary, and where

the heads of the various departments of the estate receive their orders.

Ascending the stairs in the main hall, on the landing is one of the art treasures of the house, David Neal's possibly best known painting, "The First Meeting of Mary Stuart and Rizzio." The picture was painted in 1876, and has always been a favorite. An Empire bedroom and boudoir are the most interesting of all the rooms on the second floor.

Mr. Reid is certainly justly proud of his garden. This he considers the really most successful portion of the whole estate, as, to use his own words, it was "laid out by the greatest architect—Nature." In this case Nature has certainly used her most skilful hand, but the natural advantages have been increased and developed along Nature's own lines. Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted had full opportunity to exercise his utmost skill, which he knew so well how to use, in assisting instead of attempting to improve Nature. A small, formal garden at the east of the house is the starting-point. The garden has been leveled off on the side of the hill, so that granite retaining walls on three sides give it the protection formal gardens should have, and also furnish the proper view-point from which they may be seen to the best advantage. From the formal garden paths diverge in different directions and wander apparently at random up and down the hillside. To all appearances, it is exactly as laid out by Nature herself. Openings in the shrubbery reveal here a corner of the house, here the formal garden, here a group of stately trees, and here again the meadows. These views are not continuous, but only a glimpse, and always in the most favorable direction. It is then we begin to study the plan of the garden, and finally are forced to admit the great art which has been manifested—in fact, the greatest of all art—concealed art. At the north of the formal garden a path leads to the flower-garden and conservatories. The former is laid out on three broad terraces leveled off on a hillside in such a manner as to give the best pro-



MR. REID'S LIBRARY AND DESK



THE SUN-DIAL WITH SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC, ON THE BRICK-PAVED TERRACE

tection. Beyond these are the stables, which are at present being repaired and increased in size.

On a small brick-paved terrace east of the house, and surrounded by a row of Japanese evergreens, stands a most picturesque old sun-dial. A hexagonal pedestal of white marble ornamented with the signs of the zodiac in bronze, applied to its surface, is surmounted with a large bronze turtle, on whose back a white slab of marble, with the proper figures, tells the hours.

Eight hundred acres of beautiful land form a fitting setting for a stately mansion, and in this case the house and grounds are worthy of each other. The effect of unity seems to have been the principal aim of owner, architect, and landscape artist. This effect has been so successfully obtained that the impression is that of an English estate where hundreds of years and a gradual development have been required to amalgamate the different parts into a harmonious whole.

HORACE B. MANN.

The photographs reproduced in this article are by Aime Dupont.

THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL

CONDUCTED BY

CLARENCE MOORES WEED

THE same principles that apply to the selection of a vase as a receptacle for flowers apply also to the selection of jardinières for a growing plant. In both we are to remember that the bit of pottery is to serve as a receptacle for a display of beauty rather than to be in itself the center of attraction. We may well learn from the painter a lesson as to this. Should he make the background of his picture more striking and interesting than the picture itself, he would sin against the proprieties no more than do we when we place a simple, graceful fern, charming in its monotone of color, in a gaudily colored jar, covered with impossible flowers in startling hues. Yet if you look at the next lot of jardinières you see on sale in the shops, you will see how utterly unfit they are for any intelligent use with beautiful plants. As a rule, the more costly they are the less they are fitted for their purpose. With a few notable exceptions, the only suit-

Artistic Jardinières



ASTER PLANT IN AN ISUMO JARDINIÈRE

able jardinières of American make I have been able to find in our Eastern cities are the very inexpensive ones of simple forms, colored in subdued greens and browns. A familiar type of these is shown in the accompanying picture of a comet aster. These jars have the constriction at the top which compels you to put inside each a much smaller pot than it should take. Apparently the manufacturers of these receptacles

intend that the rim of the flower-pot should rest upon the top of the jardinière, leaving it permanently exposed, and rendering impossible any harmonious display.

And so it is that here, as with the vases, we must go to the Japanese shops. Passing by the gaudy things sent over for our special benefit by the manufacturers who cater to the demands of our market, we may be able to find some of the plant jars of the sort in use in Japan. If so, we shall see that these are designed for the direct growth of the

plant without any intervening pot. At the bottom is a hole for drainage, and towards the top the jar widens so that it may be used to advantage for holding the flower-pot if we desire so to use it. These jardinières are manufactured in all sizes, from tiny sorts designed for use in doll-houses to large ones designed for holding trees of a century's growth, dwarfed, however, by the peculiar art of the oriental gardener.

These jars are made in a great variety of Japanese pottery. The yellow and green Izumo ware has several excellent designs in the beautiful tones of yellow and green, so characteristic of this pottery; one of these is shown in one of the aster pictures herewith. Good plant jars are also to be found in the Owari, Raku, Seto, Awaji, Ofuke, and Tosa makes, while forms of decided artistic excellence, as well as surprising cheapness, may be found in the Tokonabe ware. One such, which is excellent as a temporary plant receptacle, though not primarily designed for holding plants, may be seen in the picture of the jack-in-the-pulpit herewith.

From spring until autumn one of the most satisfactory ways to use flowers is to transplant, just as they are commencing to bloom, the low-growing annuals with compact roots into appropriate jardinières. With such plants as asters this does not interfere with the flowering, so that one can liven up the living-rooms with glorious displays of form and color. There is no necessity for the use of regulation flower-pots in such cases, and the plant should be thoroughly watered a few hours before it is taken up.

An illustration of the delightful results to be obtained by transplanting

the smaller wild flowers into small jars and jardinières is shown in the picture of the bluets in a Japanese jar. Such a bunch of plants is easily transferred from the field and will remain in blossom a good while.

A very satisfactory receptacle for flowers in pots is that made of rush basket ware, one of which is shown in the picture of an Easter lily. The bottom is of wood and the sides of woven rushes. The green color and the expanding shape adapt this receptacle to harmonious use with a great variety of plants, although it is especially fitting for foliage plants, like palms and aca-carias. An ordinary flower-pot saucer may be placed in the bottom to receive the drainage water. In greenhouses or conservatories these receptacles are liable to become moldy from the dampness, but for use in the house they are excellent.

The Flowers of May

FROM the first of May onward the decorator has an embarrassment of floral riches. In the garden many favorites are daily claiming homage, while in the fields and woods many others revel in untamed beauty.

A garden well stocked with perennial plants will yield a great variety of floral beauty during this month. The Globe-flower or double buttercup (*Trollius*) is one of the most attractive of these. In a suitable vase it lights up a corner of a room in a delightful manner. The cultivated Solomon's seal is an odd plant, with a certain original beauty of its own, which is well brought out when two or three of the graceful stems are displayed against a harmonious background, as shown in the picture. Then there are

the many bulbous flowers which blossom this month, and the numerous sorts of Iris that generally begin to appear before the month is passed.

It is in May also that the heart of the decorator is gladdened by the blooming

the ground with graceful ease; its simple slender leaves of glaucous green partially inclose the rounded stem that curves lightly before it reaches the crowning blossom in which nature seems to strive to show how effective single



of the late tulips, with their pure and glowing colors, their long stems, and their charming poses. The one-colored single varieties, with their chaste cups of living color, seem to me much more desirable than the variegated singles or the more objectionable doubles; in the latter the fascination of the tulip has largely disappeared. The charm of the plant lies in its simplicity; it rises from

color masses may become. There is classic simplicity throughout, the effect of which is sadly marred when we add the frills and furbelows of the double and parrot varieties.

It need scarcely be said that the proper display of these single tulips requires that their individuality shall be brought out. They will not tolerate indiscriminate crowding into vases; each must be

given room to "speak for itself" by showing its curves and colors. Select rather tall vases, and place comparatively few tulips in each, of course cutting the stems off near the ground in order to have a few leaves left on each flower. Tall rose vases are excellent for their display.

Late in spring and early in summer the gorgeous hues of the oriental poppies become available for decorative purposes. The great petaled flowers are of enormous size, borne on the ends of long, graceful stems which bear below the odd, deeply incised, decorative leaves. These flowers should be used for large and brilliant temporary effects.

No two wild flowers are more characteristic of the full coming of spring than the white and painted trilliums or wake-robins. While the regions inhabited by these two plants are somewhat similar, in general where one is abundant the other is not, and vice versa. In their plan of structure all the trilliums are very similar. A thick stem rises straight out of the soil, tapering gradually as it rises. At some distance from the ground it sends off at right angles three broadly oval leaves, which in the large white trillium have no stalks and are sharply pointed at the tip. Above the leaves is the flower; in a few species there is no flower-stalk, the blossom nestling just above the leaves, but in most sorts there is such a stalk.

During my boyhood days in central Michigan the large white trillium, or large-flowered wake-robin, was *the* wild flower of May. The woods were full of the beautiful blossoms, which we all loved to gather and bring home, where they retained their freshness for several days. Since then, when living in other

states where this species does not grow, the name wake-robin always carries me back to those beech woods, and it is only by an afterthought that I can connect the word with the other trilliums to which it is applied.

Throughout its range the painted trillium often takes the place of the large white wake-robin in the May woods. It delights in moist, shaded situations, where in many regions it is found in abundance. It is a very pretty blossom, and one of the most conspicuous of the spring wild flowers. The white petals stand out from the background of green leaves, and are made more striking by the blotches of brilliant crimson painted in a large V-shaped spot upon the front side of the base of each petal. No other flower in its season and its situation is so likely to catch the eye of even the heedless stroller through the woods. In New England this is one of the most characteristic of the May wild flowers, although in some regions it is rare or only locally abundant. It is also found in the North from Nova Scotia to Wisconsin and in the South from Georgia to Missouri—a wide range, but one in which the species is by no means generally distributed. During much botanizing in Michigan and Ohio I never saw the flower.

I know not what flower James Montgomery had in mind when he wrote:

"But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margins of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den."

But the lines might well have been written of the lovely Columbine. Along the rocky shores of the New England coast, its nodding blossoms color the hillsides in May, the scant soil yielding



LONG-STEMMED SINGLE TULIPS



BERMUDA LILY IN
RUSH-WARE HOLDER



BLUETS IN JAPANESE JAR



APPLE BLOSSOMS IN SETTO JAR—WITH TANAGRA STATUETTE

only sufficient nourishment for a growth of a foot or eighteen inches, while here and there in the richer margin of the rill or along the borders of the forest, scattered plants reach a height of two feet or more. Those which "haunt the glen" vary much in size, according to the strength of their foothold, but none is more picturesque than these. As you see the flaming blossoms standing out from the side of the precipitous ledge, you wonder that the elements do not tear the plants from their frail supports.

These blossoms may be used to advantage indoors, if not too many are crowded together. They need to be placed in water soon after being picked or they will wilt beyond recovery.

A distinct and brilliant note in the May color symphony is struck when the Japan Quince comes in bloom. The full glory of the blossoming shrubs cannot be reproduced indoors, but one may easily secure unique and beautiful results by bringing in a few of the branches and arranging them in jars. The smaller twigs, covered with the red-pink blossoms, may be loosely arranged in small vases or jars, but I like better to use larger branches that bear both leaves and blossoms in jars of rather solid appearance, reproducing in some sense the bizarre beauty of the shrub out of doors. Notwithstanding its brilliant color it is not a difficult one to manage; it combines to advantage with jars of dull light yellow or grayish blue, and of course is all right with neutral tones of any sort.

And the apple-blossoms! Who shall attempt to describe their glory? Yet we can do better, for we can see them and inhale their delicious perfume, and dis-

play them sparingly in our houses, giving them plain backgrounds and artistic receptacles, and perchance letting them overshadow a Tanagra statuette of a dancing girl. Nor should we neglect the other tree blossoms, particularly the wild plum in regions where it is available.

The Culture of Poppies

THE poppies are delightful flowers for garden culture. They are easy to grow, and yield a great variety of form and color to delight the eye. The seed may be sown in ordinary garden soil in early spring, sowing thinly in rows about a foot apart. Poppy seeds are very minute, so that in order not to plant them too thick it is desirable to mix them with corn-meal or fine sand before sowing. If the seed is scattered in a tiny furrow during a light rain, or the furrow is sprinkled from the watering-pot after sowing, it will need no more covering than will thus be obtained; one of the dangers to be avoided is that of covering too deep. After the plants are up they may be thinned out from time to time, leaving only plants enough to cover the soil surface. In the northern states, seed sown in early spring will blossom the last of June or first of July, remaining in bloom for several weeks. It is desirable to make one or two sowings a month or so later than the first to have a succession of bloom.

There is wonderful variation in the types of poppy flowers. From the simplicity of the single Shirleys or the beauty of the glorious Bride Poppy to the wealth of petals of the peony-flowered and Mikado types is a long step. Each type should be planted alone.

LOUIS XV. FURNITURE

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE

THERE were no clearly defined lines between the Louis XIV. and the Louis XV. styles of furniture. The sweeping curves and ornate decorations that characterized the designs of the early Quinze period were the natural outgrowth of the late Quatorze epoch. From the time that Pierre Mignard succeeded Lebrun as art director, a gradual change had taken place in all handicrafts. Instead of one controlling force, there were a dozen influences. Designers, free from the restraint of obeying one master mind, worked on independent lines. In rare cases this was productive of good. The arts as a whole suffered seriously. With the death of the Grand Monarque, the last of the seventeenth-century traditions passed away.

Louis XV., like his great predecessor, was only five years of age when he was proclaimed king. During his minority the office of regent devolved upon the duke of Orleans. This term of eight years, 1715-1723, was an important period in the history of decorative art.

The old court, with its stately ceremonies, its pomp and magnificence, was gone, and in its place was a new court, bent on the lightest and gayest amusements. The formal arrangement of rooms, the classic treatment of walls and furniture, found little favor with the regent and his followers. To conform to the tastes of the day, decorators intro-

duced the extreme rococo. The broken shell, the twisted acanthus, the curled endive, and the flowing scroll formed a part of all interior woodwork. The cornice, the wainscot, the mantel, the moldings of windows and doors, the frames of panels and pictures, embodied one and the same idea. To harmonize with this setting, furniture was, of necessity, constructed on similar lines. Plain surfaces were abhorred. Everything glittered with elaborate mounts of bronze and ormolu; everything was ornamented to such a degree that its real purpose became a secondary consideration. Several pieces of furniture were sometimes combined in one in order to give wood and metal workers greater scope for ingenuity. Some of the regency designs are strange combinations of writing-desks, bureaus, and time-pieces. The workmanship of this fantastic furniture is of a very high order. The greatest artists of the day bestowed their skill upon it. While it does not surpass in beauty of execution the work of the masterly hand who designed furniture for Louis XIV., it equals it in many ways. A few of the great cabinet-makers who were associated with Lebrun lived to execute orders for the regent, and also for Louis XV.

Charles Cressent, a pupil of Boulle, and one of his most noted followers, was closely identified with the style of the regency. Dubois and the elder Caffieri

were among the number who adapted their methods to the tastes of the time. Boulle was less flexible. With the spirit of the day he was never in touch. His work belongs so entirely to the Quatorze period, it is such a complete expression of the formalism of the seventeenth century, that it is impossible to associate him with the succeeding epoch. He produced much that was fine in the latter years of his life, but it bears little resemblance to the handicraft of his contemporaries.

Among the painters of the regency who lent their talents to the embellishing of walls and furniture were Lancret and Watteau. Among the hosts of interior decorators who designed and sometimes executed furniture, were Meisssonier, de Colte, Boffrand, Oppenord, and Pineau. Philippe Meisssonier was the real leader of the rococo school. To him is credited the introduction of the broken shell, and the countless twists and twirls that were such a feature of French decoration during the eighteenth century. His defiance of the rules of balance and proportion delighted the duke of Orleans, who gave him many commissions. Meisssonier disregarded all principles of symmetry, and sought to obtain novel effects by introducing startling contrasts. One side of a cabinet or console would often be treated in a manner quite different from the other. He was consistent only in that he carried his scheme of contrasts to a very fine point. In furnishing a room every detail conformed to this erratic treatment. Meisssonier achieved considerable fame, and lived to see his work extolled and contemned. That he had a powerful influence on the arts of the day, his many enemies could not deny.

Flemish, German, and English cabinet-makers borrowed extensively from him. Chippendale, in his early days, patterned many of his designs after Meisssonier. His book of drawings for furniture, "The Gentleman and Cabinet-maker's Director," bears more than a chance resemblance to the work of the Frenchman. Some of the designs for state beds, bureaux, and commodes surpass the most extravagant conceptions of Meisssonier, and emphasize the fact that rococo ornament in the hands of the English passed even beyond the limit placed upon it by the French.

The work of the great furniture-makers of the regency and of the Louis XV. period had certain qualities of elegance and grace that foreign wood-workers were unable to imitate. This is especially noticeable in the German and Italian handicrafts of the day. The German rococo and the Italian baroque combine all the faults of the style rocaille without any of its redeeming features. There was no suggestion of heaviness in the most ornate piece of French furniture. Fantastic as the design often was, there was no hint of absurdity in its construction or decoration. Possessing a discrimination which the German and the Italian did not share, the Frenchman was able to preserve the narrow line that separated the extravagant from the grotesque. Harmony and symmetry, which were such important factors in the eyes of the furniture-makers of the Quatorze period, were almost entirely lacking in the work of the Quinze craftsmen. Louis XIV. carried his love of balance to such a point that Madame de Maintenon once wrote, "The king will have us all buried in symmetry." Such fine distinctions

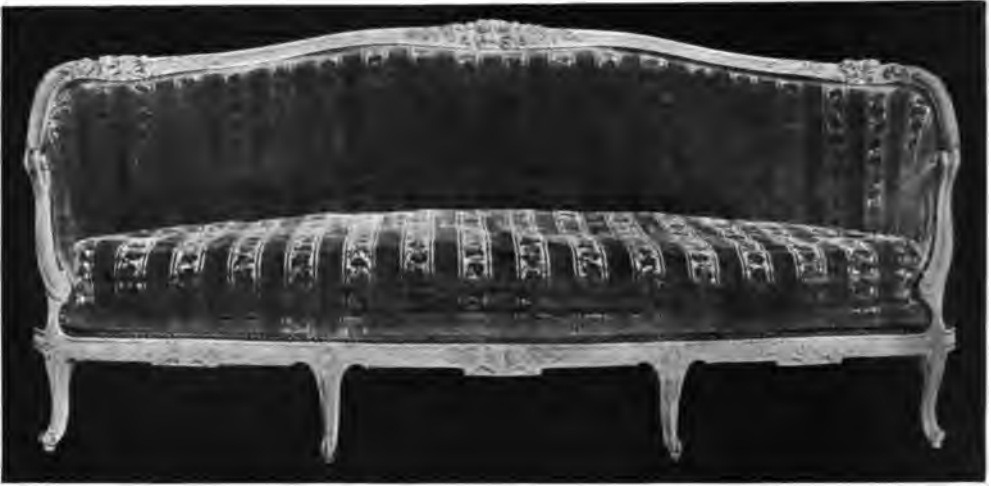
did not trouble Louis XV., or the men and women who composed his court, and whose favor or disapproval made or marred the success of an artist.

more than a brief mention of the great artist-artisans of this period. Many volumes would be needed to treat in an adequate way the handicraft of the eigh-



The group of men—decorators, designers, furniture-makers, workers in metal and marquetry—who spent their lives in the endeavor to please a capricious court formed a large and notable body. Within the compass of a magazine article it is not possible to give

teenth century. The subject of furniture alone, if presented in all its phases, would demand a chapter on the great tapestry industries of France, another on Sèvres porcelain, a third on metals, and a fourth on lacquer. Wood alone formed but an insignificant part in the



LOUIS XV. CANAPÉ, PETIT TRIANON, VERSAILLES

making of a large portion of the Quinze furniture. Marquetry had its place, but the pieces in which marquetry alone is used for ornamentation are very rare. The skill of the tapestry-weaver, of the potter, and of the goldsmith was utilized to produce these marvelous cabinets and commodes which to-day, when offered for sale, bring prices that can scarcely be expressed in less than four figures.

Among the men who made this sumptuous furniture may be mentioned Riesener, Cressent, Lelou, Oeben, Roentgen, Duplessis, Pasquier, Carlin, Hervieu, Gouthièrre, and the Caffieri. Jacques and Philippe Caffieri belonged to a famous family of metal workers. Jacques was a son of Filippo Caffieri, who came to France from Italy about the middle of the seventeenth century. He had served Pope Alexander VII. with distinction, but tempted by the reports of the generosity of Louis XIV., joined the band of workers at the Gobelins. For more than a century the name

of Caffieri was closely associated with French furniture. The metal mounts and moldings which came from the workshop of Jacques and his son Philippe were not surpassed by those of any other designer. The exquisite finish of their metal-work was notable in an age when beauty of execution was the rule rather than the exception. The commode with *bombé* or curving front was the usual medium chosen by them to display their intricate garnishings of bronze and ormolu.

Pierre Gouthièrre followed the methods of the Caffieri. He and Riesener were younger men, and were identified with both the Louis XV. and the Louis XVI. styles. Gouthièrre executed many beautiful pieces of furniture for the Duchesse du Barry. At the time of her execution she owed seven hundred and fifty-six thousand livres for furniture designed and ornamented by him. The government refused to pay this sum, and after endless lawsuits, the ill-fated Gouthièrre died in poverty. His work

lacked the strength of that of Philippe Caffieri and Charles Cressent, but it was marked by elegance and great delicacy. A dull gold finish, which he is said to have invented, makes it possible to distinguish his unsigned work. In 1858 the marquis of Hertford desired to have a replica of one of Gouthièrre's most famous pieces, the "Cabinet d'Artois" at Windsor. To produce this copy, years were given to the task, and the cost, including the delicately chased mounts, was three thousand pounds.

Jean Riesener was born in Glandbeck, near Cologne, and bore somewhat the same relation to Louis XV. that Boulle did to Louis XIV.

Among the cabinet-makers who served the capricious king, no one pleased his fancy more than this transplanted German. He was a pupil of Jean François Oeben, and after the death of his master, succeeded to the title of *ébéniste du Roi*. Less is known of Oeben than of many others who filled positions of minor importance. The celebrated *bureau du Roi* was begun by him and finished by Riesener. Few pieces of furniture have been the theme of so many discussions. Signed "Riesener fa 1769 à l'Arsenal de Paris," it is only in late years that Oeben has been given a share in its glory. No article of handicraft belonging to the Quinze period has been the cause of so much conjecture. Column after column has been printed to prove this theory and that. Sometimes all the honors are given to Riesener, again he is stripped of his laurels, and they are handed to Oeben, again they are divided among Riesener, Duplessis, and Hervieu. It is now believed that the conception of the design was due to Oeben, that Riesener com-

pleted the task, that Duplessis modeled the mounts, and that the casting was done by Hervieu.

The "bureau" is in reality a secretaire of unusual pattern. Viewed as an object of art, it is a marvelous piece of work. The mounts are of bronze of a most elaborate character. Reclining figures of great beauty, medallions, vases, wreaths, and garlands are the metal ornaments of this remarkable piece of furniture. Lavish as the description sounds, there is a suggestion in the treatment of the whole design of the simplicity of the Louis XVI. period. Could the vases and the figures be removed, the bureau would show little trace of the style *rocaille*. Had the date been 1750 instead of 1769, it would have doubtless been treated in the true rococo spirit. The *bureau du Roi* is typical of the work of the time in the skill given to the ornamentation of the back.



LOUIS XV. ARM-CHAIR

No hidden corners were shirked by French craftsmen. The care bestowed upon the framework of furniture may be noted in the illustrations of the chairs from the garde-meuble. They have lost something in beauty by being robbed of their upholstery. As furniture studies they have gained in value. They show just what French furniture-makers borrowed from the Flemish, and what they in turn gave to the English. They have the curving legs, which superseded the pedestal support of the Quatorze period, and the rococo carving that supplanted the classical acanthus leaf. It is a mild rococo, however, and in the case of the simple chair, worthy of faithful reproduction. Similar in treatment is the canapé from the Petit Trianon which was designed for Madame du Barry. It is of French walnut, and the upholstery is deep old-rose.

"Rococo" is an elastic term, and one that has been applied to every stage of rock and shell decoration from the time of Louis XIII. to the declining days of Louis XV. With many people the word is almost wholly associated with modern conceptions. The Louis XV. furniture of the shops is fearful to contemplate, and when brought into juxtaposition with the furnishings of the usual house, becomes what Marjorie Fleming called the multiplication table, "Something that human nature cannot endure." Even genuine pieces of old French furniture cannot be placed side by side with the household goods of to-day.

Styles of decoration and furniture are the outgrowth of conditions. The Louis XV. style of furniture was the direct result of definite causes. When studied

against the background of the eighteenth century, it becomes one of the most fascinating in history. It may not appeal to one in the same way that the styles of the early Renaissance and Georgian periods do; it may not fit into every-day life as does the colonial; it will not bear reproducing except under the most exacting conditions; but that it has a distinct charm of its own cannot be gainsaid. It must be studied with the life and art of the period constantly in mind—the pleasure-loving Louis spending a fortune on the whims of Pompadour and her extravagant successor, du Barry; the great artists of the day, like Lancret and Boucher, turning from vast canvases to decorate a fan or a snuff-box; the great metal-workers, Caffieri and Gouthière, bestowing the same care on a sconce or candlestick that they gave to some momentous commission; the foremost tapestry-weavers, among them Jacques Neilson, devoting months to the upholstery of a footstool. Trifles were matters of such consequence that they assumed the importance of serious undertakings.

That furniture should receive the careful attention of great painters like Watteau, Lancret, and Boucher was the natural result of an age that placed so high a value on the perfection of detail. If the walls of a room were worthy of their regard, the furnishings were no less so. Many of the most treasured pieces of the regency of the Quinze period bear decorations by Watteau and Boucher. Panels of screens and cabinets were painted in the manner which they had made famous. Boucher's cupids and Watteau's shepherdesses have more than a passing interest. They seem the very essence of the art of the day. Watteau's untimely death occurred

early in the reign of Louis XV., but a host of pupils perpetuated his methods.

Painted furniture forms a distinct class. Equally unique were the pieces that were enriched with plaques and panels of porcelain. Madame de Pompadour was largely responsible for the introduction of this fragile furniture. She was at the height of her powers when the beautiful soft paste porcelain of the Sèvres manufactory was perfected. In striving for novel decorations in the furnishing of her apartment, her fancy turned to rare china. Marquetry, foreign lacquers, carvings, and paintings were for the moment discarded. Sèvres porcelain was chosen to form the embellishment of cabinets, writing-desks, and the many other articles that found a place in the elegant boudoir of the king's favorite.

One class of furniture not yet mentioned was designated as Vernis-Martin. For more than a century cabinet-makers had sought to obtain a luster that would give to their work the appearance of Chinese lacquer. During the reign of Francis I. a few pieces of Chinese furniture were imported from Portugal. In the seventeenth century, as trade between Holland and China increased, many articles of Chinese origin found their way to France, where they were highly prized. So great was the demand for Oriental lac that panels of Chinese woodwork were inserted in French furniture. This was a combination, however, that could not long be tolerated. A Dutch cabinet-maker named Huygens is credited with being the first to discover a preparation that had the qualities of lacquer. The Martin family of Paris, after years of experimenting, perfected a composition that was called

Vernis-Martin, or Martin's varnish. This invention placed them in an independent position. They were carriage-painters, but with the success of their lacquer they became cabinet-makers. In the painting of carriages they had scope for considerable skill; they were decorators rather than carriage-painters, as the term is ordinarily used. Vehicles of all kinds were elaborately ornamented in the time of Louis XV. Coaches and sedan chairs received as careful a scheme of decoration as the interior of houses. Frequently the scheme was the same. The craze for repeating the inevitable scrolls and shells extended to every possible object, without reference to its size, purpose, or construction. This was where the rococo school differed from all others under the sun. When my lady sat in her boudoir, she was sur-



LOUIS XV. CHAIR

rounded with dancing cupids and rose garlands, with gilded wreaths and painted scrolls. When she was carried through the streets of Paris in her sedan chair, she was still be-scrolled and be-wreathed. Cupids danced, and pastoral maids simpered, and if they were not the cupids and pastoral maids of Boucher and Watteau, they were a clever copy.

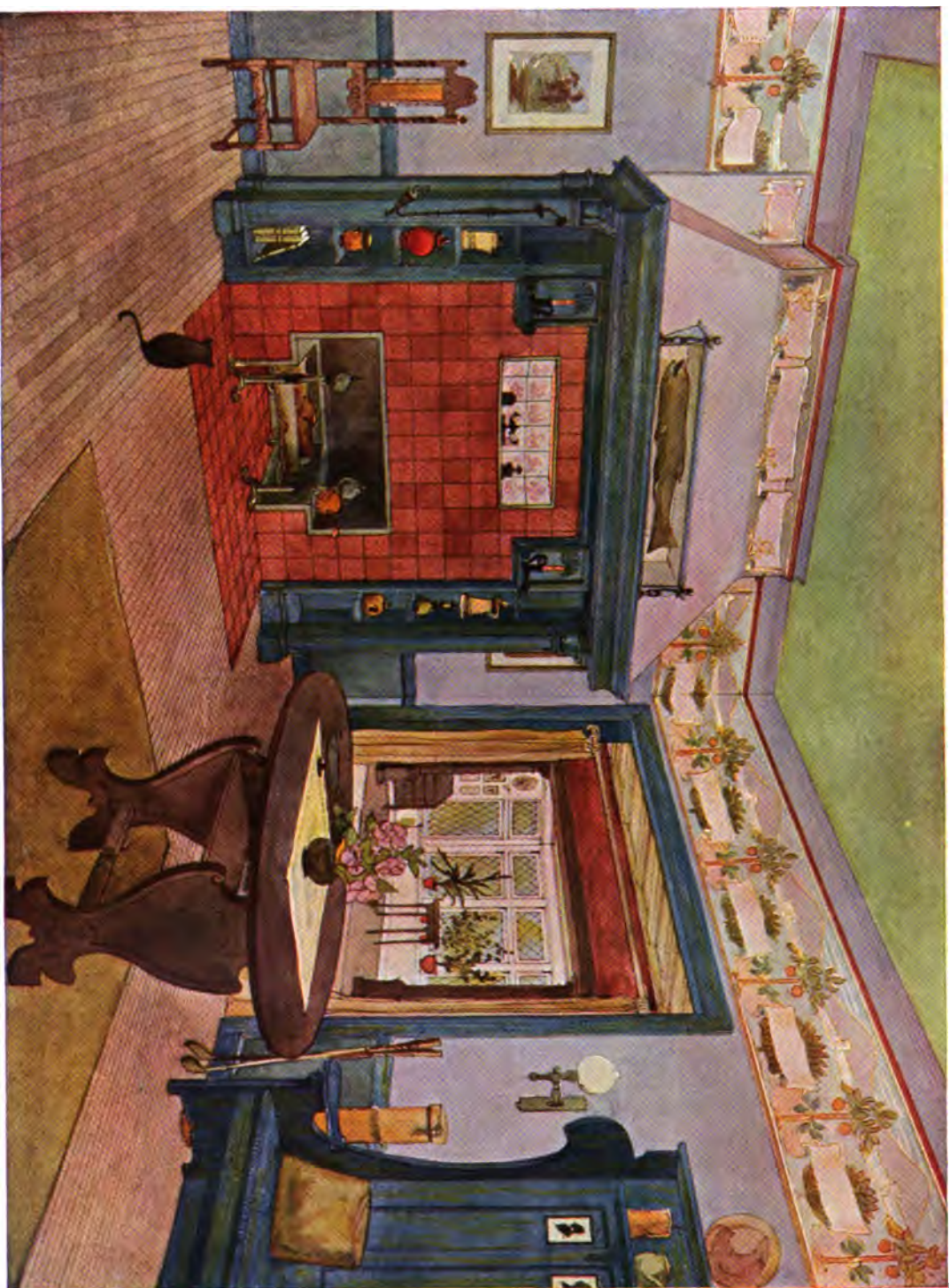
In the decorating of such sumptuous vehicles, the Martins had served a long apprenticeship. It is not to be wondered at that in later years they achieved renown, not only for the beauty and durability of their lacquer, but for the skill with which they painted figures and landscapes. The brilliancy and depth of color which they were able to obtain by means of their varnish gave to their work great prestige. They were followed by many imitators, and "Vernis-Martin" pieces, so called, became very common. Like all imitations, they lacked the spirit of the originals.

The small articles of furniture of Louis XV.'s time—the clocks, chandeliers, candelabra, sconces, and mirrors—were as skilfully constructed as the large pieces. The workmanship of these

bronze and gilt objects was carried to a high state of perfection. In some of them there is beauty of line as well as matchless execution. It is interesting to compare a clock of the period with the Louis XIV. timepiece illustrated in the March number of *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL*. The difference between Quatorze and Quinze, as exemplified in small things, is clearly set forth.

Both clocks belong to the bracket class; both are of the same size and mechanical construction; both are ornamented with marquetry and metal mounts. The Louis XV. has more sweeping curves; the mounts, instead of closely outlining the woodwork, form an independent feature of the decoration; the acanthus leaf, as a motive, is abandoned and the curled endive takes its place. These articles are typical of the style. They are chosen from the middle periods. Late Louis XIV. furniture resembled early Louis XV., and late Louis XV. approached the Louis XVI. The rococo school, by its very extravagance, brought about a reaction that was destined to revolutionize furniture-making.





A ROOM IN BLUE WOOD. Designed by ARTHUR HEUN.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Born 1723; died 1792

BY JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

Class lecturer on the collections of the Art Institute of Ch. go

ALL frontiersmen have a flavor about them. "Sir Joshua" was an artistic frontiersman. Hogarth was another, only much more so. The latter "picked up his trade" amid unpromising conditions, but his genius saved him. These two are the pioneers of English art, and like all such characters, extraordinary men. The term "pioneer" has its variety of meanings, like all other expressions. There were Englishmen who painted before these came, but they left almost no traces—are of no account in history. The history of English national art commences with Hogarth, and Sir Joshua followed close upon him, only Wilson, the landscape-painter, coming between. The lineage is: Hogarth, born 1697, died 1764; Wilson, born 1713, died 1782; Reynolds, born 1723, died 1792.

England had no art schools nor worthy art teachers, but there was some good art in the country. Her people, even her nobles, had rather crude ideas about art, though some of them had traveled in foreign lands and seen paintings. As far back as Henry VIII. we see the king and his nobles visiting François I. of France, and coming back from "the Field of the Cloth of Gold" quite overcome by the gorgeousness of their near neighbors, and burning with the desire to have a court painter and family portraits to

perpetuate their good looks. Therefore, Hogarth found England ready for him and his good painting, and a public of grandees somewhat appreciative of his talent. Almost every great house contained its Hogarth, or several of them. In turn, Charles I. used the talent of Rubens, who painted his portrait and the ceiling of the chapel at Whitehall. Charles II. kept the pupil of Rubens, Van Dyck, in his service during the last ten years of that great man's life, and the Flemish artist was such a favorite that all women and men, especially the former, crowded his studio and filled his purse.

There was but little money spent in England during these years for any other art than portraiture, so that Hogarth had no means of art study, excepting the fine examples left by these artists, and Sir Joshua was no better off until he went to Italy. Wilson learned his lesson also in Italy. Hogarth remained at home and railed at the idea of any usefulness in foreign travel or in art schools.

These things had their influence upon the man we are studying, and his art career was shaped very differently from that of most of the painters of continental countries.

The contempt of Hogarth for art schools was decidedly frontiersman-like

and curiously English. Independence of character can be a blessing or a bane, and Hogarth was decidedly and amusingly self-reliant, with that doggedness which comes of knowing no better. Sir Joshua was scarcely more advanced in his ideas, as he also held art schools in little respect, not taking advantage of them when he had the opportunity. He loaded himself with theories instead of learning to draw. His art education was secured with a note-book instead of a pencil in his hand. How Raphael would have shuddered to have seen him wandering about amid those sacred art treasures, peering into the old canvases to find out how the colors had been mixed, when he, Raphael, had humbly drawn the difficult lines, spent years in the effort to reproduce a subtle proportion, and devoutly worshiped the Greek gods, that perchance they might reveal to him some little secret of their refinements of curves in an arm or a torso. Like many another frontiersman in art, this one loved color, and did not appreciate form—did not appreciate it because he did not understand it. Late in life, when the scales had been removed from his eyes by long experience with the struggle to paint with force and directness, and many failures because he could not spell well with his brush, he regretted this mistake, and had the honesty to say so.

It is not uninteresting to recall that Titian was somewhat in the same situation. The difference was this: Raphael was brought early in contact with the Greek statues and learned to love their beautiful lines, so that good drawing became a fetish with him, but his color was not wonderful at all. Titian was brought up in Venice, where there were

few of the old relics, so he, being by temperament a colorist, gave more attention to color, and drew upon himself the criticism of the Florentine painters, because forsooth he did not follow the antiques. But Titian never, by any chance, fell as far short in drawing as did Sir Joshua, nor ever, by any chance, so muddled his paint.

Reynolds's "Age of Innocence" (National Gallery, London) shows us a child of five years seated on the ground, her hands clasped on her breast, behind the little figure the suggestion of a landscape, pretty badly constructed. The face is charmingly tender and innocent, the hands soft and pretty, and all the picture so winsome that many generations have loved the work, not excepting the critical artists. What is there to criticize? Everything about it. In the head there is no evidence that the artist had even a slight knowledge of anatomy, and the arms are made of india rubber, so boneless that any one could twist them about nor ever hurt the innocent who owns the queer things. A very messy clawing of white tones feebly suggests that there is the body of a child somewhere inside a muslin frock, but no one can be sure of this, except that it is suspected that a child has legs. All this does not say anything about the superb color tones or the tenderness of the sentiment.

The celebrated "discourses," delivered while he was president of the Royal Academy, have been read by many generations of English and Americans, and admired for their simplicity of style, their common sense, their keen appreciation of beauty in art and nature, and the sum of observation which they reveal. But never did so high an official

try to lecture his followers when he himself was so little grounded in the principles he attempted to elucidate. All through the work there is a succession of naïve statements which would be amusing were we less impressed by his earnestness and good sense. It is the writing of a talented novice—an art-frontiersman. It is related that Dr. Johnson corrected the manuscripts for him. But the celebrated Doctor knew nothing beyond boiled beef and books, though he was a delightfully brutal philosopher between his sixth and his ninth cup of tea.

At twenty-six years of age an opportunity offered to take ship, as the guest of a naval officer, to the Mediterranean. Several stops en route and some portrait-painting increased his wisdom and painter abilities. It is amusing to read the journal of this youth who had grown up in a country where art had almost no footing at all, and whose instruction had been at the hands of a portrait-painter of no genius and small attainments (Hudson); to note the impression, or rather the entire lack of any impression, which the great masters made upon him. This is not an uncommon experience with tyros. They soon learn to see, as did this boy.

Now for the strange part of the stay in Italy. Instead of going to an art school, where thorough drill and hard criticism would have removed the scales from his eyes, he made a few copies, and then commenced to take notes, to experiment with color schemes, to make imitations of the old pictures. All this would have been very excellent had he been grounded in his profession, but it was a lost opportunity. From his writings it may be inferred that he had the

very common idea held by those who know little, that much study in a school would destroy his originality. As it turned out, he was, during all his life, an imitator of Titian, though his sterling genius saved him. He had a decided originality in certain ways, which all the imitation of these old colorists did not influence. Indeed, it is always true that the geniuses are not turned aside by their schooling, however much it may be. Had he learned to draw, much of his future trouble would never have come to him. In his note-books we read: "Poussin's landscapes are painted on a dark ground made of Indian red and black. The same ground might do for all other subjects as well as landscapes." There are endless pages of similar entries, many of them quite scientific. Thus this child, of a land which admired literature but knew nothing of art, spent the time which should have made a better artist of him. The English have always been too literary in their art.

History describes Reynolds's father as clerical and lazy; the boy was rather disinclined to study, and lacking in that measure of education which a more energetic parent would have insisted upon. But boy and man, our hero was sharp, observant, and impressionable. Probably his shortcomings rarely betrayed him to the polished society which surrounded his life.

Making his way, with much observation of pictures, through northern Italy to France and the Netherlands, he arrived in England in 1752 and set up his easel as a portrait-painter. Though success was not immediate, people of position soon discovered him, and he became the first of the artists of England to

command the admiration and confidence of those who could be of serious use, the nobility. Hogarth had no success as a painter. The upper classes had no respect for him. In fact, his paintings found no sale at all. He lived by engravings from his pictures, sold to the middle classes. Thus Reynolds is the first English artist of wide reputation in his own land. Hogarth was jealous, and the younger man's success furnished another text for the disappointed man's tirades against all foreign schools and imported notions. How like this is to the attitude of our own painters of the old "Hudson River School," when the young men commenced to return from European study and threatened to unhorse them. Reynolds's old teacher, Hudson, declared that he did not paint as well as when he left England. The ideas of these men were largely formed by the pictures of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the German, who left so much indifferent art in England, having died there in the year of Reynolds's birth.

Sir Joshua had much to say about the "grand art" of Michael Angelo and Raphael, always declaring it the only thing worthy, though he had no imagination or abilities in this direction. But his business tact equaled the demands of the situation; he took a neat house and lent himself to the fancies of his sitters for seeing themselves arrayed as nymphs and classical goddesses. That was sufficiently fortunate, as we thus are saved the sight of many uncouth fashions, though the reality might have been historically interesting, however ugly in pictures. Holbein, with true German fidelity, made people as they really were, though fortune favored him with picturesque costumes.

In 1758, perhaps the most lucrative year of his career, he received twelve guineas (over sixty dollars) for a simple head without hands, and twenty-five guineas for somewhat more important work. Money went a long way in those days, and this was good pay. It is reported that later he charged thirty-five guineas for a portrait. It was his habit to array all the engravings and drawings from his works about the studio, and invite his sitters to select the attitude and costume which their fancy might suggest, in which manner he painted them. However, there is abundant evidence that he could also catch any unusual attitude, or take advantage of a happy movement in the sitter, to make one of those masterpieces for which he is justly famous. His hours were systematically classified, six sitters daily, those who came waiting their turn as people do in a barber's shop. With excellent conversational abilities (in spite of his deafness), he entertained them. We wonder if he cried out "next" when the previous sitter had been duly curled and powdered, not to say shaved.

Reynolds set an excellent table, duly graced with silver plate and the best of wine. When this was not surrounded by grandees, the literary celebrities ornamented it. Thus he made warm friends of Dr. Johnson, Percy the balladist, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, and the author of "Tristram Shandy." His painting of Garrick, "Between Tragedy and Comedy," was a well-intentioned effort, but much beyond Reynolds's abilities. It is a well-colored puppet, but nothing in the way of a true interpretation of complex expression—that which he intended. Reynolds secured a

good likeness, in those days of no inexorable photographs, and used his memorandum book full of recipes culled in the study of Titian's superb color, but lofty expression was far beyond his powers.

In 1768 the Royal Academy was founded, Reynolds being selected by acclamation as the first president. He was reluctant to accept, as royalty had not smiled upon him as yet, Allan Ramsay being court painter. It was the American-born Benjamin West (recently arrived from Italy) who persuaded the celebrated man to accept the office. However, the king was managed, and bestowed the honor of knighthood upon him then and there.

The first catalogue of the Royal Academy reveals some trifles which picture the times. Heading the entries is an apology, couched in stately language, to the effect that the management regretted very much the necessity for charging money for admission to an institution favored with royal patronage, and stating that it had been allowed because that was the only manner in which people of objectionable character to the noble visitors could be prevented from entering, and thus defeating the object for which the exhibition had been instituted. Beneath this is a modest line which states that "the works marked with an * are to be disposed of." It would not have answered at all to suggest in plainer language that some of the pictures were "for sale." In this first catalogue, the name of the celebrated engraver, Bartolozzi, appears as a "royal academician," but not at all as an engraver. Engravers have never been recognized as "artists" by the academy, even until now. So Bartolozzi exhibited two draw-

ings, one of them a copy by the way. The name of Flaxman, the sculptor, occurs in the second year, but not an academician. One of his exhibits is entitled "Portrait of a Gentleman—an Image."

At the first exhibition, Sir Joshua sent his "Duchess of Manchester and her Son, as Diana Disarming Cupid," "Lady Blake, as Juno Receiving the Cestus from Venus," and "Miss Morris, as Hope Nursing Love." The absurdity of all this classical nonsense does not seem to have amused the sedate British public. It is, however, true that these works were good in color, and that they maintained a certain fascination over the people who saw them.

In 1784 Ramsay died and Reynolds became court painter. The next year his academy exhibit included the "Love Loosening the Zone of Beauty," more commonly known as "The Snake in the Grass." The artist has done nothing better. He really had genius; and this maiden is so relaxed in pose, so foolish and helpless in expression, the love is so irresistibly coaxing, that the world has surrendered to the seductions of the picture as much as ever woman did to those of love.

As this in many respects remarkable man grew old, his health was excellent, as his life had been sane and his habits of the best, but it happened one day that his eyes failed, one of them going out entirely. It was the warning of coming dissolution. The failure was somewhat rapid, and February, 1792, he died, a very much lamented man.

So much does the work of all the English and American painters of the eighteenth century resemble that of Sir Joshua, it is not incorrect to call this the "School of Reynolds."

A MOUNTAIN FIRESIDE INDUSTRY

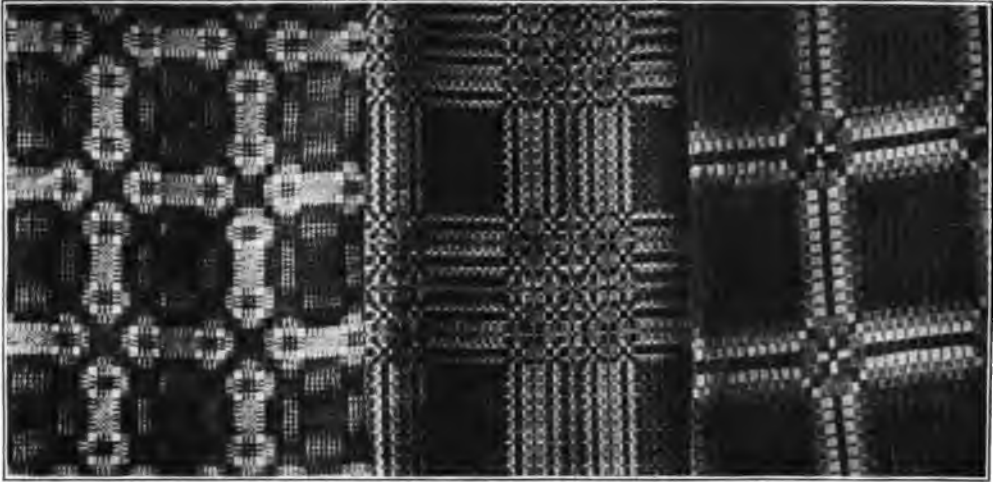
BY KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH

WITH a climate and soil adapted to the production of fiber, and a race possessing natural ingenuity, there has never before existed such possibilities of fostering the domestic arts as we find to-day. There are industries peculiarly adapted to every section of our country, and whatever the dominant work, from silk raising to rag-carpet weaving, it can be made either beautiful or profitable. It seems strange, when one considers the broad scope of American philanthropy, that it has failed to respond to the urgent need of able-bodied youths in rural districts, and has overlooked the undeveloped labor of a class of people who, for lack of sympathy, flock to crowded cities with the mistaken supposition that there work is plentiful. In almost every community lie germs of undeveloped taste, and attempts are at last being made in various directions to make profitable the handiwork produced in certain districts.

Among the arts of manufacture, that of weaving is one of the most important, for it covers a wide range of usefulness. Formerly this was purely a domestic industry, and there are certain art qualities inherent in domestic weaving which are impossible in machine manufacture. This rare beauty in the hand-woven cloth is peculiarly discernible in the coverlets made by the women of the Appalachians. The work is distinctive of their shut-in lives, and is suggestive of the history of

these mountain-dwellers, whose stories read like romance. Literature has begun to take note of this untrodden field between the blue-grass region of Kentucky and the mountains, and Miss Murfree's stories have introduced East Tennessee to our reading people, but the United States at large knows little of these primitive people, dwelling within its very heart. Descendants of Virginians who emigrated here in early days, these mountain people are still living in colonial times. These are the people whose family feuds are carried on from year to year, and generation to generation, and to whom belong the mysterious "moonshiners." These two million native Americans of the Appalachians are living one hundred years behind the times, and are more destitute of education than any other people on our continent, because shut in by the mountains, many have never seen a railroad, and they have been neglected and unknown.

A typical home in these fascinating regions is well worth a visit. It is usually two log rooms with a roof that covers the space between, which serves as a common household room. The loom-house, smoke-house, and spring-house are conveniently close. The family eat hog's meat, corn meal, long and short sweetening (molasses and sugar), and beans. On never-to-be-forgotten occasions they swap some of these products at the country store

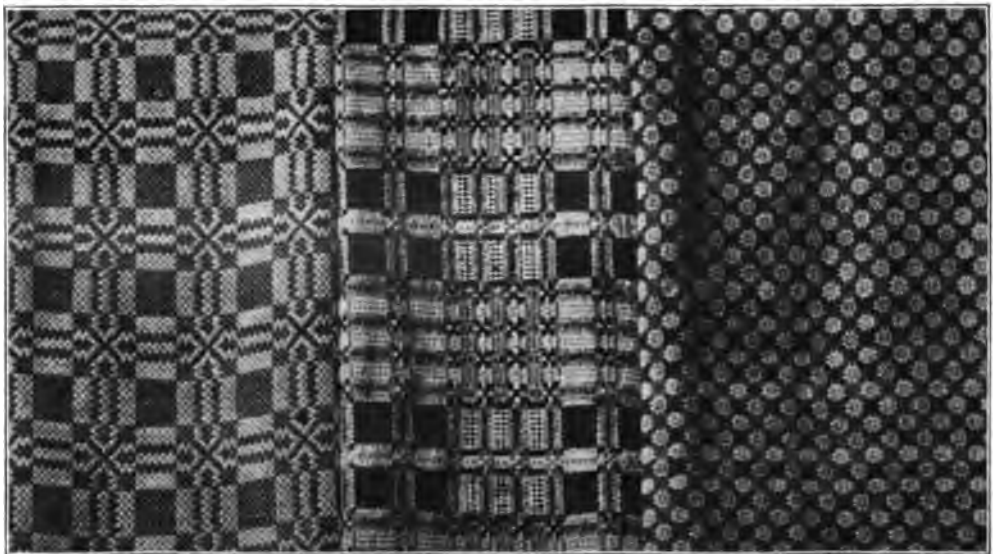


OLD DESIGNS—AT THE LEFT "ROCKY MOUNTAIN FLOWER," AT THE RIGHT "FEDERAL CITY"

for coffee, boots, and patent medicine. Wool, flax, and cotton they grow, and out of them are made the homespun suits and dresses worn by the men and women.

Berea College claims the distinction of

being the discoverer of these mountain people. A journey on foot in search of health through these little known regions interested its president in efforts on their behalf, and its founders were the first to take cognizance of the peculiar



OLD DESIGNS —IN THE MIDDLE "DOUBLE DOORS AND WINDOWS," AT THE RIGHT "CAT TRACK"

conditions which marked off the population and the desirability of dealing with these mountain problems in a comprehensive manner. The aim of Berea is to make them intelligent without being sophisticated, and extension libraries have been formed, and lectures are given by teachers who find a ready audience, court often adjourning to listen to their words. Self-help is constantly borne in mind, and promising classes are formed in woodwork, domestic science, and nursing. An idea may be gathered of the primitive life in these back counties when a woman goes on mule-back twenty miles to get a small piece of mechanism to repair her loom. Flax is raised much less than formerly, but it is a matter of peculiar interest to learn that the domestic manufacture of linen, linsey, cotton counterpanes, and woolen coverlets is carried on as formerly; and it is among the aims of Berea College to assist the mountain women to obtain enough flax to spin the thread during the long winter months, and to foster the hand-weaving which has always prevailed among mountain communities. All the fireside industries surviving in the Southern mountains are encouraged and adapted to local conditions as a means of earning money for education. Investigation of such an enterprise shows how far-reaching the benefits are, as it enlists the labors of those who grow the flax and wool, of those who spin and dye the thread and yarn, as well as those who actually weave the pattern.

It is pathetic to see the joy of these beautiful sun-bonneted mountain women when told they will be given enough flax to weave many yards of cloth. Some of these are "the workin'est women you

ever saw," and the pieces woven by these secluded mountaineers are so beautifully executed that a cotton counterpane bordered with hand-made lace is really an elegant affair.

These counterpanes, or "kivers," are interesting in coloring and in pattern of weaving. The material is woven one yard wide. It can be woven narrower, but not wider. White is the cotton foundation, and the indigo blue and the old-fashioned madder-red are the most common colors. Sometimes these two colors are combined together in the same coverlet, and in those made a long time the effect is charming. Black and brown also occur in combination with the red. The "kivers" are woven with a white cotton chain, and the woof is put in with two shuttles, one carrying the white cotton and the other the wool. In this way the pattern or figure is made by the overshot or "skip" of the woolen thread in weaving. A short "skip" being the most desirable.

The coverlets are made of two or three strips, according to width. When the "draft" is properly followed in the weaving, and strips so sewed together that the patterns match properly, or as the weavers say, "hit well in the seam," the "kiver" is soft, warm, and durable, as well as artistic, and is suitable for couch cover, portière, or decorative purposes. The variety of patterns used by these mountain women is marvelous. Many of them have been handed down in families for generations. Often they can be picked out by name, dog-wood, cat-track, snail-path, blossom and running vine, Gin'ral Jackson's army, doors and windows, chariot-wheels, and church windows figure among them, and the old-fashioned log cabin always comes

out supreme. Linsey also is made. It is a durable fabric, the warp of cotton and the woof of wool. In the best linsey the cotton chain is dyed with walnut-bark dyes, the filling is of black, and the colors are softened with time and exposure to sun and rain, lest they be too crude.

For the past few years a Fair of Fire-side Products has been held in June at the college, and the revival of interest in this coverlet industry is evident. It is hoped many silent looms will be started, and a market is already assured. The establishment of a steady production of these domestic products will put

into the hands of the mountain women the means to raise their children to their due position. They are glad to get the seven and a half dollars for which the average coverlet sells, for they know it means a little learning for the boy or girl. They are not "poor white trash." Clad in homespun, and with knife in belt, these crude but brave mountaineers responded to the call for arms at the time of the Civil War. And as outside interest in their condition becomes more evident, opportunities are being slowly developed for the betterment of the local conditions. Even these small industries are an important help.

A Successful Small House in the Country

BY JUDITH CHAFFEE

THE architect of a small home, no matter what services he renders to his clients, no matter what tact he exercises with his contractors, is all too frequently consigned to oblivion by the former and heaped with execration by the latter. Too, too often, when we ask our friend who was his architect, we are answered that he himself or his wife virtually supplied all the ideas, only employing the architect for form's sake. Of the mansion of the millionaire, not being hid under a bushel, all the world knows the designer. It is therefore pleasant to a sympathizer with the profession to record at the outset of this account of a house in an out-of-the-way corner of Lake Forest, Illinois, the frank acknowledgment of their debt to the

architect, which its owners seemed glad to make.

As to the site, the builders had been eyeing for years this particular bit of cleared land, once a garden, which was noticeable in a town almost too full of trees. This clearing gave our desirable southwest wind free play, and yielded to the south a great expanse of clear space skyward, whose winter sun and summer moon furnished excellent matter for enjoyment and contemplation.

Nor was the site barren, for it contained a superb group of well-grown maples, and in the foreground near the street a group of bushes, whose chief glory was a shade-tree, its two weeks of pink splendor in the spring being the object of many a pilgrimage of its wor-



A SMALL HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY

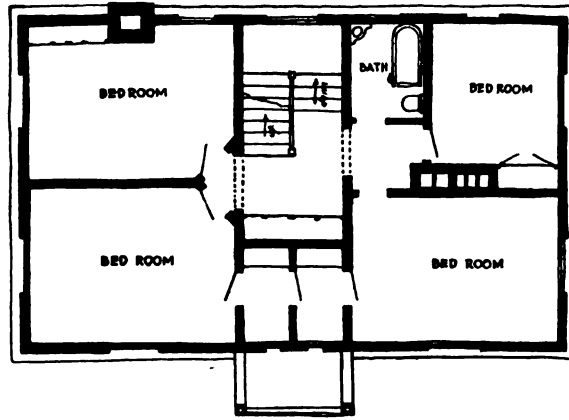
Dwight Heald Perkins, Architect

shippers. Opposite, a small ravine and a grove of oaks on rising ground gave the variety our Western country so often lacks. While much of the beauty of location is marred by the narrow lot purchased, and a wire fence, whereon nature has been too sparing of the vegetation, defines too clearly the limits of the land, the terraced lawn yet gives the feeling of retirement, and the plantation has endless possibilities of improvement.

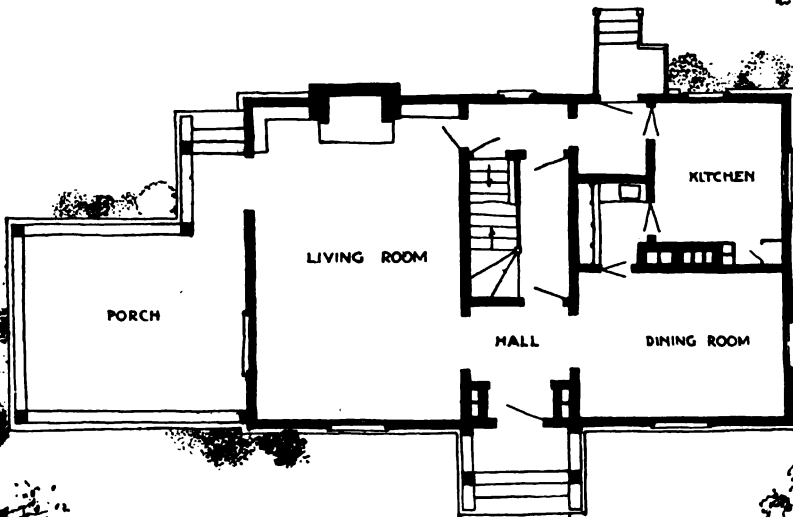
At the rear of the small lot is ample space for drying clothes, for a vegetable garden, and for lawn, but the place lacks the approach for carriages, usual in the town, and necessary for the final touch of dignity in a country place.

Both architect and owners agreed at the outset that comfort, and not magnificence, was to be the effect of the completed dwelling. The sum to be ex-

pendent, indeed, precluded all thought of the latter, for the needs of a family of six had to be met with a sum well within four thousand dollars. As there were children, a separate dining-room was insisted upon, but all the superfluities of reception-room, den, and nook were done away with. There must be a good-sized family living-room, a good out-of-door room for summer, plenty of bedrooms, and an exterior sufficiently pleasing to prevent the anathemas of the passers-by from being bestowed on the residents. On the other hand, the architect was unhampered by any demand for showy effects, or complicated household machinery. The owners were quite of the opinion that criticism should be disarmed at the outset by a frankly inexpensive-looking house with no dark secrets to be disclosed by investigation.



• SECOND FLOOR PLAN •



• FIRST FLOOR PLAN •

Of-course there had to be compromises. To get enough cellar light without the expense of areas, the matron's cherished ideal of a flat, spreading dwelling, with but a step or two from Mother Nature up to the threshold, had to be abandoned, and the somewhat bitter lesson learned that you must be well-to-do in order to ramble, either in house-building or the world at large. The master's wish for separate front and rear staircases, and a side door for the children's use, was also given up, but the result was not without compensation for the house-keeper in the reduction of the number of out-of-the-way places to be kept clean.

The architect, limited as to expenditure, must concentrate his efforts upon some other feature of beauty than costly materials or ornate details, and in this case it is to excellent proportions and harmonious coloring that the house owes its undeniable charm.

The entire body of the house, and practically every room in it, is some multiple of a four-foot cube. For the outside is used a covering of wide unplanned boards, put up flatly side by side and running vertically, the crack at their joining places being covered by a four-inch strip, which gives variety to the surface of the building, and with the usual interior building-paper affords sufficient protection from the weather. The coloring of this wall, reaching, as it does, to the height of the second-story windows, is a rich red-brown, produced by oil stain, and determines the general tone of the house. Above it is a broad band of plaster reaching to the wide, overhanging eaves, whose underfacing is also of plaster. This accentuates the breadth of the plaster frieze, joining it to the shingled roof. This last is stained

a yellowish brown, thoroughly in harmony with the rest of the house, and the two ordinary brick chimneys are also stained. Outside blinds, stained red-brown, complete a unique exterior, more Japanese than anything else in effect, wholly unpretentious, warm-looking in winter, effective in summer against the plentiful foliage of a grove at one side, and thoroughly expressive of the democratic tastes and pocket-book of its owner.

The effect of cheapness, which might be unpleasing in an exterior of such frankly cheap construction, is in this instance quite done away with by the rich color of the stain, which two years of wind and weather have left practically unchanged. Of this the photographs can give no idea. Houses are, after all, rather like individuals. Their real appearance is but half expressed by photography. An illustration shows the hospitable doorway, but does not give an adequate idea of the space allowed for seats in the uncovered part of the porch, where the overhanging eaves afford protection from dampness, yet interfere in no way with an enjoyment of the summer sky. A more sheltered veranda, sixteen by sixteen feet in dimensions, at the west side of the house, is reached both from the ground and from the library door, and forms a veritable out-of-door room, greatly increasing the living space for the family in summer, and offering privacy by reason of its retired situation and rather high surrounding rail.

The front door opens directly into a square space which serves as hall, but so small as to urge an immediate advance into the rooms beyond, which open from it on either side. There is but one stair-



IN THE LIVING-ROOM

and its limited space might cause great confusion in the giving of large dinners, though there is a fair-sized pantry between the kitchen and dining-room, with running water. But this is essentially a one-maid kitchen, and for comfort, with more service, a servants' hall would be necessary.

case, located in the middle of the house, and screened from the entrance-hall by a partition. Access to the stairs may be had from the front hall, from the rear of library, and through an area devoted to hats and wraps, from both cellar and kitchen. The cellar has brick supporting walls, laundry, coal and ash bins, wood and bicycle rooms, and large vegetable-cellar, with a locker for preserves. A kitchen should be, says Miss Parloa, no larger than the kitchen of a dining-car, and judged by this standard, the ideal kitchen is in this house. Its cupboards are built-in, its tables are adjustable shelves, and for saving the steps of the cook, it has no equal; but it is far too small for comfort in hot weather,

The dining-room is open to the same objection as to size, but furniture specially designed for the room would relieve the crowded look now produced by the obviously "left over" furniture, and the too numerous pictures. It is a room with possibilities much beyond its present effect, and might be made charming in the hands of good decorators and designers, being well proportioned and cheerful, with east and south windows.

Across the narrow hall is the living-room, which occupies the west half of this first floor. A good effect of space is produced by the wide doorways leading from the hall, and in order not to detract from it, no doors, screens, or portières have been provided, an arrange-

ment which interferes with absolute privacy, and which is also undesirable in winter, when the front door is in use. But the living-room itself is an unqualified success in proportion, and the treatment of walls, windows, and fireplace gives it a sheltered look, combined with dignity and repose. It is a dark room, too dark possibly for some tastes, owing to the small number of windows and to the covered veranda and overhanging eaves. But there is shelter from the glare of the summer sun, and the wood fire at one end of the room, with the brass furnishings of the fireplace, does much to enliven the somber days of winter. Its proportions, twenty-four by sixteen feet, with an eight-foot ceiling, increase its apparent size, and the large brick chimney extending from floor to ceiling is in excellent harmony with the whole. Built of ordinary building brick, stained a deep, soft green to match the stained pine woodwork of the long, low room, its size and mossy coloring greatly emphasize the restful character of the whole apartment. A broad and steady table of ordinary pine, designed by the architect, and made as part of the mill-work of the house, is also stained green, while several bits of oriental cotton, chiefly red, with a few imported rugs, give a necessary touch of color. Simple, low bookcases occupy the space on either side of the chimney, and that of one length of the room. The woodwork is unusual, and while most effective, added but little to the cost of the house. The usual baseboard is employed, but in each corner of the room it is joined to the ceiling by strips of wood, four inches wide, fitting box-like into the corners, and this treatment also outlines the ceiling, forming with another strip at the

top of the side walls the effect of a cornice. The picture-molding, another four-inch strip, but grooved at the top to form a hold for the hooks, is set eighteen inches below the ceiling, and all window and door openings reach to it, leaving a frieze all around the room.

The woodwork thus forms in itself a decorative treatment for the room, and needs but few pictures to give the walls the look of completeness. Rough or sand finished plaster and stained soft wood are used throughout the house, and prove satisfying to the eye, though of course without the effect of richness. Hard plaster can be added at any time to this soft finish, which in itself is not easy to paper, but to compensate is most effective when treated to a coat or two of oil stain in any desired tint.

The second floor contains three medium-sized bedrooms, a single small bedroom, also a bath-room, and a linen-press with drawers beneath, which forms an effective bit of woodwork in the upper hall. The third story contains a very large sleeping-room with four windows, a sewing-room, and long, narrow storeroom, lighted at both ends, through which one passes to a good-sized maid's room, having two east windows. All of the six bedrooms have at least two windows, on different sides of the room.

Altogether the house, while very inexpensive, yields a maximum of comfort to the dwellers within, and is not wanting in that air of taste and individuality which marks the house designed for special needs as quite different from that made for the casual occupant, who will rent from year to year. Simple as it is, it is a house around which associations may cluster, and it has a distinct if unconventional personality.



HOME-SEEKERS IN CAMP

TENT LIFE OF HOME-SEEKERS

BY WILLIAM R. DRAPER

THERE are families on the border of the new countries out west who have not lived in a house for a quarter-century. Indeed, I have known of persons who grew up, married, and died in portable canvas houses. They never slept in a house during their lifetime. This type is known as home-seekers. Perhaps they are so named because they are always seeking a home, but never seem to find one.

This man of the border, who becomes restless when refinement and culture overtake him, should be given credit for redeeming from the buffalo-grass the barren wastes in the Southwest. From Oklahoma, a country which cannot now be excelled anywhere for productiveness, the typical frontiersman but recently took up his abode in a new field—along

the border of the Kiowa-Comanche country, opened to white settlement last August. When the hand of civilization crushes out the wildness and simplicity of prairie life, then the home-seeker will sell out his few belongings, pack his tent in the rear end of the prairie-schooner, and be off to other borders. And when that reservation is settled and controlled by more timid people he will move again.

The tent life is most picturesque. If not living in the tent, the pilgrims spend their time in the wagon, covered with an oil-cloth or dirty canvas, trekking along the trail to some unsettled community. It seems that thickly populated communities are not good for their eyesight. I have heard old-timers on the road say as much. Like the red man of the forest, they wish to be let alone. One may



IN WINTER

be sure of a cordial welcome when he goes to visit one of the camps, but if he announces his intention of remaining, the reception may not be so cordial. They are quite clannish, and a friend once made is a friend always, but they do not want to add new ones to their list.

At every opening of new lands I have seen the home-seeker. In fact, he is so largely in the majority that he secures all the best land, but not for keeps. He will fill up the towns and gobble all of the country for a time, and then—other people come in and he is quite willing to get out and find a new field for operation. If at the end of the first year civilization crushes him, he will sell out a farm worth several thousand dollars for one-third its value so that he may escape the crowds. If he had remained, his future was assured and his family well provided for, but he prefers the un-

certainty of the road to the safety of home life.

A roving people, these home-seekers, like the gypsies in many ways. Perhaps they are a little more industrious, for the home-seeker can and does work. I should say he is more like the red man, whose land he invades. He seeks solitude from the maddening crowds. He wants to camp in a quiet place with his family, earn enough with his hands to feed the wife and children, and that is all. Nothing is put aside for a "rainy day" by these people.

True types of home-seekers are those who have been disappointed early in life, either in business or affections. They go West to get into a new community. The place does not suit them, so they pile their belongings into a covered wagon and start for another town. This, too, is unsatisfactory. Then the

desire to move seizes them. They keep going from place to place, selling off their household goods more and more that the loads may be lighter, until at last nothing remains except a small cook-stove, some bedding, and a medicine-chest. After a while the stove is sold and meals are cooked on an open camp-fire. In winter a camp-fire inside a tent serves the purpose of a heater, although the chill winds often cause suffering in these canvas abodes.

The wife is deserving of sympathy, and so are the children. The company of other women, the pleasure of neighbors, and the comforts of a house are unknown in her life. She piles out of the tent at daybreak, cooks over a smoldering camp-fire the bacon and eggs, the potatoes and hard biscuits, places the meal on a bench, and eats either standing up or sitting flat upon the ground. She is forced to do her washing of clothes in a stream, for

wash-tubs and other conveniences of that nature are unknown to these poor creatures. Her children grow up in ignorance, while she never hears any news but that her husband brings home to her. The only newspaper that ever reaches the home-seeker's camp is the one found beside the road, cast away by some more fortunate traveler.

The children of this queer life are nothing more than slaves. They are taught nothing, they are not even made to keep clean, and the only thing that is developed in them by their restless father is the art of shooting straight and working hard. They are criminals, born so. For the home-seeker—or boomer, in the vernacular of the plains—is nothing short of a thief when occasion demands, a law-breaker whenever he sees that it will help him along without work. The boomer is a nuisance, and yet there are some sixty thousand to-day. Most of them are in Oklahoma, camped along



BLACK WOLF'S CAMP ON THE BANKS OF THE ARKANSAS RIVER

the borders of the Indian reservations. They are waiting for another free land opening. If it is by horse-racing, the boomer turns sooner; that is, he slips into the country and hides until the day of the run. He then comes forth, picks out the best land, and goes to work on it. Of course no honest man who is racing from the border can compete with these nefarious practices. In courts the sooners are clannish to a degree; that is, they are all sworn to help each other out as witnesses, and when three men take oath that their friend raced for his land, one honest man can hardly convince a judge of the truth of his assertion, that the sooner is what he really is.

The evils of racing for land have been impressed upon the officers of the law, until the end of the boomer is in sight, so far as racing is concerned. But on the border, with hat-brim broader than ever, and his old-time air of swagger, he seems discouraged that the new

and wild lands are growing less, and wished the government to buy Mexico that he might find again his vocation. With the home-seeker of the camp, life is a race, a song, toil and hardships, but withal, happiness.

Coming upon one of these caravans of prairie-schooners—they always cross the plains in three or four wagon trains—one would be surprised at the cheerfulness of the occupants. They are poorly dressed, rough-looking persons, the men dirty and the women thin and pale; but they seem to have no cares, unless it be to find a good camp place, with plenty of running water near at hand. In winter they pitch their tents near each other in the woods. The men hunt and sell the game, thus earning a scanty livelihood, while the women visit and gossip. To them the cold season is the most cheerful, for it brings the rovers together. Even they do not always hold aloof from companionship.

THE OLD CONNORS MANSION

BY CHARLES L. CLARK

VERY few of the landmarks in or around the old and picturesque city of Detroit remain standing, and strange to say, one of the most ancient and artistic specimens of the old régime left in this iconoclastic age is comparatively unknown by the average citizen, or noted by our local historians.

This old mansion is beautifully situated on quite—for this flat country—a high elevation, overlooking the sloping

and picturesque banks of Connors Creek, and can be seen towering above its surrounding country for many miles like an effete, wasted, and lone monarch of old—dilapidated and shabby, yet grand and impressive in its misery. Even if deserted, the stamp of gentility of the old régime forces itself upon the passer-by in spite of its rags.

Connors Creek, upon the banks of which the old place is located, is now a



THE OLD CONNORS MANSION NEAR DETROIT, MICHIGAN

miniature stream running in a southeasterly course and emptying into the Detroit River, about one mile due east of the city limits. In the olden days it was quite a pretentious stream, enough so to make it a very desirable, valuable, and sought-for mill site at this point. It was navigable nearly if not quite as far as Pontiac, by the early settlers, in their large dug-out canoes and good-sized sailing craft, to say nothing of the thousands of Indian-canoe visitors who came here to Henry Connors, the honest No-Was-Kim-Dip (White Head Miller), as they called him, not only for food and raiment, for he was their friend, but also for their annual allowance of silver from the government. He was for many years the Indian agent for this territory, and also an intimate and

trusted friend of one of Michigan's truly great men, Lewis Cass.

Every autumn the Indians would come from all directions and in great numbers—ten to one against the numerical strength of the white settlers—to this spot and obtain their annuity, supplies of all kinds, cattle, ponies, etc. Then they would depart, their ponies and canoes loaded down, to their homes.

Sometimes, too, they were inclined to be troublesome, as was the case in 1812. After the battle of the River Raisen, where many Americans were slaughtered, they swooped down upon Mrs. Connors's family, who were staying with relatives in Mt. Clemens. Here they threatened to kill them all, but they escaped in a canoe down the Clinton

River to Lake St. Clair, and from there to their Connors Creek home.

Many of the Indians hung around threateningly, displaying the scalps of their white victims taken in the war, showing one in particular whose snowy locks they endeavored to make them believe belonged to Henry Connors, who had not yet returned from the war, where he was valiantly fighting his country's battles.

They stole everything they could lay their hands on, showing great partiality for poultry, cattle, and horses—just like their white brethren in war times—but failed to discover the thrifty and honest miller's hoard of silver, which was saved by the good wife, who successfully hid the treasure.

Mr. Richard Connors, the son of Henry Connors, now living in the city at the advanced age of eighty-seven, was born and raised on this spot alongside of the old mill, and was the builder of the Connors mansion in 1829-30, from plans furnished him by a local architect, McCain by name, and from whom, by the way, many of the architects of the present time could learn much.

The old mansion, by the way, is practically as sound as it was when built, nearly a century ago, having been built from beech, maple, hickory, etc., from near-by forests, cut up in his own mill, put up in place by Mr. Connors's own hands, assisted by his trusted help. Finest and heaviest kind of stone foundations are under all, three feet thick, and running up above ground well into the first story eight or ten inches. The walls are of brick, filled in, and clapboarded over. The good, old, heaviest kind of timber and joists are used, with the large, open fireplace, stone hearth,

high iron andirons, and enormous brick chimneys, with everything in keeping and of the most substantial nature.

In the early days, when but a lad, he related how his father would send him away through the forests on his pony to notify the Indians it was the time to assemble in a certain place, where his father was to meet and pay them off their silver annuities. Many times night would find him alone in the woods, far from habitations of white or red man, where he was obliged to tether his horse and make his bed on the ground, surrounded only by the howling wild beasts.

His duty done, he would return home, where his father would soon follow him, with six or eight horses laden down with the silver, specially guarded by an escort of soldiers or "friendlies" on their way to the meeting, where the Indians would receive their treasure at his hands.

When Mr. Connors was a young man of seven or eight years, his father accompanied General Cass on an expedition to effect a treaty with northern Indians. They sailed from here to the upper end of Lake Superior, but at Mackinaw took to big birch bark canoes, about seventy-five feet in length, which required fourteen or fifteen men to handle. They nearly starved to death on this trip, and to make it more exciting, would have been murdered and scalped by the Indians had it not been for a friendly squaw, who awakened them at midnight and gave the alarm, getting them off safely without awakening their would-be murderers. When they reached Fort Mackinaw they were rescued and protected by the soldiers, and afterwards made a treaty at or near Duluth.

Holiday season at the old mill and Connors mansion was a great and glorious time. Their social gatherings took place after church services, for they were devout Catholics. The Indians would come in for their share of the fun, always bringing in to their good white friends their offerings of an abundance of game, of which they always had a plenty and great variety.

The old mill never ceased its running day and night for ten months in the year, and two months daytime, until the hands of time and modern methods ruthlessly destroyed its usefulness, and it died the death of the old and worn-out, and was burned sixty or seventy years ago.

The first settlement on this point was made by the grandfather of Richard Connors, Louis Tremble (pronounced Trombly), somewhere about 1777-1780. He emigrated from Montreal, where his people, French Canadians, had lived for over one hundred years. He built the first mill on the lower branch of the stream, but a few feet from this house, and we find him asking for his land

patents in 1796, and again in 1808, when he says "he was in possession long before 1796."

In 1781 Richard Connors, the grandfather of the present Richard Connors, with his brother Robert, joined the Moravian Indians, and suffered with them an unjust charge of treachery against the British.

Later these Indians were massacred — a cold-blooded murder of sixty-two adults and thirty-four children of these good and inoffensive people by our troops under the command of Colonel David Williamson, March 8, 1782.

The Indians were assembled in two large buildings (it is also said



THE FRONT DOORWAY

were kneeling in solemn prayer) when they were set upon by our troops, tomahawked, stabbed, shot down, and burned to death, but one escaping to tell the awful story.

Henry Connors, the father of the present Richard Connors, once lived in Mt. Clemens. From there he went to the Creek to marry the daughter of the old miller, Louis Tremble.

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3 months' contract, 5%; 6 months' contract, 10%;
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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

WITH this issue THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL completes its eleventh volume, and ends a significant year in its career. Until last April it had been allowed to take its own course. It had many staunch friends, through whose kindly commendation it was gradually increasing in patronage. The advertisers who used its pages then had, almost to a man, been represented for two or more years. Wherever the magazine was known it was well liked, but no special effort had been made to reach a larger public, or to interest other advertisers. At that time, the present publisher determined to devote himself to THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, and to establish it once and for all among the important periodicals for the home. This task, it is now evident, has only been begun. The field for the magazine has widened with every issue. From a paper for an elect few, it has developed into a magazine which, as Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin has already said, is "invaluable to every woman interested in the beauty of her home." When one adds that a woman who is not interested in the beauty of her home does not deserve a home, the breadth of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL's appeal will be easily seen. It has been, and is still, no simple task to find material suited to the magazine's pages. Writers in general have for so long written articles on cozy corners, or the beauties of grille-work, that it was only with difficulty they were induced to consider simplicity in decoration at all. By good fortune, however, several architects and other persons of taste became interested in the magazine and the missionary work it was doing, and now, with

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some confidence, it is possible to look forward not only to the satisfaction of a large public who seek articles on tasteful decoration and furnishing, but to the interests of the amateur in arts and crafts and the collector of old-time treasures as well.

It is believed the magazine has steadily become more practical, and the competitions now in progress should soon furnish material more helpful than anything which has appeared so far. **THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL** is not, and never can be, a substitute for an architect. Its ideas are very far removed from anything of the sort. What it does seek to do is to aid, by suggestions, by plans, photographs, and drawings, the person about to build, rebuild, decorate, or furnish. Its constant pleas are for simplicity, taste, and beauty in the home.

The circulation in April, 1901, was 9,000 copies. Under the changes and improvements, this figure increased to 20,000 in September. A great deal of advertising was done in other periodicals, and the edition for December was 30,000. In January 40,000 copies were printed. This is, of course, a small circulation in these days of ten-cent magazines, but it shows that there is abundant room for a self-respecting periodical of household art. It shows that there is a large public interested in the subject, and it is a foothold. Even this figure will be too high during the summer months, and the circulation will doubtless fall to 30,000 or less. The publisher is safe, however, in **GUARANTEEING AN AVERAGE CIRCULATION FOR THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS OF NOT LESS THAN 40,000 COPIES.** This guarantee will be inserted in advertising contracts whenever desired. It is confidently believed

the magazine will, within a year, be printing 60,000 copies or more.

The publisher invites the continued co-operation of subscribers whose suggestions have already contributed so much to the growth and development of the magazine.

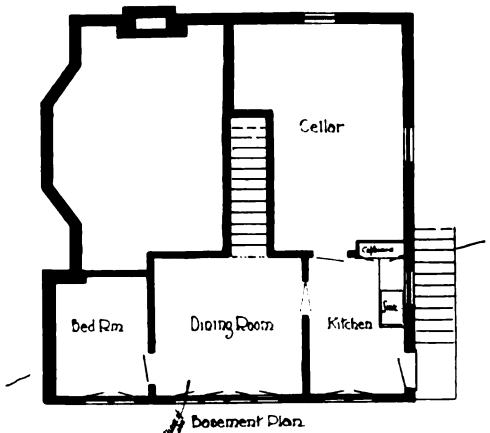
SOME INEXPENSIVE COTTAGES

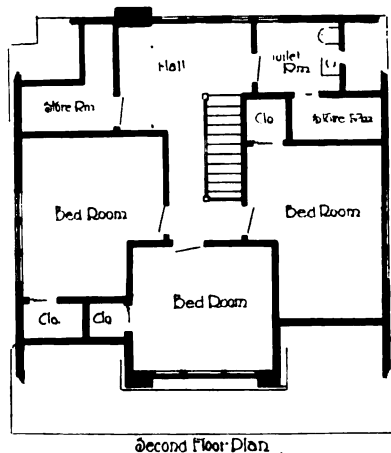
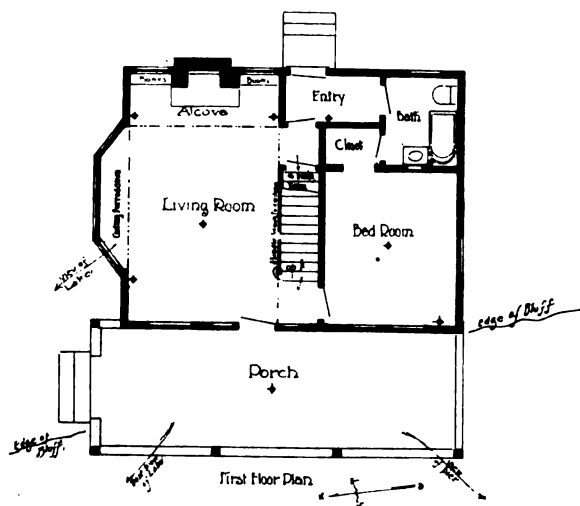
DESIGNED BY ENNIS R. AUSTIN



A SUMMER COTTAGE COSTING \$1,800

It is covered entirely with shingles, left unstained to take the silvery gray





of time. The interior is plastered and the woodwork enameled white, except in the dining-room, where it is given a Flemish stain. The floors of the first

story are oak, stained rather dark. The walls are papered in strong colors, and the curtains are plain white with valances.



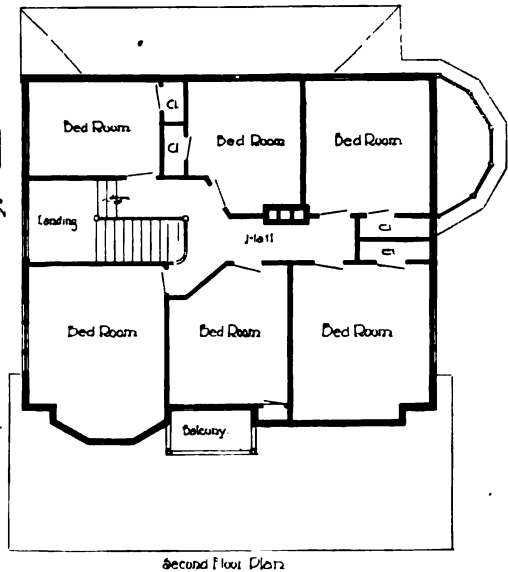
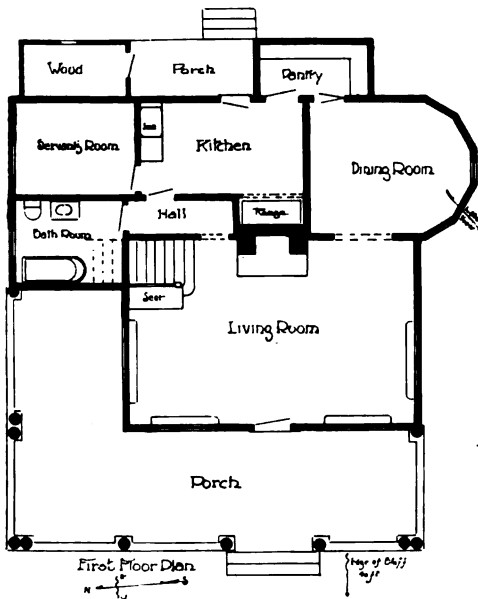
THE LIVING-ROOM IN THE AUSTIN COTTAGE



A SUMMER COTTAGE COSTING \$1,800

The first story is painted white, and the second story, gables, and roof are of shingles stained in moss green. The interior is not plastered, but the timbers

are dressed and stained. The wood-work and floors are of Georgia pine. Morning-glory vines are an important note in the effect.



NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY OLIVER COLEMAN

A VERY notable sale has been progressing for some weeks in New York, resulting in a dispersion of over five thousand pieces of unique interest to collectors. Writing to *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL* something over a year ago, I had occasion to describe the beginning of an antique business by means of bargaining in pepper-pots. The hero of that tale, Mr. Arthur True, has just died, and left for disposal the very fine collection which resulted from the small beginning then referred to. Mr. True was more than a dealer in the ordinary sense, he was a true connoisseur and collector, and there is little trash—I might really say no trash at all—in his collection. One must go to an auction with a very open mind, prepared to buy, if at all, the good thing which it happens no one else wishes, and not bent on buying any one thing, then one suffers no heartaches at the end. I have frequently seen fine gilt mirrors or mahogany desks going for mere songs, and at the same sale a small table or a china plate would sell for its full value. Mr. True had the greatest variety and number of old and historic scene-plates I have ever seen, and so at the sale of his things many collectors of these plates were present. Personally, though in full sympathy with the collecting mania, I cannot appreciate the wherefore of some of the prices realized. Many of these plates, though probably rare, and un-

doubtedly of a fine deep blue, had practically no intrinsic value whatever. The faience was cheap and thick, and the design printed, and in no sense artistic or beautiful. Ten cents, or twenty-five at the outside, was the original cost, yet here are shrewd men fighting for possession, and finally running up the price to fourteen, and in some cases to sixteen dollars! To me it was astonishing. A



BLUE PLATTER: THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

very beautiful silver sugar-bowl of the time of George IV., with lock and key, was sold for thirty dollars; it was worth one hundred, and cost not less than seventy-five. A ten-cent china plate went for fifteen dollars; a beautiful mahogany bureau sold for thirty, and a little pitcher for twelve. If these were not all equally rare, the reason could be clear, but the sugar-bowl above referred to was certainly a very unusual and

beautiful piece. If, therefore, one finds one's self in a "plate" crowd, it will be better to buy furniture, and vice versa.

AS heretofore chronicled, wall-papers, chintzes, dimities, china, all are appropriately flowered for their summer career, and even the mantel tiles follow suit. These tiles are white, narrow, and longish in shape, and carry running designs in two flowers. One is a tulip with green leaves, the pink petals of the flower lined with pale yellow, not I am sure to be found in nature, but very nice notwithstanding.

The other is a pale purple iris. Both tiles, so gay and so flowery, must needs have a side wall of plain color softened by the white woodwork of mantelpiece and trim. The tulip suggested pink or the yellow of its petal lining; the iris, walls of pale green, or better yet, all white, with color touches about the room to give it tone, green, purple, and yellow.

THIS seems hardly the time of year to talk of blankets, yet there are those who, flitting to the mountain-tops or sailing to the islands off the coast, boast, with how much truth I know not, that they sleep beneath blankets all the summer long. So then it may not be amiss to say that there are now to be had some charming French blankets in solid colors, blue, pink, lavender, and old-rose, bound, top and bottom, with a wide white taffeta ribbon. That the colors are fast I am assured, and so for a "bitter" night in August I think they seem rather enticing.

IN this year of grace, 1902, replete as it is with new and good designs, we yet turn back to seventy-five years ago and reproduce wall-papers

made on blocks of the year 1827. The designs are excellent, but may be used only with appropriate furniture—old yellow maple, mahogany, and painted simple shapes. The papers are all finished with a glaze and the figures small and precise. For example, one is a rosebud at regular intervals on a white ground, others have a dull yellow background that looks like old varnish with small designs in different colors and patterns. Surely very quaint and delightful was one paper upon which pink honeysuckle, blue morning-glories, and green leaves clambered aloft to the ceiling. A pleasant thing to open one's eyes upon, I think, on a fine June morning, or not unpleasant for a breakfast-room when the thermometer is also a-climbing. The woodwork of a room papered in this way should be painted white or some harmonious shade of green; I can fancy a soft shade of pale green as most appropriate. The little rosebud pattern recalled a bedchamber in a new-old house near Boston. A paper of a similar design was successfully used on both side walls and ceiling, and the doors, flat and flush with the walls, were covered with the paper also, only the glass pulls being the "open sesame" and showing a way of escape. Glazed chintz used in just the right way and with the right accompaniments is clean looking and attractive, not to mention its undoubted sanitary value. Of making glazed chintzes there is no end. The designs are almost as numerous as those of wall-paper, but I would commend a new pattern of carnations in two shades of pink with bright green leaves printed on a pure white background, as most attractive for a wall covering to be used with white

woodwork and white ceiling. Yet these chintzes are quite expensive for this purpose even in the cheaper grades, and it would appear likely that as furniture

covers they will have their greatest development. For such use I should say they will become a most satisfactory and inviting material.

NEW AND OLD HOUSES

It is a debatable question whether the term "modern dwelling," used in referring to a majority of residence buildings, projected or in course of construction, means anything better than the dwellings built a generation or two ago. The so-called modern dwellings will not be in as good condition twenty-five years hence as those erected twenty-five and fifty years ago are to-day. The fault is with the home-seeker who wants a dwelling in a smart neighborhood at the least possible expense, and never gives a thought to the subject of construction until the plaster begins to crack and fall off, and the wintry winds whistle through the cracks around the casings. In the higher grade brick and stone dwellings, modern conveniences and solidity are combined, and the same is true generally of business and public buildings; but this is not the case with moderate-priced dwellings, from \$1,500 to \$2,500, and the cheap flat buildings, where style is sought at the expense of solidity and comfort.

Two-by-four studding, poor hemlock sheathing, a layer of building paper, and then siding on the outside, and a couple of coats of plaster on the inside, make indifferent protection against the cold of a severe winter or summer heat; the shrinking of the sheathing tears the paper, making it practically worthless as protection; the frost on the outside and the heat from the furnace or stove within soon destroy the plaster; add to this the jarring and vibration of the frail structure, and if they are habitable for ten years it is creditable to the care

exercised in the construction. Twenty years ago no builder would have thought of using anything less than two by six for studding, even in a cottage.

About thirty years ago I built a dwelling, with studding two by six, joist two by ten and two by eight. On the sides of the studding, flush with the outer edge, were nailed one by two inch strips, and after the sheathing and siding were put on lath was nailed on those strips between the studding from sill to crown plate, and one coat of good mortar was laid, covering the whole outer wall, including around the window and door casings. After the under floor was laid, the interior was lathed and plastered and finished in the regular order. This dwelling is in excellent condition at present; the floors and porches wore out and had to be replaced, but the plastering is as sound as when it was put on. The air-chamber between the outer and inside coats excluded frost, hot and cold air came through the door and windows and could be regulated to suit; the saving in fuel alone saved many times the cost of the extra plastering, without taking into consideration the comfort side of the account.

Brick veneering, except for the sake of appearance, is no better than ordinary sheathing and siding. Common brick is porous, and all brick is a good conductor of heat and cold. A solid frame dwelling with two air-chambers, constructed as described, can be made as comfortable as the most expensive brick and stone residence, at a small advance over the present cost of construction.

PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD NOTES

BY ELLEN JUDITH GOULD

For the Kitchen

Drudgery, even that of domestic labor, is, the preacher tells us, not without the elements of culture. Refinement expresses itself in such various ways that it may well be possible to exercise it not only in the production of beds, tables, stools, and candlesticks, but of those utensils usually thought of as far less beautiful, but certainly quite as useful in ministering to home comfort, pots, sauce-pans, spoons, and colanders. Whatever may be said of the exercise of refinement in the production of these things, it is safe to say that the use of them involves even more, and many of the articles here described are especially suited to the occupant of the dainty apartment or cottage whose mistress herself does the lighter portion of the labor or else has a neat-handed Bridget or Katrina to execute it under the direct supervision of her eagle eye.

The proverbially ingenious Yankee must retire before the marvels of German invention shown for the kitchen in some of the shops. He may console himself that there is nothing new in graters, a neglected field where reform has long been needed. Imported ice-cream freezers are shown which effectually reduce the well-known White Mountain freezer from its former eminence, since they require no turning of machinery and comparatively little ice. A cheaper one has but just been perfected in this country, similar in construction, and will soon be on the market. In the outer receptacle the crushed ice is placed, a second one holds the salt, and the center is occupied by the mixture to be frozen. All is tightly covered, and need not again be touched until the cream is wanted for the table. Individual molds in many shapes are made of copper, and are almost as magical in their dainty results for serving iced creams, puddings, or charlotte russe at table. A useful dipper for serving small, shapely portions from a larger bulk is also a convenience.

An ideal kitchen could be realized by tinting the walls a light cream or yellow, either with water-proof calcimine or three coats of paint, the last one of enamel, and covering the floor in blue-and-white linoleum. Strips of wood should be placed at a convenient height against the wall for hanging various utensils like the frying-pans and casseroles made of solid nickel or of copper, the former more readily kept in a brilliant state of cleanliness. A long cupboard, with leaded glass doors above and drawers and bins beneath, displays blue-and-white receptacles for stores, such as sifted flour, salt, dried fruit, and coffee, each with its appropriate lettering in German or English. A separate shelf should be devoted to a porcelain rolling-pin and tray for making pastry, which may hang against the wall, but inclosed for fear of dust. Here, also, should stand the tray of Delft for trimming meats and one with a sharp knife placed diagonally on its side, so inserted that it slices thinly Frankfurt cheese or crisp vegetables. The flour-barrel, inclosed in a separate cupboard, should be put on castors, and near at hand a drawer holds pastry knives, jaggings iron, and automatic biscuit-cutters for round or square biscuits, which need simply to be rolled over the flattened dough with a single sweep of the hand.

The sink should have a grooved marble or composition shelf, though iron is sometimes used, and the best facing for the wall where the faucets are placed is of copper, reaching to the sink itself. There should be enough wood at one side to permit the hanging of a utensil rack holding an odd-shaped basting-spoon, which reaches the corners of the pan, a can-opener, corkscrew, fish-scaler, decorating-knife, slicer for potatoes, and just below, a tiny groove for the larding needle. Another rack contains horn and porcelain spoons of different sizes, and porcelain strainer, also a corrugated blue-and-white pestle for pounding meats or mashing potatoes.

Some housekeepers recommend a framework suspended over the kitchen-table for holding many of these things as well as heavier iron pots and pans, but for many reasons it is better to leave the kitchen clear overhead and to keep the iron pans for French bread and rolls of crusty sweetness, the convenient asparagus cooker for serving the vegetable whole, and the Dutch oven for roasting fowls in the European way, in a covered cupboard near the sink or stove. Most of these useful things may be bought not only in nickel or copper, whose first cost seems rather great, but in excellent white, blue, or brown granite, which, if less likely to become heirlooms than the first named, yet have many years of service. But invest in the heirloom of the future by all means if you can, for who knows what glory of honored place on the mantelpiece may await it in the third or fourth generation? Smaller conveniences are, sets of removable skewers for trussing meats, rubber bags for decorating cakes and pastry, cake-tins with their bottoms removable, cutters for serving vegetables in fancy shapes, and a particularly ingenious set of ten rotary knives with a single handle, to be used in cutting spinach into a fine green mass, as it is served on the continent abroad.

Mushrooms

Mushrooms are particularly delicious if placed in small individual dishes, seasoned, and covered, each service with its fitted glass cover. These are then placed on top of the range and allowed to cook for twenty minutes, the entire arrangement being sent hot to the table, and the whole aroma of the delicacy thus retained. The plates can be bought either of white French china or a brown ware, and in large or small size.

For Dining-room and Pantry

The blue and white of a German coffee-pot in onion pattern of Dresden ware or of Delft would untie the knots of the tightest purse-strings. The ware is very strong, being like that used for individual baking-dishes, and is said to endure any degree of heat short of that of the living coals. Still the dealer is a shade less enthusiastic in his recommendations, even of this fascinating piece, than of that of a similar

style done in white granite, unbreakable, costing but two dollars instead of four, and having the same mechanism for the brewing of coffee. This is quite simple, consisting of a cylindrical cup, which fits into the top of the coffee-pot proper, both having the same fitted cover. A fine strainer forms the bottom of the cup, and the ground coffee is placed in this, then covered with a second strainer, which insures the even distribution of the boiling water poured over it. As the water drips through to the coffee-pot and steaming back penetrates the whole, the very best aroma and strength of the coffee are retained, but none of those undesirable elements which are the stock in trade of the advertisers of cereal coffees.

Surely every coffee-lover has longed to be quits with these heretics, to whom they probably owe many an apostatic breakfast, and an investment in one of these coffee-pots is a glorious opportunity. A learned professor once said, in discussing the merits and demerits of coffee for breakfast, that, not knowing of dripped coffee, he once gave up the beverage for a period of four years, under the impression that it disagreed with him. He then learned to make it in this way, and now in mature years, on reviewing his well-spent life, felt that those four years were the only ones he had wasted. Can the venders of peanut-coffee bring anything forward to vie with this glowing tribute? *Mais revenons à nos moutons.*

The French coffee-pots are usually more complicated, being designed for making coffee on the table; but very graceful adjuncts to their mechanism, as well as that of the chafing-dish, are shown in alcohol filters in miniature coffee-pot shape, with long slender spouts capped by a chained stopper. These are in brass or nickel, and so well designed that they are by no means out of place in the dining-room. In nickel also are the rather elaborate radish-holders, with a place for each individual radish to stand on end, and a central receptacle from which the salt is served. At first these seem very pleasing, but familiarity and reflection lead to the conviction that this is quite too much glory for the radish. A strawberry, ripe and luscious in the early summer, may merit such distinction, but alas! the strawberry has no such durable quality as the radish; so despite its charms, the radish-holder must be relegated to the use of people who like such things.

Far prettier are the frosted glass salad or berry dishes with metal frames, pretty enough for any one if you judge by merit alone, and very consoling to those who cannot afford silver. Baskets of perforated nickel are also shown for serving rolls, bread, or small cakes, as well as oblong trays for serving cakes baked in that shape, and which could also be used to enable the "ladye or loaf giver" to cut and serve the bread as needed on the table, a pretty task sometimes delegated to a daughter of the house. These trays are quite flat, the deep cream ware which forms them being ornamented with more or less pleasing decorations in German taste and bound in nickel, sometimes with handles of the same. These are said to be desirable for serving shortcakes, but she would be a trusting housewife who would risk the overflow of fruit juice on her best damask table-cloths.

Extremely pretty round trays bound in nickel and with felting next the table are designed to hold hot plates or dishes, and admirably take the place of those table-mats of raffia or crocheted cord which in spite of every effort can rarely be called attractive. These porcelains are charming for this purpose, and as they can be kept clean as easily as a dinner-plate, save labor in the laundry. Large and small serving trays, with handles at either end, may also be bought made up in the same manner. A recent importation shows baking-dishes for fish or vegetables, au gratin, or for baked puddings, which require neither a napkin nor a silver holder to make them presentable for the table. They are of porcelain, usually a deep cream color with decoration in Greek key or vine pattern around the outside.

Coasters for wine-bottles—why, by the way, are they so called?—may be found in nickel, as well as shakers for lemonade, sugar-sifters and pepper-grinders, the latter in blue-and-white china with nickel trimmings. A most attractive novelty for putting the pantry in gala dress is a shelf trimming which hangs over the edge, made of a composition of thread and paper in white, or white combined with blue and pink, having the effect of cross-stitch embroidery, and made in patterns as good as Saxon or Bavarian embroidery. It is said to be serviceable for years, as it can be cleaned, and the cost for a package of ten yards is fifty-five cents.

RECIPES

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL will publish from month to month recipes for special dishes. They are the result of a wide experience on the part of an excellent housekeeper, and can be followed with perfect confidence.

Cream of Mushrooms

Wash and peel one quart of fresh mushrooms, put them into a quart of boiling water and boil until tender enough to rub through a sieve. Stir them into two quarts of cream soup as follows: Take two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and mix until they bubble, then stir in one quart of hot milk and boiling water, a teaspoonful at a time. When all has been used, season with salt and pepper.

Anchovy Eggs

Four hard-boiled eggs, cut in halves; remove yolks and mix with them one teaspoonful of anchovy paste and one teaspoonful of butter. Pepper to taste, and pound thoroughly in a mortar to make smooth. Put mixture back in eggs, cut round pieces of toast in which a place large enough to hold an egg has been cut, insert the eggs and pour over the following sauce: Put one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and one-half tablespoonful of flour; let it brown, then add one-half cup of clear stock, add also a little of the paste if desired. Pour while hot over eggs.

Curry of Sweetbreads or Chicken

Fry one onion and one apple; add stock, one teaspoonful of chutney sauce, two pickled walnuts, curry to make hot, and season with red pepper if necessary. Add one and one-half pounds of sweetbreads which have been par-boiled and chopped. Serve with a border of well-boiled rice.

Rice Pudding

Wash one-half pound of rice and let it swell in a little milk with a little salt and some lemon peel. Add milk as the rice swells, but do not stir. When the rice is well swollen and thick, add a tablespoonful of butter, a little powdered sugar, four whole eggs and more lemon peel. Take a deep dish or mold and some powdered sugar; melt in it without water until the sugar has become very brown. Then turn the mold in all directions so that the inside is well covered with caramel. Pour in the rice so that three-fourths of the mold is filled, and put in the oven about half an hour. Let cool, and serve cold with the following sauce: Boil for five minutes a pint of milk, sweetened to taste and flavored with lemon peel. Let cool a little. Beat yolks of six eggs well and pour slowly into the milk, stirring all the while on a slow fire. When the mixture has reached the consistency of cream, let it cool and pour around the rice pudding.

ODDS AND ENDS

Washable Rugs for the Porch

The woman who does home fancy work is just now turning her attention to washable rugs made of bits of white cotton or linen stuffs.

When completed, these rugs are extremely pretty, especially in bedrooms of country houses, and are of inestimable value on the summer veranda.

The cost of producing them also is very small, as they are almost altogether made of pieces of white underwear which have in such capacity outlived their usefulness. They rob, in fact, the rag-bag. Petticoats, night-dresses, or other garments that have become worn are taken by nimble fingers and torn into strips of about three-quarters of an inch wide. They are then sewed strongly together, end to end, and tightly rolled into a ball, in just the same way that carpet rags are prepared. They are more pleasant to handle and better, from the fact of the starch being taken out, if first they have been thoroughly washed. To make a medium-sized rug, four of these balls will suffice should they be about eight inches in diameter.

After thus being made ready they are sent to the weaver, who, for a small sum, runs them through his looms and turns them out looking very much like rag carpets, only, of course, they are snow white. When it is desired, a ball of pink or green goods is also made, that strips of color may be woven across the ends. This touch adds greatly to their decorative value. Some old wash summer gown of gingham comes in well to tear up for this purpose, and will afford the desired amount of color of the same shade. Indeed, these rugs give a conscientious excuse to get rid of a lot of old things, while sewing the stuff together and rolling the balls is simple, pleasant work. Children love to help on rainy days. And often some bit of work is wanted to keep the hands busy when the light is too poor for more exalted fancy pieces, and the desire to chat makes the counting of stitches in knitting irksome.

These rugs are really desirable. In front of a bath-tub, for instance, they have an inviting, clean look. Another advantage is, that every morning when the summer veranda is put in order they can be scrubbed off. A little soft soap thrown on them and the brush rubbed up

and down several times rescues from them any dirt or dust that they may have accumulated. As so much white woodwork is used in dainty bedrooms, and white verandas are said to be the coming rage, the making of them is well worth the labor.

To Cleanse Matting

Wash matting with water in which bran has been boiled, or in rock salt water. Dry well with a cloth.

Novel Table Decorations

The pretty old fashion of having quaintly shaped "dishes" of rare china filled with a few choice pears, peaches, etc., is coming into favor once more, but now the china dishes are replaced by small baskets of silver or silver-gilt, and they are placed at the four corners of the table.

To Cleanse Embossed Leather

Embossed leather can be cleaned with turpentine applied with a soft cloth. This removes the stains, but slightly stiffens the leather, which must be made pliable again by being rubbed briskly with crude oil. Use a very little oil, and go over the piece with one of the clean cloths upon which no oil has been put, as care must be taken to get all the surface grease off to prevent soiling the clothes.

Table Linen

To keep table-cloths in good condition, pour boiling water upon stains from fruit or coffee as soon as the table is cleared; do not wait until the weekly wash-day. Some housekeepers drop a pinch of salt on a stain as soon as it is made, and this tends to its eradication. A suggestion for preserving the length of the days of table linen is to avoid folding the table-cloth in the same creases every time it is laundered.

Polishing Tables

A woolen cloth, plenty of rubbing, and one tablespoonful of vinegar mixed with three of pure linseed oil will make a mahogany dinner-table shine like a mirror. Piano-keys when in need of cleaning should be wiped off with alcohol. For sponging out bureau drawers and drawers of sideboards, use tepid water containing a one per cent solution of carbolic acid, or if that is not liked, use a small quantity of thymoline in the tepid water. Instead of paper, some housekeepers line such drawers with white oil-cloth. If the contents of the drawers are delicate waists or other articles likely to be injured by dust, it is a good plan to lay in the bottom of the drawers a piece of cheese-cloth as wide as the drawer, but twice as long, so that it can be folded over the top of things therein.



Questions and Answers

ing to *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL*. *Country Life* contains a great many exteriors and would doubtless give you the information you desire. Munstead House is in England.

Changes in an Old House

I am in perplexity about a house we have rented. I do not know how to treat the walls and the floors. If possible I do not wish to paint the woodwork. I have some fine rugs, which are too large, I fear, to use. I have terra-cotta velour portières for the doors in the first hall, and for the library door between parlor and library. I thought of putting in the parlor green Wilton carpet, green paper, and using two ancient rugs. In the library the same green carpet with one or no rug, but what paper? In the dining-room, a rug seventeen feet two inches by ten feet three inches, terra-cotta and saffron, but I cannot decide what to do with the walls, ceiling, and floor, or what to do with the hall, floors or ceiling. The three front rooms on the second floor are for my husband, myself, and child. The mantels are dark marble or walnut; the woodwork light green, and the inside shutters have no frames to fit into. I thought of matting for the child's room and mine, in my husband's room carpet, a body Brussels or an ingrain filling of solid color. Would you put matting in the hall and dining-room? A. W. D.

The house which you have rented was built at an ugly period of American architecture. Black marble mantel pieces and variegated woodwork belong to the year 1874. As you wish to make few changes in the house, we would suggest painting all the woodwork, including mantels, on the lower floors the darkest green, painting over the light green. We are sending you under separate cover samples of wall-paper, stuffs, etc., that carry out an effective color scheme. The yellow stripe is advised for the hall with woodwork pillars and stairs painted the dark green referred to. A russet terry covering floor and the center portion of the staircase will bind walls and floor together. A similar scheme is advised for library, the color deepened and intensified. With the library samples we send a plain russet in a new ribbed paper, and a figured one in russet and deep yellows—the latter a Chiswick design in conventionalized poppies. The room would be attractive with the plain paper hung to a low, broad molding, with the Chiswick used as a frieze, portières of the russet velour, and curtains of a lighter silk inclosed.

Deep old blue in the dining-room and green in the parlor complete the rooms on the first

The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Whenever the address is given and stamps are inclosed, replies will be sent by mail within three weeks.

English Books and Periodicals

In speaking of *Canterbury Keys* and Elizabethan architecture in the March number, you mention the Kate Greenaway books. Could you tell me the name of a publisher from whom I could procure them?

Second. We are thinking of building, not simply a house, but a home—and my ambition has always been for one on some such plan as Munstead House. Can you tell me if it is in this country or in England.

Third. Can you give me the titles of any books on English architecture, also any periodicals that take the same place in England as yours does here. We cannot afford to put a fortune into our house and so rather incline toward English cottages with their quaint latticed windows and garden doors. I am reading very carefully "*The Apartments of the House*" by Joseph Crouch and Edmund Butler, architects, and "*The Art of the House*," by Rosamund Marriott Watson, but they are really only interiors and I am anxious to get some English ones on exteriors. Would you kindly give me the address of *Country Life*. A. C. B.

Country Life is published in London. Any book-seller importing foreign publications can supply you with it. The Kate Greenaway books are difficult to find in this country. A little book written by the author of "*Elizabeth and Her German Garden*," and illustrated by Miss Greenaway, may be secured through A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. The title, if we mistake not, is "*The April Baby's Song Book*." Messrs. George Rutledge & Sons, Ludgate Hill, London, published "*Under the Window*," the first and most famous of the Greenaway volumes. Their American office is 119 West Twenty-third Street, New York, where it may be ordered.

We know of no English magazine correspond-

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

floor. A fine strong blue may be found in burlap, Canterbury cloth, and Japanese grass cloth. The blue of cartridge paper is not so good. Green, however, in the latter material is excellent in color. We note from your plan that the dining-room has an eastern exposure. Possibly you may prefer to transpose the colors given and use blue in the parlor. In the latter room, we would suggest using a terry or Wilton carpet of the exact shade of the wall, thus making a plain background for your rare and beautiful rugs. Plain floor coverings are advised on the supposition that hardwood floors are an impossibility. Matting is not recommended for the lower rooms. Such dark paint needs a darker foundation than matting. Your list of furniture shows a number of excellent pieces. They are not, however, quite in line with the house, but we realize that rented houses, particularly of the period in question, present many difficulties. Whether plain or figured stuffs are used in upholstering the chairs depends somewhat on the choice of wall-paper. With plain walls some of the stuffs should be figured.

Upstairs, white woodwork would make the bedrooms much more livable than the present shaded green, and the change is earnestly advised. We send you several pink papers that would be charming in your little daughter's room. Matting could find a place on this floor, and would be cool and agreeable with the white paint. Two rooms out of the five would better be in a pink scheme, one in yellow (the north room), one in blue, having Japanese rugs, a blue counterpane for the bed, and blue Japanese cotton prints at the windows, and one in white and soft green. A pretty bedroom seen recently had a cream paper with a large Japanese design in wistaria. The furniture was covered with cretonne, repeating the flower, and the curtains were of plain lavender silk over cream colored muslin. The woodwork and furniture were green.

An Old-Fashioned Room

Please advise me about a room in which all the woodwork is white and the mantel is plain with rather good lines. I have plain muslin curtains with ruffle at the windows. Yet it looks bare, as they are the ugly modern windows. There are six houses standing two and two. All the neighbors have put a curtain pole with long silk or lace curtains across the outside of window, but I don't like such a modern idea for I have quite a few pieces of real old mahogany for this room, two small mahogany inlaid tables, one to go each side of mantel, as in the picture by John A. Lomax, "To Bring the Roses Back." Also an old carved chair of fine lines. So, will you kindly give me advice as to paper, carpet, and covering for sofa, odd chairs, carved footstool, etc., for this room; also carpet. All furniture is in muslin at present. I have an all old-rose carpet, bought last September. Could I use it and work up to it? But I do not want to spoil the effect of "an old-fashioned homely drawing-room." I mean to buy an old-fashioned corner cabinet for old china, etc. Also,

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

can I possibly do anything with window and seat without too great an expense. I forgot to say that the wall-paper must also be new. I am so thoroughly tired of the up-to-date drawing-rooms of my neighbors that I have taken all the old pieces possible from home. This room is very light, the sun streaming in nearly all day, and so I have creamy yellow blinds. I have also a very old rosewood piano with silver candleholders and holders on side of piano. The wood is very dark. Will it look out of place with all the mahogany?

At present I have gas logs which I shall remove. Tilings of mantel are a deep cream finished with a flat narrow brass band round facing of fireplace.

H. A. R.

The room described seems admirably adapted for "an old-fashioned homely drawing-room," using the word "homely" in the sense of "home-like." A colonial paper should be chosen for the walls, one having a good deal of old pink in it, if the carpet you speak of is to be used. A bare floor, stained mahogany, with rugs in which pink predominated would be more effective. By all means retain the quaint little rosewood piano with the silver candleholders. Old rosewood is much lighter than the modern wood of that name and will not be at all out of place with the old mahogany.

While your mantel is not strictly colonial, so far as the tiles and the facing of brass are concerned, it is simple in design, and may be made very attractive. We are glad that you are going to remove the gas logs. The room could not have the atmosphere you desire so long as they remained. Instead of a grate we would suggest brass andirons, and if you can find them, brass jamb-hooks for the shovel and tongs.

There are many charming stuffs suitable for your davenport, wing chairs, and straight-back chairs. In chintz and cretonne may be found many good designs typical of the colonial period. The motive of the wall-paper might be repeated in some of the upholstery. All the materials used, however, should not be figured. A little plain old pink should be used in cushions, pillows, etc. The room should be kept very simple. Avoid "stiffness" above everything else. Daintiness and a pleasing severity should be the dominant qualities here. The room does not require pictures, and bric-à-brac should be wholly absent, unless your old china in the corner cupboard and a few brass candlesticks can come under the head of "bric-à-brac." Over the mantel a long, gilt-framed mirror, placed lengthwise, would be effective. A set of girandoles and nothing else is earnestly advised for the mantel. Such a room seems to demand candlelight. A pair of candlesticks, Sheffield plate or brass with snuffers and tray, would look exceedingly well on one of the small tables and another pair could be used on the other table without overdoing the matter. We like the way you have placed these tables, one on either side of the mantel. The arrangement suggests a Sadler interior.

Plain muslin curtains with ruffles, such as you now have at the bay windows, are very effective. If the windows seem bare and



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made. What design? Does it do to mix long and short nap rugs, and what kind are best where I must pay only a moderate price? I have not found a gilt-framed hall mirror with hooks. Would one do without hooks, and substitute a "tree"? I do not like the old-fashioned hall racks. There is a good coat closet.

The library has floor, woodwork, and mantel of quarter-sawed oak. There is a recess which might have a built-in seat beneath the window, but it is cold there in winter, and warm in summer. Could you suggest a design for bookshelves? Should the built-in shelves be of the kind of wood that the room is finished in or like the furniture? What finish of wood would be best for the furniture? I have thought of English oak, as I think it would harmonize best with the color scheme of the room. Please tell me the best design for a useful library table. The green of the paper is so decidedly a blue-green that a pure green placed beside it "killed" it completely. The decorator tinted the ceiling with green to which blue had been added in a considerable quantity.

The dining-room has the floor, woodwork, side-walls to a height of five feet, plate-rack around the room, picture molding, nine-inch border to top of casings, and ceiling done in oak, natural finish. The side wall, border, and ceiling are in linocrusta. The wall space above the plate-shelf has a dark rich tapestry paper in foliage and fruit design. The rug is a dark rich forest green. The curtains are éceru embroidered serim. The chairs are of dark antique oak, covered with the darkest shade of green leather. I had thought of a large buffet, as I do not like most of the sideboards I have seen.

The wall decoration of the parlor is water-color fresco. The tint on the wall was a flesh color, but the pink did not hold well and has nearly disappeared, leaving a deep cream with just a hint of the pinkish tint. The woodwork is quarter-sawed oak in this room also, and although I am sure you will object to it, I am afraid it will have to remain. I am undecided as to the floor. I must have new furniture. What pieces will I require, and what upholstery? Also, what curtains and draperies?

A bedroom is fourteen by seventeen feet. The woodwork is yellow pine of a good quality. I know you will call this "hopeless," but I do not think it can be changed. Please suggest what change would be best. Perhaps I can accomplish it. What furniture is necessary, and how should the bed and dressing case be dressed?

Please give me advice also about furniture for veranda.

C. R. G.

The details of your letter have been carefully considered and we send you the following suggestions:

For the hall with walls of the rich purple red of your sample the furniture should be dark. Flemish oak is advised, although the few pieces of black walnut that are now in the hall are very good of their kind. In removing the rugs of Wilton and substituting Oriental ones the coloring of the former should be repeated. Bokhara rugs carry out these shades beautifully and could be used when desired with a totally

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

different color scheme. So long as the different rugs harmonize they need not be of the same weave, and whether the nap be long or short is immaterial. Any good furniture dealer could provide you with a brass-framed mirror having the hooks you wish. As you have a coat closet, a hall tree seems hardly a necessity. It is an ugly piece of furniture at best. A chest of Flemish oak or of brass (brass in your hall we think) could hold overshoes, and with this arrangement no rack or tree is needed. The settle you are planning to make should be severe in style. In the November HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, 1900, on page 695, is an illustration of a den which contains an excellent settle. This shape is seldom found in the shops, but its construction is exceedingly simple. With walls so dark, curtains of pale yellow may give just the effect you wish. It will do no harm to try the experiment, and if they blend with the stained glass of the high window we should advise retaining them. More than one piece of brass could be used here to advantage. A tall jar and one or two bowls for holding flowers will make bright spots of color.

For the library weathered oak furniture would look exceedingly well with its blue and green color scheme, as the slightly green tone in the oak leads up to the green in your walls and rug. We mail you a catalogue under separate cover of the weathered oak furniture, also a catalogue of Mr. Gustave Stickley's designs. You will find several good writing tables and desks among the pieces, all far removed from the French affairs which you so justly dislike. Book-shelves built into the room should be like the woodwork; detached bookcases like the furniture. An ideal arrangement in this room would be to have woodwork and furniture alike, staining the former a weathered shade. Curtains of India prints, combining blue and green with possibly a little bright yellow, would be effective. Simple sash curtains, hung from brass rods, are best. Weathered oak furniture requires little upholstery. The pieces, while severely plain, are also very comfortable. Many of Mr. Stickley's chairs have cushions of leather in a fine dull green. This green, however, is too olive for your room as indicated by your sample of wall-paper. Figured stuffs in peacock coloring—not the peacock blue in vogue a decade ago, which is the crudest, most impossible color ever invented—but the real green and the real blue of a peacock feather, could be used in this room with a cotton fabric in pure yellow. A yellow shade for your drop light would be attractive, or a pierced brass one, made by Miss Christia M. Reade, of the Krayle Company. A brass waste basket and brass candlesticks would enliven this room quite a bit.

For the dining-room, the oak chairs of which you send us a drawing, are very good indeed. The serving-table, dining-table, and buffet should follow the design of the chairs as closely as possible. A slight exaggeration in the curve of the buffet legs would not spoil the harmony. Both tables should have square tops. There are several shades in the tapestry paper that



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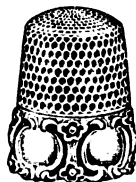
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could be repeated in the draperies. As the portière between dining-room and library is harmonious with both rooms, it might be well to use some such color scheme at the windows. If a solid color is desired, choose either the fine blue or the dull mahogany, either being in line with the treatment of the room.

The parlor demands a radically different scheme. The pale walls need a pale floor covering. There are Oriental rugs that combine these light colors, but they are silk rugs and usually very expensive. A Wilton or Moquette carpet in the ivory and rose tints of the wall would appear to be the only alternative. The furniture should be mahogany, not of the most massive kind, but leaning rather to the Chipendale order. The upholstery and curtains should be old rose, the latter hanging straight from brass rods placed at the top of the window with inner hangings of cream colored net or lace, just as you prefer. It is rather a difficult matter to bring this room, so light in character, into harmony with the hall and adjoining library, which are so dark in color scheme. The portières will have to be carefully chosen. Old rose between parlor and hall, faced on the hall side with a velour the exact shade of the hall paper will bind the rooms together. Between parlor and library, a deep rose faced with the green of the library will have a similar effect.

In the bedroom there are several ways of treating the pine woodwork you mention. It may be painted a deep, dull green or an ivory white, or it may be oiled from time to time, which will darken the wood. We send you a sample of a yellow paper which would be charming with either the deep green or the ivory. A blue paper, a blue design on a cream white, could be used with the woodwork just as it is, and with this combination Japanese rugs in blue would be very pretty. Curtains of Japanese blue cotton and draperies of either plain or figured stuff in blue would carry out the blue idea which, in a room so flooded with light, would not seem chilly. A brass or iron bed with a Berea College coverlet costing seven dollars and fifty cents and a plain linen cover on the bureau would constitute all the dressing necessary. Furniture painted white would go well with the pine woodwork. Green woodwork would necessitate mahogany furniture or furni-



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ture painted green. A good quality of paper would not fade. Burlap is too heavy for bedrooms. Should you decide on a yellow scheme for this room, it would need much toning down with green to prevent a garish result.

There is an endless variety of veranda furniture. The Raffia, Swan, and "Old Hickory" designs are all good. THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL for May, 1900, contains an article on the Swan furniture.

Color Schemes

I would like suggestions in regard to color scheme and general decoration of two rooms in club that we propose repapering and painting. The card-room, facing south, has three large windows with inside blind shutters. The finish is painted wood, moldings quite heavy, with overhang on doors and windows. It is used as a card and general assembly room. The carpet is cork, plain in brown shades; furniture consists of mahogany and oak card-tables with cane-seated mahogany and oak chairs, two large lounging chairs in red leather, large center-table in oak, roller top desk, piano (upright). There is no mantel in this room, but a chimney breast and a large open Franklin stove, after the old style. On the walls are two large oil paintings and one engraving, all in gold frames, and one photograph framed in white and gold; a pair of antlers, very large, and a deer head with antlers.

There is a small room over the stairs at present unfurnished, which I think could be made something of. It has, as you see, one large window. Opening from the card-room, on the west side, is the reception-room in olives and browns, which we do not propose to change. The billiard-room, also opening from the card-room, has carpet like that in the card-room, three mahogany billiard tables, oak leather-seated chairs, cane racks, etc. A chair-rail of oak runs round the entire room. On the walls are two Japanese pictures, framed in gold, and a handsome deer head.

There are three large windows looking north. This room we wish to do over; also the small hall opening from the main hall directly to the billiard-room. This has no window and depends

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for light on the glass in door to main hall. It is quite dark and is used as a coal-room, and has small desk for janitor. All the rooms are lighted with electricity, but it is not available during day. All rooms are ten feet high.

S. E. S.

We send you herewith suggestions for the rooms in your club-house, for which you desire advice. In the billiard-room we would advise a copper-colored burlap with ceiling in rough plaster, calcimined a russet shade; in the card-room a russet burlap with ceiling in yellow; and in the small room an entire yellow scheme. If you do not wish plain walls, a deep and very decorative frieze could be used with the burlap. In the billiard-room a frieze in a Chiswick or some American paper combining, in bold design, copper and russet tones, and in the card-room a similar frieze in russets, yellows, and olive green would be extremely effective. The green is suggested in order to bring into harmony the reception-room now furnished in olive. With this plan the small room should be treated as the card-room is, and the yellow scheme abandoned.

If burlap is too expensive, cartridge paper could be used instead, but it will not produce the same result. Burlap lasts for years and viewed from this standpoint is as economical as paper.

The dark hall would appear to be much lighter than it really is if walls and ceiling were calcimined a deep yellow, and this feeling would be heightened by placing yellow glass in the main door of the hall.

The pictures could be grouped to better advantage. The oils should be hung against the darkest wall which in this case is in the billiard-room. The engravings and photographs should be placed by themselves and would be greatly improved if framed in dark wood.

A word must be said in regard to the cloth used on the billiard tables. Most manufacturers cover their tables with such crude colors that they "kill" any room. We hope that your tables have not this objection, or if they have, that the cloth may be removed and a covering the color of the walls substituted. The trouble and expense will be more than compensated for by the gain in the beauty of the room.

We note that mahogany and oak are combined in both rooms. Keeping the billiard-room in mahogany and the card-room in oak will add much to the unity of your club-house.

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The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Replies cannot be sent by mail, but will be printed in these columns as soon as possible.

Colors for Exteriors

We are very much concerned in regard to the colors for painting exteriors. Our home is a small eight-roomed, two-story cottage with a veranda on three sides of the parlor. The gables are shingled. We want to paint four buildings in the grounds the same color, and as we have little shade, do not want anything too showy.

M. M. G.

We think that you will gain the best effect with your four buildings by painting them all a deep gray and staining the roofs a moss-green. With this scheme the blinds should be painted green and the doors and window casings white.

Furnishing Beds

Will you kindly give me your advice in furnishing my beds in our new home? What shape shall I have my pillows? How shall beds be made up? Do you believe in bolsters? I shall be very grateful if you will advise me in sufficient detail, so that I may carry out your idea of the "ideal bed" minutely.

Shall I have a brass bedstead, with mahogany furniture in one room, white bedstead in another, and solid sets in the others, or shall I carry out one idea in all the rooms?

Would you advise us to have a large doorway between library, sitting-room, and dining-room? The latter opens into the hall also. In which shall we have the grille, and in which velour portières?

M. M.

There are no hard and fast rules about the making of beds. The usual pillows are twenty

inches wide, and careful housekeepers prefer the Amoskeag ticking, allowing five pounds of best feathers to a pair. Shams are no longer used, so need not be considered here. There are several ways of arranging a bed, much depending on the style of the room and the rest of the furniture. A brass bedstead and a four-poster are radically different pieces of furniture, and usually demand a different treatment—unless one adheres to plain white—the finest of white linen pillow cases and the finest of white marseilles spreads. There is a great daintiness in the spotless white bed that is sometimes lost in the more modern chintz and silk arrangements.

A brass bed is sometimes effective with a chintz or cretonne covering and a French bolster of the same material. The bolster is simply a day affair, and is used without pillows. The four-poster may be made simple or elaborate, as one pleases. *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL* for June, 1901, shows some attractive bedrooms, where the posters have testers and curtains of chintz. There is another style of colonial bed, where the posts are low and no tester is required. This type looks exceedingly well with a blue-and-white coverlet. The old blue and white ones are, of course, very desirable, but good, modern ones may be secured through Miss Josephine Robinson, of Berea College, Berea, Kentucky. These are spun by the mountain women of Kentucky, and are very effective.

It is not necessary that all the bedrooms conform to one scheme of treatment, but it is necessary that each room should express a definite idea. Where the room is furnished in mahogany, a four-poster bed in the required style is appropriate. There are many rooms where brass bedsteads could be used. With white enameled furniture and with green painted furniture the brass would be in keeping. In a child's room a white enameled iron bed is best.

We cannot decide the question of the wide opening between the library and the dining-room without knowing something of the construction of the rooms, nor can we advise you very satisfactorily about the grille. Unless the grille is very simple and planned by a good designer it would better be discarded altogether.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A Library

Will you kindly give us some help as to a library in our new house. This is a very large room, with large fireplace. We would like the woodwork stained green, but not very dark. Will you suggest some shade, and would yellow side walls and lighter ceiling be a good combination with the green? The woodwork is oak. What draperies at south windows would you suggest? Would the fireplace look well of yellow, dull-finished tiles; mantel and hearth alike? The plan of our house was adapted from a plan in **THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL**, and it is very much admired.

M. T. A.

With woodwork painted or stained green in your library, yellow walls and yellow tiles in mantel and hearth, you have an excellent combination. The stain for the woodwork should be of a deep brown. In the draperies we should advise carrying out the same color scheme. Sheer curtains of cotton stuff in pale yellow, with or without outer hangings, would be effective. Portières in green ooze leather would look exceedingly well at the wide opening between the library and the adjoining room. We take for granted that all the woodwork is to be stained green—bookcases, mantel, etc. Iron hearth appointments would harmonize with a yellow tiled hearth better than brass ones, and iron knobs would be in keeping on the green doors. It is not necessary that everything in the room be yellow and green. A little deep orange or copper color in cushions and upholstery would add a pleasant touch. Pictures for a yellow room should be carefully chosen as they could easily spoil the whole effect. They should be strong in color, and framed in dark green or Flemish oak. You have not a great deal of wall space, so the placing of many pictures is out of the question.

You do not refer to the furniture. Light oak or any other light wood is naturally debarred from this room. Green stained furniture and Flemish oak pieces would have a proper setting here. Old mahogany could be sparingly used with the green pieces, but mahogany and Flemish oak should not both find a place here.

A Polish for Floors

Please let me have the address of Bücher's Polish, as I have seen it in **THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL**.

W. L. G.

The polish for hardwood floors recommended by **THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL** is made by the Bücher Polish Company, 356 Atlantic Avenue, Boston.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Colors and Gas-Jets

I wish to decorate three rooms in my residence and will thank you very kindly for any suggestion you may offer as to the color scheme.

The finish and floor in the reception-hall are antique oak; furniture, antique oak; rug, Wilton Bokhara. Parlor woodwork, cherry; floor, quartered oak; furniture, mahogany; rug, prevailing tints harmonizing with cherry woodwork. Dining-room finish and floor, antique oak; rug, of a neutral tint; furniture, antique oak.

The tiling and hearth in the parlor are of a light tan, shading off to a darker color. The tiling and hearth in the dining-room are Indian red. Oval-shaped plate-glass mirror in the parlor mantel, and a plate-glass mirror in the dining-room mantel, dining-room mantel having double shelves with corner-pieces running from the floor to the top shelf, the whole being about eight and one-half feet high.

I would also thank you for any suggestions as to the best mode of preventing the smoking of the ceiling by gas-jets; that is, suggest some kind of a screen.

What kind of portières would you suggest using between the parlor and dining-room and parlor and reception-hall? E. C.

In your reception-hall the deepest color of the Bokhara rug would better be repeated in the wall-paper, either a plain paper or one in which the figure is nearly the shade of the background. In the parlor a yellow paper in a colonial design would combine well with the mahogany furniture and cherry woodwork. This paper should have a decided mixture of russet in order to lead up to the russet tiles of the mantel and hearth. In the dining-room either the Indian red of the tiling could be used as the dominant color or a strong, soft green. If you are fortunate enough to secure a red harmonizing with the tiles and at the same time meeting the deeper coloring of the hall, the effect would be pleasing and quite uncommon. Portières should be plain, we think, and in tones as near that of the walls as possible.

We cannot advise you in regard to a screen to protect a ceiling from smoking gas-jets, for the only ones which we have seen were painfully ugly, and but poorly fulfilled their mission. The fault lies with the burners, which should be exchanged for new ones, which, if properly constructed, should prevent smoking. Gas is very unsatisfactory at best. Electric lights, when properly placed and shaded, are to be preferred. We do not know how many changes you are planning to make in your house, but we advise electric lighting, even if other plans are curtailed.



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Curtains and Shades

I would like some advice about furnishings. The rooms are furnished in white oak with oak floors. In the dining-room, which is a north room, I would like pumpkin-yellow walls. If I should stain woodwork dark brown or Flemish with rug in shades of brown, and then a touch of old blue in china, would that be good treatment? My dining-room furniture is in oak—natural or antique. What would you advise in this and in the other rooms? I also have oak furniture for library, but I shall buy new for other rooms. What would you advise in curtains and shades? I thought of having green for library and parlor. If that is good, what shade of green? My library furniture being natural oak, should I use oak in parlor also, or could I use Flemish oak in parlor and hall?

A. B. W.

Your scheme for your dining-room is a very good one. With woodwork stained Flemish or Belgian oak, the furniture should be treated in a like manner. The brown Belgian stain would better be used rather than the blacker Flemish. If you select green for the walls of the parlor and the library, let it be a good, strong tone. The exact shade, whether an olive green or a bluer green, must be decided by yourself. The olive greens are easier to handle, however.

Flemish oak could be used in the parlor and in the hall, even if natural oak is used in the library. In fact, natural oak alone would make a house very monotonous.

Shades should be alike throughout the house in order to give the windows a uniform appearance from the exterior. Inner shades may be added in the color best suited to the walls of each room. Curtains on rods at the upper edges of the window and falling to the lower sides are usually best. These have been described many times in *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL*. The rugs should be Oriental ones if possible, in colors harmonious with wall hangings and upholstery.



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Tiles

Will you tell me what tiles should be used in five mantels? Should they be glazed or not?

A. H. K.

We would suggest tiling the mantels of your house in the colors of the respective rooms, repeating as nearly as possible the tone of the wall-papers, thus deep yellow in the dining-room, gobelin blue in the library, brown for the smoking-room, green for the parlor, and Indian red for the hall. It is to be regretted that so many mantels have been built for tiles, as such a liberal use of them gives rather a monotonous aspect to a house. Three rooms might have tiled mantels and be quite effective, but five are too many. Glazed and unglazed tiles are both desirable. In your house it would be well to use both kinds. For the dark oak mantel of the hall and for the cypress mantels of the library and smoking-room the unglazed tiles are advised, and for the parlor and dining-room the glazed variety.

Chintz and Hall-Trees

We would like the advice of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL in regard to the furnishing of several rooms. The living-room is furnished in quarter-sawn hard pine. We are thinking of a paper in a green stripe for this room with pale yellow ceiling. What do you advise in regard to a rug for this room? The outside door opens directly into this room, and I wish something to hold wraps and hats.

The dining-room is a cold room, and we thought a strong paper in yellow of some good design for the side walls and a ceiling like the living-room would give it a more cheerful air. For this room the furniture must be purchased—a table, chairs, and a simple buffet of mahogany, if they can be found in graceful shapes. I have an interesting old silver tea-set of many pieces and curious shape, but no good place here to

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

display it, except the top of the side-table. I think of having a window-seat under the double window.

Your plan of a yellow ceiling with a green-striped paper is a good one, providing the stripes are nearly the same shade and give the effect of an almost solid background. A yellow ceiling with a stripe of ivory and green would not be desirable.

In the dark dining-room a deep yellow paper or calcimine would look exceedingly well, and would meet the green of the living-room in an agreeable manner. Furniture of mahogany in both rooms is strongly advised, and need not cost a fortune if picked up bit by bit—time and trouble being the requisites rather than money. Your fine old silver tea-set will never have its true setting until it is placed on a colonial side-board.

Flowery chintz is hardly suitable for a dining-room, but there are many patterns that might be used to advantage in a summer dining-room. The stiff, old-fashioned designs are all good and would be quite in keeping with the furniture. Plain green denim, costing eighteen cents a yard, would be effective here and could be combined with some inexpensive stuff in a clear, pure yellow. If desired both rooms could be curtained alike, which would certainly make for harmony.

The proper disposing of hats and coats in a reception-hall when the architect has provided no coat closet, is always a problem. A hall settle with a box-seat is convenient for ones shoes, and a table placed near the door is equally convenient for hats. But this does not dispose of coats and wraps. An old mahogany hall-tree is the best solution, if it can be secured. This should not be confounded with a hat-rack, a piece of furniture in vogue about thirty years ago and extremely ugly.

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The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Replies cannot be sent by mail, but will be printed in these columns as soon as possible.

A Bedroom

I ask for information regarding wall and ceiling paper, and drapery for window and mantel in a bedroom which is thirteen by seventeen feet and ten feet high. The room has but one window, has a wooden mantel, oak, grained like the rest of the woodwork; furniture of room is in walnut, and floor has an olive-green Brussels carpet with pink rose-buds. Adjoining bedroom is in blue, and I would not care to have this color in this one.

C. W. G.

With the carpet mentioned in your letter, a plain paper in olive-green and a ceiling paper in a pink rose design would be effective. The curtains should be of muslin, with outer hangings of cretonne in green and pink in a pattern similar to that of the paper. The mantel would look much better without drapery. This room would be more attractive with a bare floor and rugs in green and pink tones.

A Room at School

Will you please give me a few ideas as to how I can arrange and decorate my room at school? It is a large, plain room without any little nooks or corners. It is well lighted by four large windows on one side, along the whole length of which a window-seat runs. All the woodwork is of some light varnished wood, while the walls are calcimined a light brown.

Of course I don't care to spend much money on it, yet I want to arrange it prettily and attractively, so that it will still be roomy and able to stand a little rough treatment.

E. C. C.

You have material for an attractive room. The four large windows, the long window-seat, and the brown walls are excellent features. The fact that it is "a big, plain room without little nooks and corners" is also an advantage. It would be a good plan to continue the seat around the entire room, finishing the ends like a Dutch settle. Any village carpenter ought to be equal to building this, and it would not be expensive. Above the seat a shelf should be arranged six or seven inches in width and extending around the room. This should be low enough to hold books conveniently, and yet high enough to give the sitters below a sense of space and freedom. This shelf could hold many things besides books. A few good pieces of copper and brass and a large, deep blue or green jar here and there would add color, and as each could be put to some real use, they would all have an excuse for finding a place in your room. A copper waste-basket would be a decided improvement over the usual one, and a copper bowl and pitcher would be unique for your washstand. The pitcher is really a jug and fine in shape. These pieces, however, are rather difficult to find. The new green Japanese ware, Raku, comes in bowl and pitcher shapes. It is a deep 'green and very strong, and would be very effective with your brown' walls. Your room would take a good deal of brown to advantage. A deep old blue would also be good, but both colors should not be used. We do not know your 'school color, but hope it is not magenta or bright purple.

A great fault with most rooms at school is that they are overcrowded with photographs and a lot of small things. A few photographs are of course all right, but don't have too many. Posters could be used effectively if they were good, but like photographs they should be carefully selected. An excellent way would be to hang the posters in a row on one side of the room, under the shelf, taking care that the colors blend. A few English hunting prints grouped in another part of the room would add a bright touch. Golf sticks and tennis racquets all have a place in such a room, and are important bits of furnishing.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The furniture we take for granted is already provided, and that it is simple and serviceable. The light varnished woodwork is not very desirable. It would be greatly improved if it could be stained a dark brown—a shade several degrees deeper than the walls. But this would incur expense, and might not be permitted by the school authorities. We trust that the powers that be will not object to the building of the settles and shelves. They will add much to the comfort and charm of the room, and will win you the gratitude of all the boys who follow you.

Connecting Rooms

I have taken advantage of the suggestions you so kindly made in regard to my dining-room and hall, and I wish to ask your advice about the parlor and bedroom. I shall use a paper in tones of green in the bedroom. Then in the parlor I shall try to find a lovely tapestry in some shade which I think will look well. These two rooms connect with an arch. Will you kindly advise me as to the color of paint that will look well with such paper?

Would you think it well to have the dining-room furnished in green while the woodwork in the hall is in oak? These rooms connect with an arch. Then shall I paper both rooms in green?
C. M. C.

Your house may be treated in such a way that it will have the characteristics you desire. Painting the woodwork throughout the house a dark green is a good way to begin. The following color scheme is suggested: For the dining-room green, for the living-room a copper color, and for the hall a large-figured paper in green, yellow, and copper shades with pale yellow ceilings in sand-finished plaster in all the rooms.

Possibly you may wish to change these colors, using green in the living-room. But this general scheme is advised. It is very easy to handle and there is a wealth of effective stuffs in plain and figured materials in all these shades. An excellent green may be found in cartridge paper, also a good copper color. Then there are the more costly papers—the crepe and fiber hangings and Canterbury, grasscloth, and burlap. The cartridge paper costing twenty cents a roll will, we think, be quite in harmony with your plans. We hope that the house is low-studded with rooms not less than nine but no more than ten and a half feet high. If this is the case, no friezes are required, and the paper should meet a broad molding at the line of wall and ceiling. The moldings should be alike and painted the green of the woodwork. The furniture should be strong, simple, and dignified, and in harmony

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

with the color scheme given. Green painted furniture would look exceedingly well in your house, and would not be expensive, as you could choose stuff in soft woods, and have them painted. From time to time these could be replaced with pieces of mahogany, which would be the ideal furniture for your house.

In using the green furniture, care must be taken not to have too green an effect. Upholstery cushions and pillows must introduce new colors. Yellow, a little dull orange, and all the wood browns and coppery tones would be very attractive. Curtains and hangings should continue the scheme. The walnut sofa and chairs, if fine in design, could be used. Velours always make a serviceable covering for a sofa; corduroy is also good, but decorators usually recommend velours as wearing better.

High Ceilings in a Living-Room

I wish to ask your advice in regard to furnishing and decorating the upstairs living-room in our semi-suburban house. The room is about fourteen by twenty, with open fireplace between two high windows facing west, and the entire northern end is filled by a circular bay-window. The room opens into the hall with folding doors.

The difficulty that presents itself is the height of the ceilings, windows, and doors. The woodwork will be white or cream color.

In the October, 1900, issue of *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL*, on page 651, is a living-room that appeals particularly to me. Would it be a practical idea to carry this out as regards the furnishings? I would like to use the natural color willow furniture.

I have several fine rugs, soft, deep reds being the predominating colors, and a heavy, plain, round, dark-brown oak reading-table as a foundation for the room. Do you think the new "weathered oak" furniture used in moderation would combine agreeably with the willow? I thought of cushions of crêtonne for the latter, a cream ground with bunches of great poppies.

The windows have inside blinds; could they not be taken off?

Should the cushions in the curved window-seat be upholstered in the crêtonne or in something heavier? Also, what hangings would be suitable at the doorway? M. C. M.

The room illustrated in the October number of *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL*, to which you refer, is a very large one, and is not furnished exclusively in rattan. There are several pieces of mahogany which possibly do not show in the picture you mention.

A living-room furnished entirely in natural willow or rattan would be rather cold, we fear, and difficult to make livable, even if many cushions and pillows are distributed over couches



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

and chairs. If one were contemplating all willow for a living-room, it would be well to have some of the pieces stained mahogany and some a deep green. Then gay cushions would have considerable effect. But willow furniture alone is not advised. A few pieces of mahogany or oak or some other wood are necessary in order to give substance to the room. The willow is substantial enough in one way, for it has excellent wearing qualities, but it lacks dignity. "Weathered oak," as you suggest, could be combined with the willow. The magazine you speak of has an article on this wood, illustrated with a strong, firm table and a fine, large chair.

You do not give the height of your room, although we gain the impression from your letter that it is unusually high-studded. Such a room is harder to heat than one where the ceiling is lower. There are several ways in which such a room may be papered in order to produce the effect of a lower ceiling. A deep frieze with a plain ceiling and brought down to a low molding will give the desired impression; or a low molding may be finished with a narrow shelf, on which pottery and brass are placed. This shelf holds the eye and makes the ceiling less prominent. With the latter plan it is well to use a plain background above the molding—a tone a bit lighter than the paper below. In your room with a warm crimson on the lower walls, a slightly paler color should be used above and should extend over the ceiling.

We see no reason why you should not remove the inside blinds and curtain the windows as you please. The windows in the room of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL are hung in some creamy stuff with valance and outer hangings of olive green, the color of burlap on the walls. The exact dimensions we cannot give you. A similar arrangement, substituting crimson for green, would be effective for the bay-window in your



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

room. The very high side windows would need a deeper valance or could be curtained in another way if you prefer, providing a certain unity was preserved.

Plain material, the color of the walls, is advised for the upholstery of the window-seat, with cushions of the poppy chintz. The white and gold curtains, while fine in themselves, would hardly accord with the deep coloring of the room, and are not simple enough for the rest of the furnishings. Hangings of some inexpensive material the color of the walls would be more in keeping with the character of the room. A mahogany stain for the floor is suggested rather than a crimson filling.

White Walls and Stains

We are building a red brick house with dark green trimmings. Will you kindly tell us what color the shades should be, and give us suggestions in regard to decorating and furnishing reception-hall, library, and dining-room? The rooms are in oak with hardwood floors.

We do not wish to paper for a year, but object to white walls; is there any way to color the plaster? Is it possible to paper over calcimine? Would you suggest a brick or wood mantel in the library? What color and kind of rugs would you use?

I had thought of weathered oak furniture for the reception-hall, like that mentioned in THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL for October, 1900. What kind of furniture would you suggest for dining-room? I like antique oak, but have a good china closet in dark natural oak, which I must use. What kind of furniture would you suggest for library?

P. B.

For your red brick house with green blinds, the window shades should be either the color of the bricks or the blinds. If you are planning two sets of shades, the outer ones would better be brick red.

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It is not possible to paper over calcimine, and we would suggest leaving the walls just as they are until you are ready to paper. It would be well if all houses were allowed to stand a year or two without paper or wall hangings of any kind. If you dislike white plaster and do not care to live with it for a year, a stain might be applied to the walls. A skillful workman could doubtless apply a thin water-color coating that would not change the surface of the plaster and yet would take away the effect you object to.

As the rooms are small, the reception-hall and the library would better be stained alike. Leaf brown is advised for these rooms, and green for the dining-room. We have known of houses where these temporary stains were liked so much that they were retained for all-time, and the hangings first planned discarded altogether.

In your library a mantel of oak would appear to be more in keeping with the size of the room than a brick one. Oak should be the furniture here, we think, and as you have commenced in the dining-room with a natural oak china closet which you "must use," it would be wise to continue with that wood.

Weathered oak furniture is excellent for some rooms, but it cannot be mixed up with natural oak. If you wish to stain your dining-room woodwork Flemish, the various oak pieces of furniture could be stained like it, and this would contribute much to the harmony of the room.

Your hall is not too small for weathered oak furniture. If you decide to use it there, it would be well to use it also in the library, and it would also be well to work up the stains from a piece of the furniture.

The color and quality of your rugs must be determined by the color schemes chosen for your house and by the amount you are willing to expend on this part of the furnishings.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

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The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Replies cannot be sent by mail, but will be printed in these columns as soon as possible.

A Florida Cottage

I would like your advice in reference to furnishing two rooms, living-room and dining-room in a cottage in Florida. The living-room is 14 by 25 feet; height, 10 feet; is wainscoted five feet with ornamental shelf about five inches wide; woodwork white southern pine, oiled and varnished; red brick facing in mantel; polished pine floors; new furnishings used entirely. How shall I treat wall surface between shelf and ceiling? I do not wish to use oriental rugs.

G. W. G.

For the two rooms of your Florida cottage a simple treatment is advised. In the living-room an olive-green stain and in the dining-room a deep pumpkin-colored one would be attractive. With high wainscotings, the space to be covered is comparatively small, and strong tones may be indulged in. In such a house furniture of a semi-rustic character is recommended. Sash curtains of Scotch gingham are sometimes wonderfully effective in a cottage. Small plaids in greens and yellows would be quaint and unusual at your windows. Hand-made rugs would be in harmony with such a setting.

Books on Decoration

Before giving my house into the hands of a decorator would *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL* kindly give me a list of books on finishing, woodwork, stains, etc., of a rather expensive country home? Do you know of any books giving illustrations of rooms, such as large halls, music-rooms, reception-rooms, and drawing-rooms?

J. E. D.

There are many books that would be useful to you in planning the decoration of your house. We give you the following list: "American Interiors," published by James R. Osgood; "Household Art," by Mrs. Candace Wheeler; "The Decoration of Houses," by Ogden Codman and Edith Wharton, published by the Scribners; and "The Decoration and Furniture of Town Houses," by Robert Edis of London. The volumes brought out by George H. Polly of Boston, so often mentioned in these columns, are invaluable if one is building a colonial house. Many of the architectural magazines and reviews show fine interiors, and would doubtless be helpful to you. Bates & Guild, of Boston, have published "English Country Houses," and a portfolio of plates relating to the colonial mansions of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia.

The book by Robert Edis is chiefly devoted to town houses, but it has many good ideas on houses in general. The illustrations, however, are very poor, and should be carefully avoided. Our own publications, "Successful Houses" and the "Book of a Hundred Houses," you will also find useful.

A White Room

I desire to ask advice in regard to doing over a parlor. The room has a southwestern exposure, ceiling 14 feet 9 inches high, 30 feet long by 20 feet wide. The woodwork is white; there is a white marble mantel, and the furnishings are old-fashioned colonial mahogany. My idea has been to do the room, ceiling and all, in one shade of yellow. How will this look? I dislike the moldings as they now are, striped yellow and white. There is a handsome Persian rug on a hardwood floor. Now what is your idea of the room? What color would you suggest? I had thought of yellow because it is easy to blend with other colors.

I. S. T.

With a room thirty feet long and twenty feet wide and nearly fifteen feet high, we do not advise having walls and ceiling in one shade of yellow. A moiré paper would be very effective with the white paint and old mahogany furniture. If you have the November number of *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL* for 1900 at hand, and will turn to the New York letter, page 678, you will

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

find a suggestion that can be charmingly carried out in your room. For your greater convenience we will quote the main part of the description:

"In the room in question the ceiling was white and the walls were hung in white moiré paper. Around the ceiling for a frieze was a loop of broad, blue ribbon with a bouquet of pink and yellow roses eighteen inches apart (in paper of course); and about the subbase and around the casing of all the doors and windows a three-inch border of the same rich old blue ribbon slightly curving and having the roses at intervals."

This scheme would be very attractive in your room, either in the pure white or in tones of yellow. Decorators carry a yellow moiré with a "festoon design" in deeper yellow with bunches of roses in a paler tint. These friezes may be found in several colors, an old blue as described above, and a quaint old-fashioned green with pink roses, and one all in pink tones. Either the old blue or the one in yellows would make your room a very pleasant place. The ceiling should be white, we think, in either case, unless the warm yellows of the festoon seem to demand a ceiling of a deep cream.

Such a room does not require a molding. In fact, one placed below the festoon would greatly mar the effect, and while one might be used at the angle of wall and ceiling, it would be a pity to hang modern pictures against such a background. A room of this order makes rigid demands, but it seems to us well worth while.

In the correspondence department of this same number of *THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL*, page 706, is a letter in regard to the furnishing of a yellow colonial room, which may be of use to you. It voices the same sentiments as the New York letter in regard to the banishing of pictures, and the making use of old gilt mirrors, sconces, etc.

If you select the yellow moiré and the old blue festoon, it would be well to repeat the color of the latter in the upholstery, in part of it at least. Your Persian rug with its decided mixture of dull blue will be quite in harmony. The portières should be yellow, we think, and the curtains of some very sheer white stuff held in place with old-fashioned brass rosettes.

The Main Floor

The rooms I wish to decorate are parlor, hall, and dining-room. The parlor has an east front, and also south view, size 16 by 19, ceiling 9 feet. Floor is of highly polished maple, woodwork must be repainted. There are four windows and the furniture is mahogany. The rug

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

is in the shades of sage-green, brown, and yellow. The carpet on the floor is bronze-green and an arch divides it from hall.

Hall, size 13 by 15, ceiling 9 feet, and a wainscoting 37 inches. It is poorly lighted, having but one window. Would you have upper sash of window changed to leaded glass? The door is to be partly of glass also. This floor is of maple, is to have oak stairway, and the furniture is oak. What shall I do with the woodwork?

Dining-room, size 14 by 18, wainscoting 36 inches, ceiling 9 feet, English oak floor, and finished. I had thought of using paper in light green, painting woodwork a darker shade of same color. Kindly suggest the color also for draperies between hall and dining-room. The dining-room as well as hall shows from parlor.

C. M. C.

The woodwork of your parlor, dining-room, and bedroom would better be painted a very dark green, while that of the hall should be left in the natural oak. As you have thought of papering the dining-room in green use that color there, but select a strong, deep green rather than a light one. The two rooms which are connected by an arch should be papered alike, or in such a way that there would be no feeling of sharp contrast in passing from one room to another. A golden brown burlap would be effective in both rooms, with a figured paper in the bedroom in brown and bronze tones. Yellow ceilings and yellow curtains would liven things up a bit in all three of these rooms. The shade of brown for the parlor should be largely determined by the color of the mahogany. If it is the reddish mahogany, a golden color would hardly be in harmony with it. We have lately seen a beautiful burlap in mahogany color, and as that is charming with green and equally so with yellow, it would better be selected.

The woodwork of the hall should not be grained, and we think that the plain glass in the window should be retained. The window was not designed for leaded glass. The glass of the door could be leaded or plain, just as you prefer. Plain glass would give more light.

The draperies between the different rooms should be chosen to accord with the wall hangings. A yellow, green, and golden brown (or reddish brown) scheme is an easy one to handle, and good results may be gained with inexpensive materials. Plain portières in either green or brown would be effective.

Curtains for French Windows

We are using French windows in our summer house, and also one of the colonial windows on the stair-landing. Will you suggest some

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way of treating them? I do not want to obscure the view from the French windows by draping the door part entirely, although I think they need some curtaining. On the stationary windows above the doors I thought I would shirr material on rods at top and bottom of frame, as they are too high to permit seeing out of them.

I intend to curtain all windows downstairs alike with white muslin. Shall I use the same material for the French windows (there are three—two in the dining-room and one in the living-room) or would you suggest something colored?

The stair-landing window bothers me even more than the French ones do. There is a good deal of woodwork around the windows, which swing in. The side walls are green, the ceiling is yellow, the woodwork white. Shall I use a color on the windows or white? How would fixed drapery be for the lunette and a valance with straight curtains at each side?

H. H. H. B.

We know of but two ways to treat French windows; one is to leave them just as they are, without a bit of drapery, and the other is to use brass rods at the lower and upper edge of the glass door and cover with some material in harmony with the color scheme of the room. One way preserves the outside view, and the other is a protection from outsiders. The first method is preferable, although in some houses it would not be practicable. As you do not tell us what your surroundings are, we are unable to advise you very definitely.

Whether you use the same material at the French windows as you do at the other windows, provided you decide to curtain them, depends on the color schemes of the rooms, exposures of the windows, and also on your own preference. In some rooms, for the sake of unity, we should advise curtaining all the windows with the same material; and again, to avoid monotony, we should suggest different stuff for the French windows. There is no hard and fast end about it. If you think white muslin will



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

look better on the windows in question than a color, use it by all means.

In the hall the window problem presents the same difficulties. It seems a pity to conceal fine woodwork and obscure the view with draperies. The lunette could have, as you suggest, a fixed curtain, which should be of plain silk as near the color of the walls as possible. Unless the curtains are needed to soften the light we would earnestly advise leaving the windows without hangings of any kind. Draperies will interfere with the opening and closing of small doors and greatly mar the simplicity, which was such a feature of colonial window building.

An Architectural Design

Could you give me some suggestion as to an exterior and interior for a house not to exceed four thousand five hundred dollars on a lot I have just purchased? The view across the lake is beautiful because of the woods and dense foliage. The size and location of the lot offer possibilities. I would like a piazza for out-door living, of course; then on the first floor a living-room, library or den, dining-room, butler's pantry and kitchen, on second floor, three bedrooms, two bath-rooms, a small sewing-room, and servant's room over kitchen, an open garret over part of second floor for trunks, and a cellar.

E. W. G.

We would suggest that you look at the plans and drawings for inexpensive houses in the various architectural magazines. We cannot advise you very satisfactorily without knowing your own preference, for there are many admirable designs that may be built with your figure. With the setting which you have outlined, a cottage in the half-timbered style of the Elizabethan period would appear to be well adapted to the conditions.



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on south side of living-room, with one high beveled plate art glass window, no coloring, on one side and full size window on the other; built-in seats under both; east end of room is one large bay-window, plate glass; bay-window in north end of dining-room. I have some good plates and other pieces of willow ware, Spode, old English designs and antique Delft. What furniture would be best for this room? I do not want to stain this woodwork black, as I have a small library just across the hall which is ebonized. There is a fireplace in library of red brick with small bookcases on both sides. Would green walls be suitable here? I have some excellent pieces of brass—jardinières, candlesticks, and one small hanging-lamp, which I think I shall put in the library with perhaps fur rugs on the floor. Have one black bear-skin and three small fur rugs. I have two good oak bookcases. Would they look well in this room? I would rather have Flemish oak furniture. I have one cashmere rug 8 by 10, blue and terra-cotta shades predominating; also three smaller oriental rugs. We want oriental rugs for the living-room, and would a Wilton rug be suitable for the dining-room? There are some pretty ones in the Bokhara design.

C. W. S.

With your light pine woodwork Flemish oak furniture will, we fear, make too sharp a contrast. Even if the small library has ebonized woodwork we think that you will not tire of your dining-room if that is also stained dark. Flemish or Belgian stain in the hands of a skilful workman will work wonders in the room. With dark woodwork the Flemish furniture will be quite in harmony. Treating the room in this manner, deep yellow walls and ceiling are advised, toning down the light with golden brown draperies, and using a golden brown burlap or grass-cloth in the living-room, a large figured paper in the hall, in greens and golden browns, and possibly a little yellow, and in the library with its black woodwork a plain wall-hanging the color of the red bricks in the chimney-breast. The black fur rugs will be admirable in the library, and the fine bits of brass equally effective. The oak bookcases can be used, of course, in the ebony room, but they will blend in with the surroundings much better if stained like the woodwork.

Wilton rugs may be purchased in oriental patterns, so-called oriental, but the plain Wilton is preferable, we think. A rug in solid golden brown would go well in the dining-room, or changing the color scheme somewhat, the cashmere rug could be used. Or possibly the rug would fit into the library, the terra-cotta being in line with the dull red bricks, and the blue introducing an agreeable new note of color.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Curtains

We are building a new house and would like your advice about curtains in dining and living rooms. The house is New England colonial. The dining-room is on the north side, and has two large windows which are in a bay. I do not wish to darken the room more than is necessary. The room is to be wainscoted high and painted white, with yellow paper above reaching to the ceiling. The furniture is all old mahogany, and plenty of old blue china and pewter. What is the most suitable and effective curtain for the windows? You speak in one of your "answers" of "English muslin with a yellow design." Where can it be found?

Living-room is on south side and west side—large room with nothing but old pieces of furniture. There are four windows. Would you advise painting the wood or finishing like old English oak, and what would you suggest for the window curtains in this room? Shall probably paper this room either in plain green cartridge paper or a golden brown.

A. H. H.

For your yellow dining-room two curtain schemes suggest themselves. One is to use a colonial net next the glass with an outer hanging of yellow taffeta (decorators' taffeta) and the other is to use one of the English muslins you ask about, without any other drapery. This muslin is usually called "English art muslin." We think that you will have no difficulty in finding it at any decorator's. If the "old pieces" in the living-room are mahogany, white painted woodwork would be better than an old English stain. With plain green walls, curtains of green taffeta are suggested with muslin next the lass of cream or pure white.



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Questions and Answers

The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Replies cannot be sent by mail, but will be printed in these columns as soon as possible.

The Process of Decorating a Dining-Room

A year or more ago I wrote you about furnishing and redecorating my dining-room, and because I could not at that time follow out the directions you kindly gave me, I took your advice to wait with patience until I could do the room as it ought to be done, instead of resorting to makeshifts. The result is, I am just getting at it, and find my mind unsettled as to one or two points, so venture to write you again.

You advised papering in pumpkin-yellow, side wall and ceiling alike, with a band of large figured paper in yellows between the picture-rail and ceiling cornice. The picture-rail runs on a level with the tops of the doors, and I wished to keep it because adjoining rooms have it. The ceilings are ten feet high. The woodwork and furniture was to be Flemish oak, *i. e.*, the soft dark brown not black. Now I have been questioning whether with this arrangement I could have a plate-rail. I have quite a little old blue china, but if a plate-rail were put at the height of the picture-rail, it would bring the plates against the figured band instead of the plain paper, which would not be best, would it? And also it would be rather high for a plate-rail. And also it would be rather high for a plate-rail. Can you suggest any other arrangement by which I could have the plate-rail, or would you advise not having it at all? If plates are used as a decoration, is it advisable to hang pictures, too?

The room is 15 by 17 feet, has southwest exposure, and is very light, consequently I have chosen a rather dark shade of pumpkin (cooked pumpkin I should call it) which I hope you approve. I have not yet selected the figured paper for the border, awaiting light on the plate-rail problem.

E. M. W.

The conditions mentioned in your recent letter lead us to make some changes in the

advice given previously. Above the plate-rail the wall should be plain. A paper in a large design, while decorative in itself, destroys the decorative qualities of china. We should advise discarding the frieze altogether and using a plain pumpkin color from baseboard to ceiling. Your sample is excellent.

Pictures could be hung in this room if they be chosen with a due regard to the paper and the china. They should be placed beneath the plate-rail and fastened to the wall, thus doing away with picture-cord.

Colors and Art Schools

The wall of my bedroom is calcimined the shade of the background of the frieze, the ceiling is lighter, and the woodwork painted darker. Will you kindly suggest for this west bedroom, which has one wide window, the color for floor (at present it is painted dark red) and what furniture would be most artistic; also, the kind of curtains. I wish to put some dark corduroy with brass nails to hold it in place on my mantel-shelf, having it tacked against the wall for a foot above the shelf and falling below it perhaps nine inches. As the mantel is so light I feel this would furnish a better background for ornament. Please tell me what shade to use. My present furniture is ash, but if it is not suitable for the wall-paper I can change to some other wood. Please tell me also what should be the prevailing tone of rugs for the floor. If you know of any standard work on furniture, or on house decoration, please send me the name of it.

Do you know if there is any school for teaching interior decoration. I wish some enterprising person would make a tour through the West and give lectures on the principles of house decoration.

C. M.

With the color scheme indicated by the paper that you have sent us we should advise painting the floor of your bedroom the shade of the woodwork. It is not always possible to judge accurately by such a small sample as you inclose, but we gain the impression from the paper that the room is rather colorless and lacking in tone. This will be difficult to remedy without making radical changes, for adding furniture and rugs in stronger colors will only accentuate the lifelessness of the walls. Retaining the frieze, and calcimining the room in the pinkish terra-

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

its shades noticeable in the former will add warmth and depth and make a good setting for the furniture. With this scheme the rug should have pink tones in it and the curtains and upholstery should contain enough pink to bind walls and furnishings together.

Your plan for the mantel is a very good one, but with the proposed alteration, the corduroy background will not be necessary. The ash-nutture could be retained if the shapes are desirable and thus the expense of new furniture is avoided.

We know of no book on practical interior decoration better than "Successful Houses." In the larger art schools have courses in applied design, and through these courses the principles of decoration are taught. The Art Institute of Chicago has this department. The study of historical and practical design while not absolutely necessary to one's success as a decorator, is a good preparation for all work on this line. With few exceptions, the strongest decorators in this country served a long apprenticeship in the art schools.

Decorating a New House

I would like suggestions on decorating, painting, and furnishing in an inexpensive manner. This house has outside blinds. What would I consider best for shades? I have no oriental rugs. I am sorry to admit that I am not very fond of them. I have Wilton in small sizes, and a number of large carpet-made rugs. The dining-room rug is in shades of brown. The living-room rug in an indigo blue combined with red and lighter blue. T. J. M.

In the drawing-room, which we see by the plan has a fireplace tiled in yellow, a yellow paper is advised. The room is sufficiently large to take a paper of bold design. Either a pronounced figure or a broad stripe in two shades of yellow would be extremely effective.

For the dining-room, finished and furnished with dark oak and already provided with a brown paper, a burlap or fiber paper of brown meeting a frieze of yellow, orange, and browns would be very decorative. Either a pale yellow ceiling or a rough plaster stained a light brown would be in harmony here.

In the hall a plain wall hanging of green is recommended. Inasmuch as you do not care for oriental rugs, a plain Wilton is advised for the hall and the parlor. A terry could be selected if a less expensive carpet is desired. The Wilton would give to the house a richer, warmer appearance than would the terry. Both

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

wear well, and both may be found in excellent shades of green.

The living-room paper is already determined by the large rug combining blues and reds. The choice here would appear to be limited to either red or blue. A plain hanging seems to us a wiser selection for a living-room than a figured one. The plain walls make a better setting for pictures and are more restful than the decorated ones.

For the kitchen, a blue tiled paper covering walls and ceiling is always suitable and easy to keep clean.

Two of the four bedrooms would be attractive hung in English flower papers, one in a paper in which violet predominated; the other in green and old rose.

Plain yellow would be effective in the north bedroom, and a plain claret in the remaining room.

A simple curtain scheme would be best in all the bedrooms. In rooms hung with flower papers there are two excellent ways of treating the windows. One is to select a plain silk the color of the flowers and use this over inner curtains of white; the other is to repeat in chintz hangings the design in the papers. English chintz and French cr  tonne may be found in nearly all the flower patterns.

In rooms where the walls, curtains, and bed-hangings are all of figured material, there should be no pictures, and everything should be kept as simple as possible.

For guest chambers, the flower papers are charming; for bedrooms that are sometimes used as sitting-rooms the gayly flowered walls should be avoided.

The woodwork of all the bedrooms should be painted alike. Either dark green or a white enamel would be appropriate.

Window shades should be of a color to harmonize with the outside of the house.

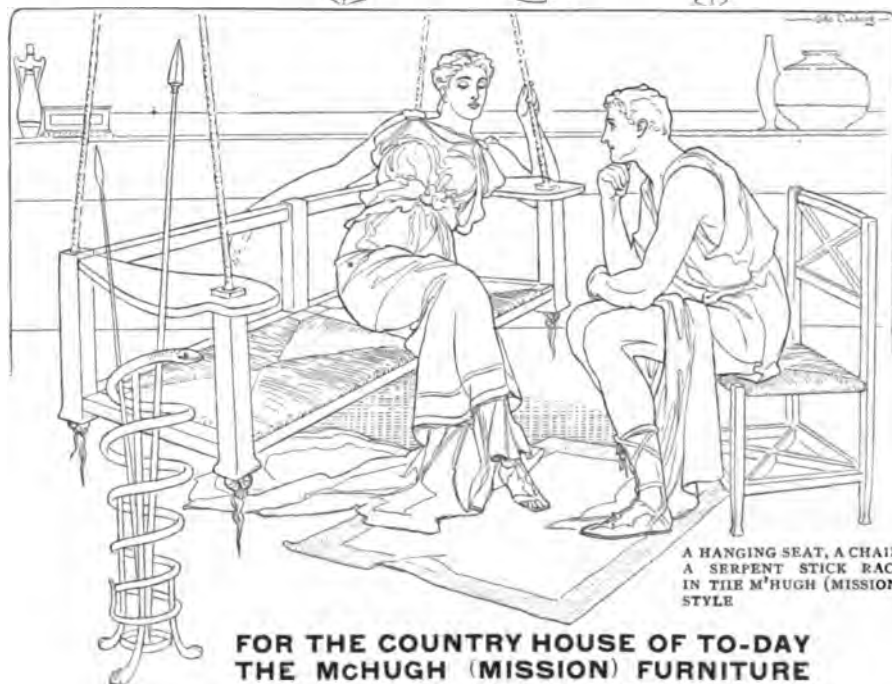
Woodwork and Walls

My house is colonial and faces the south. The porch in front is fourteen feet wide with large columns running to the top of the second story. You can see by the inclosed sketch how the rooms in the house open into each other. I would like suggestions as to finishing the interior woodwork. My idea had been to finish hall with birch with beam ceilings, wainscoted with birch and between the beams to fill in with narrow birch strips, the stairway and railing to be of birch. The fireplace in the hall is at the end at side of the stairway, the stairway

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

runs up to a platform and from there ascends over the fireplace to the second floor.

The library I had recontemplated finishing in birch, but the only wood finish in this room would be around the windows and the base and the built-in bookcases, which would be of birch. The dining-room I thought of finishing in white enamel. The circular space on the east has three high windows, this we intended to use for space for mahogany sideboard to set. The ceilings of the library and dining-room will not be square, but will curve to the picture-molding. All rooms on the second floor will be finished in white. The fireplaces are both red brick. The one in the library is built up in the form of round brick columns on either side of the opening. In the hall the fireplace is red brick.

In the dining-room should there be chair-rail and a plate-rail? The upper sashes of all the windows on the first floor are small diamond panes. The windows on the landing of the stair platform on the second floor will have small diamond-beveled plate glass.

Give me your suggestions about finish and decoration. The furniture throughout the lower portion of the house will be mahogany. How should the den be furnished? G. B. H.

We have no criticism to make in regard to your plan of using a birch finish in the library and hall, and a white enamel in the dining-room of your house. Such a scheme is quite in character with the architecture.

In your dining-room, furnished in old mahogany, a yellow paper in colonial design is suggested. As your walls are comparatively low-studded we do not advise both a chair and plate-rail.

In the hall a desirable effect would be gained by using a landscape paper in which green played a prominent part. For the library a plain wall-hanging would better be used, either a strong green, which is always a fine setting for books, or a russet-brown. The ceilings should be plain in all the rooms.

In a den considerable latitude may be in-



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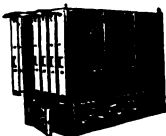
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

suggest would be pleasant and unusual in green and blue.

Mahogany in the living-room or reception-hall would be better for the furniture than mixed woods, and ought to be very harmonious with the birch woodwork. Light oak furniture does not necessarily demand blue—blue is better with it than red, a statement we have often repeated in these columns, but green is always effective with it, also.

If you retain the brown plaster in the living-room and use yellow in the dining-room, curtains in which yellow and brown are blended would be effective in the former room; with green in the dining-room, green and brown would be fitting, or with either color in the adjacent room, curtains of a clear pure yellow against the glass, and outer hangings of brown, the shade of the plaster, would be attractive. It is not possible always to advise satisfactorily about curtains from such a long range. The same may be said in regard to the dining-room; when the color of the walls has been decided, this question naturally answers itself. A fairly good rule to follow, and generally a safe one, is to repeat the color of the walls in the hangings at the window, selecting some white or cream sheer material to hang next the glass. Curtains are most satisfactory when they do not obtrude themselves and are made so much a part of the wall that they are not noticeable. Certain conditions must of course be recognized. A house, heavily shaded, can seldom stand heavy draperies. On the other hand, when there are few trees near the house, the rooms need toning down with heavy hangings. These conditions, the householder can usually meet with better success than an outsider.

Changing an Old Library

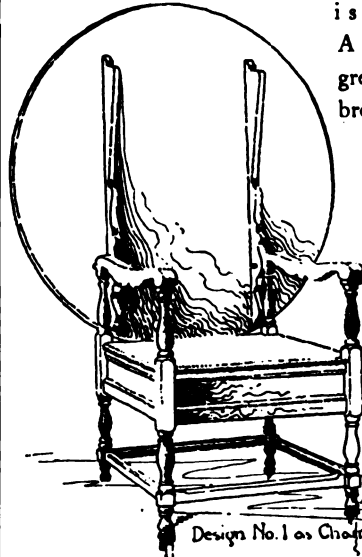
Will you tell me how to change my library to make it modern? The woodwork is grained in walnut; it is a north room with a fireplace, and a bay window; the wood of the mantel is oak; ceiling twelve feet high. There is a recess with a large bookcase of walnut. The carpet or rug is éceru ground with wood colors and browns and a little red and blue.

Your rug of éceru and wood browns makes a good starting point for a color scheme. A fiber paper in deep russet with a wide frieze in a conventionalized flower design in russets, browns, and yellows would be excellent for the walls and in harmony with the walnut woodwork. We deplore the graining of the wood; a brown stain would have been much better and much

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VOL. XI

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